

COSMOPOLITAN

The Roman Orgy of Movie Making

SPECIAL: THE WOMEN OF BERLIN

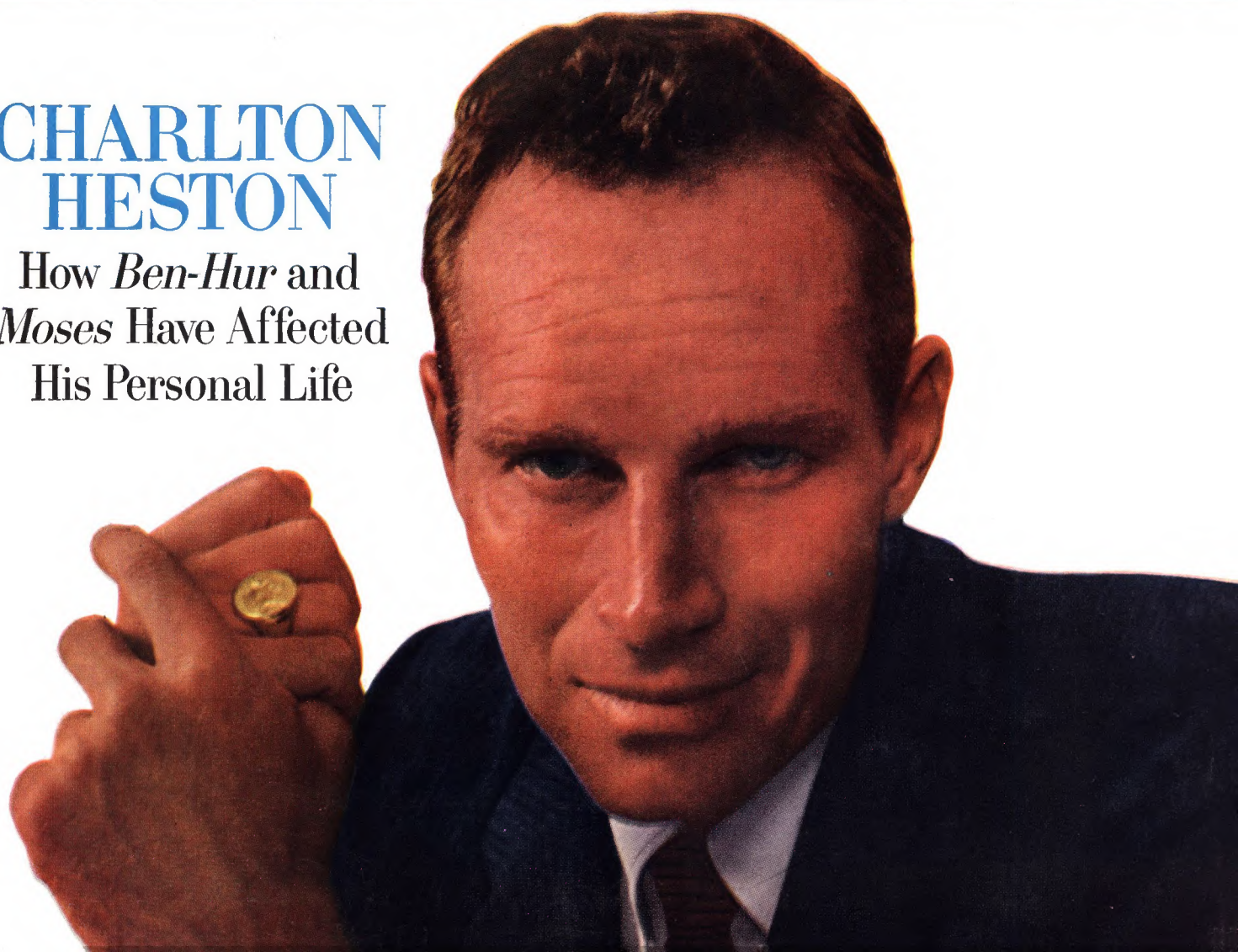
A New Report on Ulcer Cure

ONE MONDAY WE KILLED THEM ALL

A Complete Mystery Novel By John D. M^{ac}Donald

CHARLTON HESTON

How *Ben-Hur* and
Moses Have Affected
His Personal Life



When
the list is
long
and time
is short...
*Don't be
vague...*
give
Haig & Haig



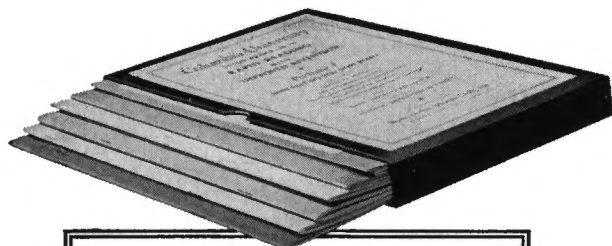
A study program in RAPID READING

...tested and sponsored by

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UNDER THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE

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**TESTS OF YOUR READING HABITS
YOU CAN MAKE RIGHT NOW**

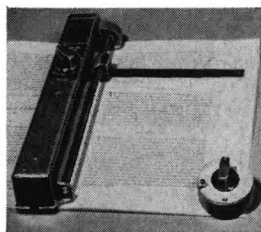
★ **What is your present reading speed?** A full column in the fiction pages of this magazine ordinarily runs to around 485 words. Read a column now and time yourself with a watch having a second hand. Whatever your speed proves to be, you may be sure it can be greatly improved by this program.

★ **How many "fixations" do your eyes make on each line?** Unconsciously, as you read across each line, your eyes actually move in little jumps. The momentary pauses between these jumps are called "eye fixations." Read part of the material at the right. You should get across each line with not more than three eye fixations. If you are not aware of the number, have someone watch your eyes and count the fixations. Even if there are three—and certainly if there are more—your eye span can be widened by the exercises provided; that is, you will read faster because of this improvement alone.

★ **Do you find yourself reading word by word,** instead of in groups of words or phrases, and do you regress continually? In most cases these habits can be almost totally eliminated.

★ **How well do you retain what you read?** Only a short time ago, probably, you read the main news article in this morning's newspaper. Without referring to it, write down in a few words what the article was about and any details evidently important. Then turn to the article and see how attentively you actually did read it. The result will fairly reveal your present standard of comprehension and retention. In as few as two lessons it can be noticeably improved.

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COSMOPOLITAN

NOVEMBER, 1961

Vol. 151, No. 5

CHERISHED
AS ONE OF
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FRAGRANCES



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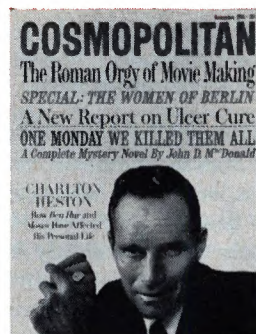
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OUR COVER—"Heavily bearded and draped, his head raised and turned to the left, his right arm grasping the tables of the law." This is one critic's description of Michelangelo's statue of "Moses," but it might just as well fit our picture on page 59. The man in this case: Charlton Heston. The role: Moses. The fact that Heston so convincingly filled this role is more than just due to the work of moviedom's make-up men; it is a tribute to this actor's ability to completely involve himself in his role of the moment. "Once I got into make-up as Moses, I got the feeling that I myself had vanished..." said Heston. To many who have seen him in his roles of Biblical heroes, Charlton Heston, the man, has seldom reappeared. But our photographer, Maxwell Coplan, was lucky enough to catch "Chuck" in New York en route to Europe to complete the sound track of his movie El Cid.



COSMOPOLITAN IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE HEARST CORPORATION, 57TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 19, N.Y., U.S.A. RICHARD E. BERLIN, PRESIDENT; GEORGE HEARST, VICE-PRESIDENT; RICHARD E. DEEMS, PRESIDENT OF MAGAZINES; FRED LEWIS, VICE-PRESIDENT AND GENERAL MANAGER OF MAGAZINES; ROBERT F. McLEOD, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR ADVERTISING; G. HARRY CHAMBERLAINE, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR RESEARCH AND MARKETING; JOHN R. MILLER, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR CIRCULATION; G. O. MARKUSON, VICE-PRESIDENT AND TREASURER; R. F. McCALLEY, SECRETARY. YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION PRICE IN UNITED STATES AND POSSESSIONS, \$4.20 PER YEAR; CANADA, \$4.70 PER YEAR. ALL OTHER COUNTRIES \$7.20 PER YEAR. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. AUTHORIZED AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL. POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT, OTTAWA, CANADA. © 1961, BY THE HEARST CORPORATION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED UNDER TERMS OF THE FOURTH AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION OF ARTISTIC AND LITERARY COPYRIGHT. SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: MAIL ALL SUBSCRIPTION ORDERS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, CORRESPONDENCE CONCERNING SUBSCRIPTIONS AND POSTMASTER NOTICES OF UNDELIVERABLE COPIES TO COSMOPOLITAN, 250 WEST 55TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N.Y. PRINTED IN U.S.A. MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS, AND OTHER MATERIAL SUBMITTED MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. COSMOPOLITAN CANNOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIAL.

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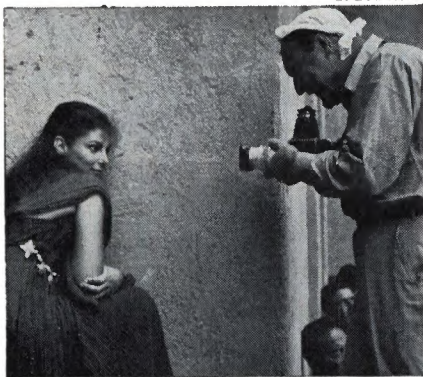
White Lie by Delightform

Lights...Cameras...and Lots of Action

COSMOPOLITAN's special issue for this month explores the incredible world of movies; from Hollywood to Rome—that new film-making capital (see page 43) where Roman nobility and socialites jealously vie for even the smallest role as a movie extra; where Dino De Laurentiis plans to film *The Bible* from beginning to end for a record cost of \$25,000,000, and where the shapely, young *bambole bellissime* (see “New Italian Faces,” page 52) sometimes use gambits worthy of champion chess players to knock the reigning movie queens from their thrones and assume their high-salaried crowns.

COSMOPOLITAN photographers and writers fanned out in all directions for this special issue, delved into every aspect of this bigger-money-than-ever business. While photographer Max Coplan in Rome was shooting that picture (below) of Pier Angeli on the set of *The Last Days of Sodom and Gomorrah* shortly before Pier was transformed into a pillar of salt,

G. B. Poletto



Pier Angeli being “shot” by Coplan.

Jon Whitcomb was in Hollywood, getting together with Marlene Dietrich, who was being transformed from the shimmering toast of Las Vegas into the drably dressed widow of a Nazi general in the movie *Judgment at Nuremberg* (see page 12).

Meanwhile, Charlton Heston, at his magnificent Coldwater Canyon home on the West Coast, talked with unusual candor and revealed a fascinating Freud's-eye view of what happened to his personality when thousands of movie-goers began to identify him with biblical history. This made-in-Hollywood Biblical figure has never been quite the same since playing Moses. And on page 58, Charlton Heston explains the reasons behind this strange phenomenon.

On the Topic of Taste

“Who Determines What's Fit for You to See?” discussed on page 64 by motion picture critic Hollis Alpert, gives a well-lensured view of culture and taste in other countries as well as the United States.



Dietrich being interviewed by Whitcomb.



Spark: she tickles and chills.

The French movie, *The Lovers*, the Japanese *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*, and the Swedish *Wild Strawberries* are among those films that come under close and careful scrutiny, along with such American films as *Butterfield 8* and *The Apartment*.

How different is European censorship from American? Europeans consider our sex taboos “prudish.” England is shocked by the violence of American movies, restricts them to adults. Mr. Alpert blows the whistle on vulgarity and bad taste in all movies, no matter what the country of origin.

Ghoulish Humor

“Spine-chilling and comical, teasing the imagination, sticking like burrs to the memory.” This is the way a *New York Times* book critic recently described the short stories of Muriel Spark, whose story, “The Portobello Road,” begins on page 96. This tale—a slight case of murder—takes place in Africa and England.

Mrs. Spark, who wrote it, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, lived for some years in Central Africa, later worked for the Intelligence section of the British Foreign Office in England—a good place to pick up such spine-chilling ideas as those in “Portobello Road.” But what we still can't figure out is just at what point in her career Muriel Spark discovered how to lace a strange and macabre tale with humor.

—The Editors

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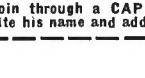
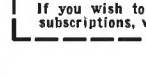
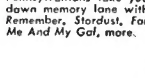
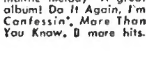
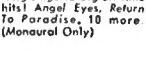
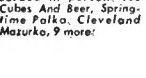
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OUR READERS WRITE

How to Look a \$96,000 Gift Horse in the Mouth

IS THAT MY QUOTE?

New York City: Gael Greene's article in the August issue, "Is That My Face on the Book Jacket?" prompts me to ask, "Is that me she quotes?"

Her account of our interview is fantasy. In fairness and in fact, I did believe that Miss Greene would be entertaining on *The Jack Paar Show*; otherwise I would not have booked her. That she was not entertaining, I regret, but I see this as no reason for her to make a literary fiction of the experience. Miss Greene's slighting references to Mr. Paar and Mr. Alex King are reckless and petty, but

Maynard Frank Wolfe



Gael: still reading "that book."

then these two gentlemen do not need me to defend them, as she is liable to learn. However, her comments on the fee of \$320 paid to performers on the show need elaboration. In accordance with union regulations, Miss Greene, as an author invited on the show to discuss her book, not to perform, was entitled to no fee. She had at least eight minutes on the air; at \$12,000 a minute—the commercial rate on *The Jack Paar Show*—she got a \$96,000 exposure. Not bad, if you ask the next author you run into.

—BOB SHANKS

TALENT CO-ORDINATOR, *The Jack Paar Show*

Montreal, Canada: Gael Greene has the ability to write zaniily of incidents that, to most of us, are commonplace. With tongue in cheek, she switches to wonderful humor without distorting the facts.

As an undercover reporter, I have read many of her dramatic findings and am amazed that a young girl capable of writ-

ing serious, soul-searching articles can shift so easily to humorous material.

—ANDREW COWANS

TWO VIEWS OF ALCOHOLISM

New York City: We wish to express our appreciation for the very fine article, "Alcoholism: An Agonized Plea for Love," by Farrell and Wilbur Cross, in the July issue of *COSMOPOLITAN*.

It has resulted in numerous inquiries from individuals searching for the help offered by our organization. Unfortunately, all of these letters took time reaching us, because, in the box entitled "Where You Can Get Help," an outdated address was given. All letters should be directed to Al-Anon Family Group Headquarters, Inc., P. O. Box 182, Madison Square Station, New York 10, New York.

—HENRIETTA SUTPHIN

GENERAL SECRETARY, AL-ANON FAMILY GROUP HEADQUARTERS

Short Hills, New Jersey: For years I've been enjoying a couple of drinks every day before dinner, and wondering if I should. And, when I saw the "three-drink test" in your alcoholism article, I decided to try it and settle this thing once and for all, so when it's over I can drink in peace, free of all this worry.

The test is going great. I'm happy to find three ounces a day is sufficient—but I'm even happier to find that now it's easy to be the life of the party on one drink. All I do is tell my friends about this test. They think it's hysterical. They also seem to think I'm getting to be an alcoholic. —MRS. ANNE FORSYTH

SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

Bonita, California: Hooray! It's happening. We see the shape of things to come! If Richard Yates' story, "The Outsider" (July), is any indication, I feel sure the short story is coming into its own in top magazines. That story had everything needed to make it memorable. Talk about a slice of life! The pathos, the penetrating study of that boy and his teacher!

This story had such quality that we used it as the center of a lesson in our workshop class in short-story writing. We also decided that possibly the reason that more really good fiction doesn't appear is that editors are left to guess what the reading public likes. Well, this reading public likes "The Outsider," and wants to see more stories of its quality.

—THE EIGHT MEMBERS OF THE
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Aircraft Mechanic
Aviation Engine Mechanic

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Pulp Making

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Surveying and Mapping
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Drafting & Machine Design
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Mechanical Drafting
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Structural Drafting

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Junior Mechanical Engineering
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Dil Field Technology
Petroleum Production
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Petroleum Technology

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Air Conditioning with Draw'g
Air Conditioning Maintenance
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Domestic Refrigeration
Heating
Heating & Air Conditioning with Drawing

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Retail Selling
Sales Management
Salesmanship
Salesmanship & Sales Management

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Gas Welding
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Machine Shop Inspection
Machine Shop Practice
Machine Shop Practice & Toolmaking
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Physical Quality Control of Metals
Practical Millwrighting
Reading Shop Blueprints
Resistance Welding Technology
Rigging
Safety Engin'r'g Technology
Sheet Metal Worker
Tool Design
Tool Engineering Technology

Toolmaking
Welding Engineering Technology

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Stationary Diesel Eng'r'g
Stationary Diesel-Electric Engineering
Stationary Fireman
Stationary Steam Eng'r'g
Steam Engine Operation

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Traffic Management

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BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

How childhood memories count.

Giving your child pleasant experiences to remember in later years may do more to assure his later mental health than just shielding him from unpleasant experiences. This was indicated when one psychologist queried mentally ill persons and normal people about their childhood memories. The proportion of unpleasant incidents recalled was the same in the two groups. The big difference was that the mentally ill persons had many fewer pleasant memories of childhood.

The "faint smile" giveaway:

You've just finished irately telling your neighbor that his son Jimmy had pock-marked the plaster cupid in your front-lawn fountain with his air rifle. "That's simply awful!" says the neighbor—and then you notice a faint smile on his face. This bare wisp of a grin when a parent learns of a child's misbehavior may be

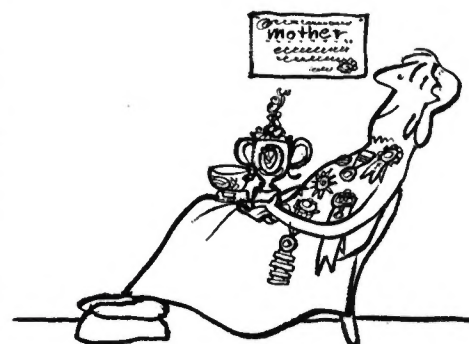
In fact, it may indicate that the parent, himself emotionally sick, may be responsible for encouraging the wrongdoing in the child. The faint smile syndrome, as Dr. Leland describes it, also occurs in many other kinds of interpersonal relationships. (Watch to see if it follows after a woman says, "Oh, dear—did my husband insult you *again*?" or a man says, "I'm sorry, Judge, my dog ripped the bill collector's pants.") It may even be, adds Dr. Leland, that our whole culture tends to smile faintly when authority is punctured and rules broken.

Would you be a good salesman?

Not if you're an "idealist" with strong principles and convictions of your own, or if you are too concerned with other people's interests. So concluded psychologist David A. Rodgers after probing personalities of route salesmen for a large wholesaler. The most successful were distinguished by: the ability to get enthusiastic about anything they were selling; lack of any strong opinions on controversial matters, which enabled them to go along with whatever the customer said and to win him over; a personal desire for material things, making it easier to convince other persons of their need for them; readiness to do anything or put up with any discomfort necessary to make sales; and the knack of making people think they were congenial, warm, and solicitous about the welfare of others, while actually having little feeling for them. In fact, although conveying the impression of being highly sociable, deep down most of the successful salesmen were detached and lonely individuals.

The "ideal" mother. She's a myth, asserts noted psychologist Gardner Murphy. The "ideal" American mother is expected to be "warm, strong, direct, feminine, affectionate, protective to her

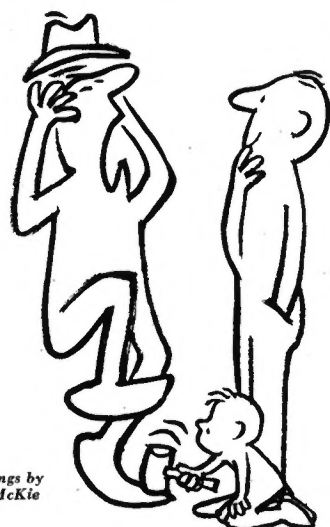
children, firm but not overbearing, tender but not mawkish, etc." This fails to allow for individual mother-child differences. Research at the Menninger Clinic, To-



peka, Kansas, reveals that the affectionate, tender mother isn't adequate if she has an energetic little one who wants more "bounce" and "jounce." Contrariwise, a strong, vigorous mother may have a child who needs sensitivity and tenderness beyond what she can give. The "story time" demanded by a verbal child may be boring to an active mother. "In short," says Dr. Murphy, "the conception of the good mother who is equally good for all of the children does not always work in the individual home." Nonetheless, if there is no "ideal" mother, it would seem that the closest to it might be the mother who does as good a job as possible with her particular child or children.

Let the tears out. Bottling up one's feelings after a personal disaster may drive the pains deeply inward and perhaps cause later serious emotional or mental upsets, or even physical ailments. So warns a prominent psychiatrist, writing anonymously in *State of Mind*. Our present world, he says, puts so much pressure on individuals to be "stoical" in the face of a catastrophe, such as the death of a loved one, that they can't

(continued on p. 11)



Drawings by
Roy McKie

the giveaway of conscious or unconscious approval of the act, says psychiatrist Thomas W. Leland (Atlanta, Georgia).

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experience the "emotional ventilation" needed. It is healthy for a person who has suffered a great loss to react strongly—to go into hysterics, sob violently, be angry or irritable, or act forlorn. And it is normal for such grief reactions to last for weeks or longer. "It is when these symptoms don't occur that we can suspect some psychiatric disturbance," says the expert. As "psychiatric first-aid" for the bereaved person, the doctor advises: Don't remove him (or her) abruptly from familiar surroundings; don't scold or lecture; let him be dependent for a while; let him talk himself out—as much, if he desires, about the dead person's faults and misdeeds as his virtues; and don't pressure him to forget the past quickly and plunge into the future, but rather let the mourning period be a transitional state in which past and future are combined.

"It doesn't matter—" Most Asiatic peoples use an expression which helps them adjust to mishaps—and Americans might well follow suit, according to the late sociologist William Fielding Ogburn. In one language or another, the phrase for "never mind" or "it doesn't matter" is uttered after a misfortune or

annoyance, a financial setback, a minor injury, an insult, etc. In Tahiti it's "aita peea peea"; in Java, "ora apa apa"; in Siam, "mai pen rai"; in the Philippines, "ba hala na"; and so on in Burma, India, Syria. Even the Greeks have the words for it: "them bi ra zi." Using this expression, said Dr. Ogburn, helps one "roll with the punch" in the face of adversity, and, at times when a person might otherwise feel sorry for himself, the saying creates anticipation of "better luck next time." So if the airplane is late, a parcel isn't delivered, someone says something catty, or Junior breaks the new TV, just say, "aita peea peea." Wide use of the expression in daily life might reduce America's annual consumption of five hundred tons of tranquilizers and sleeping pills, and seven thousand tons of aspirin.

"Porcupine" mates. The philosopher Schopenhauer told about the "freezing porcupines who, whenever they huddled together for warmth, were repelled by the sting of each other's quills." Marriages of many men and women are like this, says psychiatrist Victor W. Eisenstein (New York). Some neurotics pick mates who constantly "needle them,

repulse and hurt them, because the hurt may satisfy unconscious needs." Here are familiar examples: (1) *The iceberg-seeker*—the man who marries a frigid woman because in his youth he was made to regard sexiness as unseemly in a virtuous woman and suitable only for a prostitute. (2) *The cheating wife* of a good husband, who seeks an extramarital lover because she was so strongly trained to think sex was wrong that she can get sexual thrills only in a tabooed relationship. (3) *The contented cuckold*—the spouse who accepts constant unfaithfulness in his mate because, through distorted guilt feelings, he thrives on the tortures of jealousy. (4) *The June-December mates*—(a) the very young girl married to an old man because she lacked fathering in her childhood; or (b) the young man, who seeks a mother-replacement through marriage to an older woman. In each of these cases, psychological attraction may be coupled with physical revulsion.

But all of these apparent mismatings sometimes work out because the partners are less unhappy with than without each other. More often, the marriages fall apart unless the problems can be resolved by a psychiatrist. **THE END**

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ON LOCATION *with jon whitcomb*

The Sexiest Cook in Hollywood

She can make the most mouth-watering apple strudel . . . but Marlene Dietrich can also cook up movie roles so dramatic that she sends other sex queens back to acting class. She proves it by giving glamour the go-by in her newest film.



DIETRICH: as transparent-gowned Las Vegas performer and as frumpy Frau in *Judgment at Nuremberg*.

One of the world's most beautiful women faced Spencer Tracy across the counter of a movie-set kitchen. The woman was Marlene Dietrich whose name reminded Jean Cocteau of "the sound of a caress . . . the crack of a whip;" whose voice has been described as "opium smoke" and "a universal mating call;" whose "female phosphorescence" inspired reviewers to call her "starry-eyed as a midsummer night."

White-haired Tracy, playing an American jurist in the United Artists film, *Judgment at Nuremberg*, looked at her with admiration. But what he saw was not Dietrich, the starry-eyed glamour girl. This was Dietrich the actress, playing the role of a German general's widow of the year 1948.

That was a drab year for fashion in Germany, and Marlene's getup was properly austere and tacky. Her face was pale, her mouth apparently innocent of lipstick. The set represented the kitchen of a castle where Tracy was quartered. He had come to the kitchen for a sandwich, and Miss Dietrich, as the former lady of the house, was packing some books. As she started to lift the box, Tracy offered to help her. She said she could manage by herself, thanks.

When director Stanley Kramer was satisfied with the take, Marlene, who had been working with her shoes off, put them on, and returned to her dressing room.

I told her I had been admiring the Dietrich legs.

"What, in these stockings and shoes?"

Realism Can Be Rough

The hose showed her flair for realism. They were made of the kind of heavy silk which was worn during a period when German women could not get nylons and, like the low, boxy shoes, had been brought by Marlene from Germany. Her dowdy, brown-and-black suit with a long skirt had been made in New York by a Viennese seamstress. Its black fur collar matched her hat. "Made in a heavy-handed way, not like French or American fur hats," she pointed out.

Of herself, Marlene has said, "I am a personality rather than an actress," and in her early years in Hollywood she was regarded by her studio, Paramount, as its answer to Greta Garbo, who had been imported by M-G-M a few years earlier. But Garbo gave up the screen in 1941, after making twenty-four films, whereas Miss Dietrich is still going strong after twenty-nine. Also she is a top draw in night clubs here, in South America, and Europe, and has made recordings for Capitol and Decca. Her career still glitters with the glamour that has been Marlene's principal commodity since she arrived in the United States thirty-one years ago, as the plumpish, flaxen-haired star of a successful German film, *The Blue Angel*. Today, four years have



BETWEEN NUREMBERG TAKES. Dietrich relaxes with camera crew in a quick game of cards. Film marks actress's

return to screen after four years of personal appearances in night spots of New York, Europe, Israel, and Puerto Rico.

elapsed since Marlene's appearance in the movie, *Witness for the Prosecution*. She said there were several reasons for her not appearing in pictures more often.

"First, my accountant tells me not to. I can't keep any of the money. Second, there aren't enough good parts. Third, I am busy doing my night-club act. This also explains why I do not do TV. There you have an additional risk—it is easy to be a flop, and you have such exposure."

At fifty-seven, the Dietrich eye is clear, her skin smooth and unmarked. Her figure would be notable in a woman half her age. After thirty-one years as a film star, she is still news. When she speaks, she is quoted by the press. When she travels, her departures and arrivals are photographed. Her appearance at the Revue Studios to begin work on *Nuremberg* caused a crowd to collect, most of them veterans of her previous films.

Time Marches On

She said, "When I worked here in 1938, there used to be a property man who would wait for the end of a picture, hear the words 'Wrap it up,' and lift me and carry me off the set. I saw him the other day, and he has a restaurant across the street. I ran into some who are still wearing watches I gave them twenty-three years ago. One said his had stopped during his war hitch in the Pacific, but he'd had it fixed and it's still running."

Marlene's thirtieth movie is the story of Nuremberg's second set of Nazi trials, and stars Spencer Tracy as a judge, Burt Lancaster as a German defendant, Maximilian Schell as his lawyer, Richard Widmark as a prosecutor, and Miss Dietrich as Mme. Bertholt, wife of a German general executed after the first set of war-criminal trials. Judy Garland and Montgomery Clift play witnesses in short "cameo" roles of the type frequently graced by distinguished actors in English films, but rarely cast with stars on this side of the ocean. Miss Garland plays Irene Hoffman, a German girl involved in what the Nazis called "racial pollution." By the time I visited the studio, Judy had finished her work and departed; but by the looks of her apartment, a set still standing with a caved-in metal bed and tattered bedclothes, her contribution will be a highly emotional bit in sordid surroundings.

Marlene's night-club act is drenched in glamour. She makes regular visits to Las Vegas, where her salary is \$30,000 a week. At her explosive entrance, she may be revealed in a vast cloak of white swan's-down, her breasts almost—but not quite—visible through her sequined gown. Beginning with "Hey, Look Me Over," she acts out songs from her films and from the war. At the end of the first half, the star bows low and a spotlight follows her exit at stage right. The spotlight waits

there, and between thirty-five and fifty-five seconds later, while the audience is still applauding, it swings abruptly to the top of a runway at stage left, revealing her in white tie, top hat, and tails. Swinging a cane given her by Clifton Webb, the blonde saunters to stage center for the finish of her show. Her voice is husky, sometimes descending to a whisper. Critic Kenneth Tynan has referred to her as "the Venus in furs with black leather in her voice." Another Englishman put it more simply: When she was gone, he said, "the magic remained."

Everybody Got Into the Act

Some of Marlene's night-club magic has resulted in riots. In 1959, she was booked at the Étoile in Paris. It is a small theater, and all tickets were sold out before she arrived. On opening night the crush of disappointed customers resulted in the police being called. Her press agent, Nadia Marculescu, was punched in the eye and tossed down a flight of steps. Columnist Art Buchwald got shoved out of an exit door, which opened only from the inside, and couldn't get back in. Barred from the theater, photographers crashed the doors along with people seeking standing room, creating confusion among ticket holders trying to find their seats. Finally, all the camera boys were evicted but one. As Marlene began her act, she noticed him crouching

(continued)

MARLENE DIETRICH (continued)

down front, clicking away at her with his Leica. This annoyed her. She walked to the edge of the stage and spoke to him in French, asking him to leave. He refused in German and went on shooting. Marlene held out her hand to him. As he took it, she gave a little flip and he landed on the stage. To the audience, she said, "I've asked this man to leave. What do you think he should do?" A torrent of applause sent him out a back exit.

On the *Nuremberg* set, it was time for the midday break. Miss Dietrich changed into a black sweater and slim, black slacks, donned a tousled blonde wig, and went to the studio commissary. Over a scanty lunch, Miss Dietrich said her Munich engagement had resulted in fifty-nine curtain calls.

"In Israel, the audiences were incredible, especially the young people. At the end of my show, they came down from the balcony, draped themselves over the stage, and demanded more. One night, I sang for three hours.

"When I got to Israel, there was an immediate crisis. I do my songs in English, French, and German. At the press conference, I was informed that German was under a cultural ban in their country. One company that performed a Mahler concerto had been forced to *hum* the words. This took me aback. If true, it could wreck my show.

"She Gave Us Hope"

"On opening night, I went down to the footlights and said, 'Many of you have lost your Fatherland by force. I lost mine by choice. Maybe someone can explain why we should now lose our mother tongue. If there is anyone who does not want to hear German sung here tonight, will he please hold up his hand?' Not a hand went up, so I went ahead and sang my songs just the way I always sing them. The next day, there was an editorial drawing in a newspaper showing a hand wiping off the score of 'Lili Marlene.' The caption said, 'She gave us hope and wiped away the hate.'

"As for cooking, I can cook in German, American, Russian, French, and Austrian, among other languages. I do a *pot au feu* that's out of this world. When I show up for work, tongues start hanging out. I always get a dressing room with a kitchen."

The future cook and film star was born to a cavalry officer's family in Berlin. Her name was Maria Magdalena. Widowed when Marlene was three, Frau Dietrich married another army officer named Edward von Losch, who was killed on the Russian front. Fatherless for the second time, young Marlene von Losch went to Berlin's Hochschule für Musik to study the violin. Then she broke her wrist and switched to Max Reinhardt's dramatic school. It was while playing ex-

tra roles in local movie studios that she met and married an assistant casting director, Rudolph Sieber, in 1924. A year later, their only child, Maria, was born. Mr. Sieber now operates a chicken farm in California. He and Miss Dietrich have lived apart for over thirty years. The separation is amiable on both sides, and she visits him occasionally at the farm.

From 1925 to 1929, Marlene appeared in stage musicals and several films, but fame eluded her until she played the movie role of Lola Lola—wearing the famous garters—opposite Emil Jannings in *The Blue Angel*. Her first American picture was *Morocco*, in which she wore streaming chiffon draperies and high heels in pursuit of Gary Cooper across the Sahara. A frequent director of these early exercises in glamour was von Sternberg, who saw to it that the Dietrich face was suitably caressed by an affectionate camera. In later pictures, notably *Witness for the Prosecution*, directors discovered that the woman beneath the beautiful mask could also act.

According to Stanley Kramer, director of *Judgment at Nuremberg*, Marlene's childhood recollections helped the script.

"When we were talking with her about doing the part, she told us some wonderful anecdotes about the stern life in an army officer's family. Her father raised his children in true Prussian fashion, strength through privation—that sort of thing. If they wanted lemonade, they were made to do without it. Marlene thinks that her rugged early years have made her a strong woman. She claims never to have been sick in her life. A lot of those attitudes and incidents we have incorporated into the story."

A Thinking Man's Director

Kramer is a soft-spoken man of medium height with a muscular frame, a gray crew cut, and gray-green eyes. A thoughtful man, he likes to make thought-provoking pictures, of which the most recent and thought-provoking are *The Defiant Ones*, a controversial analysis of racial relations; *On the Beach*, a dramatic diagram of a possible end of the world; and *Inherit the Wind*, a study of the famous Scopes "monkey" trial. But his favorite film is still *The Men*, which he describes as "a true, moving story taken from the lives of some of the people in it. It was Marlon Brando's first film. No, Brando wasn't temperamental then. If it's any distinction."

Kramer has high hopes for *Judgment*, which combines a strong cast with a provocative and timely subject, but he knows from experience that provocative and timely subjects are the dangerous ones.

"It's astonishing how many people jump on you," he said, "for things you never dreamed would stir up such a row. I suppose every movie maker dreams of

putting out a film that would please the great mass audience, but I don't believe such a thing is possible. I caught it for *The Defiant Ones*. But the biggest uproar came after the release of *On the Beach*. It opened in Paris the same day the first French atom bomb was announced."

He sighed. "My shoulder hurts. And we've got to work all night tonight—we're doing two long walks with the camera, following Dietrich and Tracy, to 'Lili Marlene' on the sound track. It's going to be a long night. Spencer Tracy is truly amazing. Of all the actors I know, he has the most tremendous resources and authority. He's never worn make-up. He comes to the studio, takes off his coat, and he's ready for the camera.

Tracy: A Quality Craftsman

"Watch him in a film: when another actor speaks, Tracy listens. He's an actor's actor, and we've had a steady stream of important visitors all anxious to watch him work. He needs almost no direction. He thinks up most of his own 'business,' and what he does is invariably right. He never tries to face the camera all the time; he may just sit down, bury his head in his arms on a table, and let the camera study the top of his head.

"He operates like a man who never expects that a second take will be necessary, and if one is, he'll make his mouth into an 'O' of exaggerated surprise. He likes to anticipate quitting time, and he's been known to start looking at his watch and inquiring about the correct hour as early as 9:00 A.M. He always knows his lines. I'm sure plenty of preparation goes on off the lot and nothing he does is as easy as it looks. He takes enormous pride in being letter-perfect. He's an actor who makes a director look very good."

Back on the sound stage of the set, Miss Dietrich was dispensing slices of homemade cake to the cast and crew. She passed the goodies around on paper plates with such cordiality that I began to believe a remark I had heard credited to her: "I prefer cooking to acting."

Said one onlooker, "This has been a very tasty picture so far. Last week she brought in apple strudel and cherry pie. Did you hear what she did on *Witness*? She used to whip up French dishes at home, warm them up at the studio, and serve lunch to Tyrone Power and Charles Laughton. When asked how he liked working in the film, Laughton said, 'Well, we'd have a very difficult take in the morning, then we'd have Wiener schnitzel. We'd go back and shoot in the afternoon, followed by beef Stroganoff. The next day I'd do a scene with Marlene, and afterward she'd serve lunch with *framboises* (raspberries). I tell you, the menu was magnificent.'"

No greater tribute was ever paid to a Hollywood glamour queen. THE END

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Harry Belafonte

Trader Vic's, Manhattan

Harold George Belafonte, Jr., was born in Harlem in 1927, spent part of his youth there, part in the West Indies. He ended his formal schooling at sixteen, and, after a stretch in the Navy, studied acting at the New School for Social Research, in New York City. His singing career began in Greenwich Village. He was married to Marguerite Byrd in 1948, divorced, and then married Julie Robinson in 1957. He has four children.

If you are one of the millions of owners of Harry Belafonte record albums, or have attended his concerts, or have watched him on television, you know exactly what Harry Belafonte is like in person at a lunch date. He's puckish, as he is when he sings "Matilda"; mocking, as he is when singing "Mark Twain"; humble, as in "Merci Bon Dieu"; gentle as in "Scarlet Ribbons"; angry, as in "John Henry."

He is six feet one inch tall, lean—in the way dancers are lean; and impeccably groomed. He has an air of blithe self-confidence and seems indifferent to the stir he causes wherever he appears—for instance, in our booth at Trader Vic's. Mr. Belafonte is a celebrity, more so than any other male entertainer of our time except Frank Sinatra or Marlon Brando, and his fans treat him with awe

and courtesy. But unlike the other two, he is available to the press, in spite of the fact that he also has his private wars with it. I asked him why he hadn't tried the Sinatra "no talkie" routine, and he gave me a broad grin. "Because I have several causes to promote."

Musician With a Cause

Mr. Belafonte is intensely devoted to the cause of racial equality and the work of the N.A.A.C.P. He believes conditions for Negroes in this country have vastly improved over the last few years, and has great faith in the future. "Fourteen years ago," he said, "I couldn't have gotten through the door of Trader Vic's. When I was in the Navy in the forties, they wouldn't let me in the Copacabana. Today, Jules Podell doesn't have enough money to buy me in." I asked whether this proved things were better for everyone or for Belafonte, and he admitted it certainly proved that things were better for him.

"But conditions are better everywhere," he insisted. "The social climate has changed. People might be thinking the same things, but they don't feel free to express them. This keeps bigots from spreading their poison." He said, further, that he thought Southern youth was showing hopeful signs, and when I asked him where he sees Southern youth, he told

me: "I just had a group up here to talk to. From jail in Jackson, Mississippi. They're Freedom Riders."

There's something incongruous about plunging into social problems in a place like Trader Vic's, where eating is meant to be unadulterated fun. The restaurant is candlelit, hung with fish nets, tortoise shells, Tikis, and an outrigger; the drinks, awash with gardenias (real) and pearls (fake); the food, exotic, e.g., Mahi Mahi with Macadamia Sauce, from Honolulu. We ordered Kau Kau, which is a dish of assorted appetizers cooked on a tiny *hibachi* and, over our own private cook-out, continued discussing the state of the American Negro.

"A cop called me Sambo the other night," Mr. Belafonte said pensively. "I haven't heard that in years. My car stalled in traffic while I was driving to my concert in Forest Hills, and the cop there waved me on. When I didn't move, he came over to the car and, before I could tell him what happened, he said, 'Move on, Sambo.' I got out of the car, slammed the door, and told him to go and park it."

Here Mr. Belafonte smiled. "I guess he did, because someone brought the keys to my dressing room later." How does he feel when an incident like this happens? "Like murder," he said matter-of-factly. "I could have picked up something and killed him with it."

Another thing that angers the entertainer is the threat of nuclear war, and he has channeled this anger into activity—with the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy. I asked him how much he thought the Committee could do to keep peace. "If it does 2 per cent of what it's trying to do, that's 2 per cent more than nothing," he answered. "The Committee sends out a newsletter to its members, telling the facts you don't get in newspapers or news magazines. I use information from the letters in my concerts. Other members in contact with the public do the same."

Hit-and-Miss Energy

"Just think what the world would be like if all the energy that the United States and Russia have spent in developing bombs during the last fifteen years had been put to other use. The desert would be filled with water. There would be a cure for cancer."

Later, over Cantonese beef, Mr. Belafonte talked about his family. "They tolerate much more from me than they should," he said warmly. "They put up with my moods and the demands of my work. Even my son, David, who's only four, seems to understand why I have to cut short a visit to the zoo or a walk in the park." David, according to his father, is a very remarkable child who is not going to be troubled about being the son of a famous man. "It would be different if he were being brought up only in Bev-

Claude Beaumont



COMPARING FORTUNE-COOKY TIDINGS. Harry Belafonte tells Lyn Tornabene, "I don't worry about the future. I don't have ulcers and I sleep nights."

erly Hills, surrounded by broads and cars and swimming pools. But his is a very wide world; he has already traveled around the globe, seen all kinds of people and all kinds of situations. His fourth birthday was his first birthday in this country.

"Having a family makes great changes in your life. For instance, if I were single, I would have gone to Leopoldville in the midst of the trouble there, and to Havana—just to see for myself what was going on. But I couldn't do that to David. I couldn't have him think, if I got killed, that his father was so selfish he went out and got shot without caring about his son's future."

Advice From the Chef

We had a few warnings about the future at dessert: our fortune cookies held messages like, "Don't cross your bridges till you get to them." As Mr. Belafonte chose his cooky, and, thereby, his fortune, he noted, "This is as mystical as I'll ever get."

After lunch we walked up Fifth Avenue toward his office; rather, I walked, he bounded. I had never seen anyone with such vitality; he looked like he was about to sing out "I love life" at the top of his lungs.

In the offices of his company, HarBel Productions, as he introduced me to the dozen or so people who work for him, he was alternately—and sometimes simultaneously—proud and humble. The walls of all the offices and hallways were filled with paintings by contemporary artists, the majority abstract, of bold conception and brilliant color. His own office is large, carpeted wall-to-wall in beige wool. There is an oversize beige raw-silk couch, beige leather chairs, and a long, modern desk with a walnut and cane base, a marble slab for a top.

Mr. Belafonte sat swiveling in his desk chair. He told me what each of his people did—one was in charge of recordings, one research, one repertoire; others took care of concerts, looked for movie properties, etc. Several had been with him from the start of his career; his head man, Phil Stein, had been stage manager of a Belafonte show of 1956. When Mr. Belafonte had introduced him to me, he had said, "This is Phil Stein. I found him on his dirt farm in Vermont." That comment broke up everyone in the office.

I asked Mr. Belafonte where he goes from here. He grinned and answered in a word, "Down," then went on: "Not really. I don't know where. I may do a Broadway show; I'd like to make more films if I find the right parts; I'll continue my concerts. I don't worry much about the future, or what would happen if my voice gave out. I don't have ulcers, or heart trouble, and I can sleep nights. What else is there in life?"

I'm still looking for the answer to that one.
—LYN TORNABENE



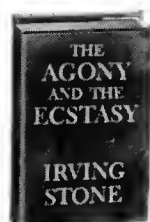
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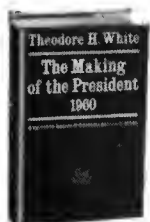
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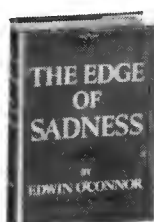
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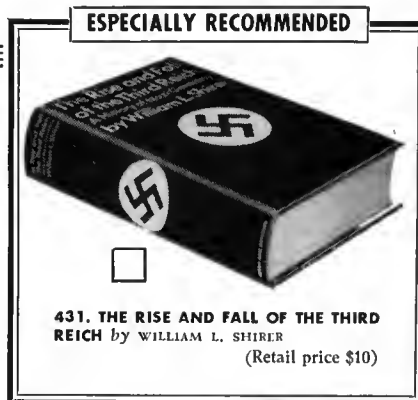
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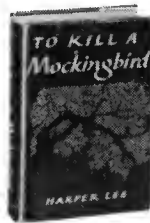
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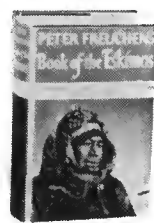


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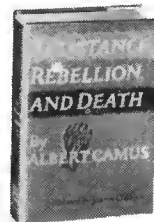
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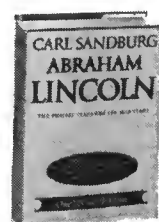
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YOUR TV DIAL

QUEEN JULIE: Looking more like a pony-tailed teen-ager than the reigning queen of television drama, **Julie Harris**, in her early thirties, has starred in a series of memorable and outstanding roles on NBC's *Hallmark Hall of Fame*—"A Doll's House," "The Lark," "Johnny Belinda," "Little Moon of Alban." In "Victoria Regina," later this month, she'll age sixty years.

Speaking in dramatically low and measured tones, Julie commented between rehearsals, "Actresses who make fun of TV make me laugh, because it's the toughest challenge I know of, theatrically. On the stage you have all the freedom in the world to move and act; in the movies you're confined to one area; in TV you play hopscotch and act at the same time—if that's possible, and it is. You have to hit different marks on the floor as you act so that the camera angles will work out all right. Any actress who thinks it's easy to work herself up

to a high-pitched emotional scene and make certain her feet strike a dozen different marks in ten minutes, well, she's kidding herself. Besides, there are all these cables on the floor; they're like wild animals with arms and legs in all directions. I've almost broken my neck on them plenty of times. The great challenge, of course, is to create enough feeling and intimacy in the midst of all this to come through."

Julie believes Queen Victoria is the most difficult role she's ever played on TV or the stage. "I'm not laughing these days," she said, "because Victoria was humorless, and when I work on a character I try to think like her around the clock. Maybe that's why I'm so serious today. Interview me next spring and I may be a gay Southern belle."

TV IN ENGLAND: Prior to his current weekly stint in *Mr. Ed*, the CBS comedy about a talking horse, former radio comic

NEW RECORDINGS

The baritone George London not only has one of the finest voices in the Metropolitan Opera, but also is one of its finest actors. He is able to project his dramatic abilities even when on record, as he ably demonstrates in a new RCA-Victor record of Richard Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman*.

London first sang the role at Bayreuth in 1953, thereby becoming the first American ever to essay the part. He makes a habit of singing firsts: in 1960, he was the first American to sing *Boris Godunov* in Moscow. The people stood and cheered. I felt like doing that myself when I heard this new *Dutchman*. London is surrounded by a fine cast, but he steals the show. A must for opera lovers.

Capitol has come out with a new system of recording called Duophonic, which brings stereo qualities to old monaural records. The first three I've heard are **The Best of Duke Ellington**, on which the old master's band wails and wails; **Sounds of the Great Casa Loma Band**, with Glen Gray playing some of his old originals; and **The Great Jimmie Lunceford**, with Billy May recreating some of the greatest swing music ever written in this country. All three records, especially the Lunceford, are first-rate. A fine new process.

Frank DeVol, one of the better pop arrangers around, offers a blast of pure nostalgia on a new Columbia record. He plays the themes from old radio pro-

MOVIE GUIDE

Breakfast at Tiffany's is a thoroughly joyous Technicolor version of Truman Capote's story about Holly Golightly, kookie playgirl on the loose in Manhattan. Audrey Hepburn, who portrays the complex Holly, is a breathtaking sight in her Givenchy wardrobe; in fact, she was never lovelier. George Peppard, as the writer who comforts and loves her, is a solid, handsome complement to Miss Hepburn's fey charm. The picture is at its best when it is outrageously funny (which is most of the time, though there are serious moments)—adding up to a great treat from Hollywood.

Paris Blues was filmed in black-and-

white, but it is full of color: the color of Left Bank night world, of jazz-cellar musicians trying too hard to hide from the world in their music and wild parties, of lovers seeing Paris for the first time. With Paul Newman and Sidney Poitier as expatriate American musicians having a ball living in Paris, and Joanne Woodward and Diahann Carroll as their tourist-on-a-fling girl friends, *Paris Blues* tells the tale of a twelve-day love affair that comes to a surprising conclusion as Newman finds that he must choose between the girl he loves and his career. Trumpeter Louis Armstrong has a featured role in the film and acts in as lively a fashion as he plays.

Alan Young spent three years in England, writing and directing his own television show.

"Probably the most shocking thing to me about British TV," says Young, who is as soft-spoken as a Sunday-school teacher, "was that all the men's rooms backstage had gaslight. After that jolt, I couldn't get over the fact that everyone was so very—in fact, veddy—nonchalant about TV preparations. For instance, if a truckload of scenery didn't arrive in time for the show, the director simply looked at you very matter-of-factly and said, 'Don't worry about the scenery. Just fill in with whatever you like.' Strangely, the viewers don't care if the material's good or bad. They're painfully loyal."

So loyal are the viewers, says Young, that they don't object to "what my mother would call cheeky material by many of the performers. Costumes are much more revealing. The material is so naughty, you'd think the women would object with

phone calls and letters. Instead, they're more likely to say, 'My, weren't the boys naughty on TV last night? But they're such jolly good fellows.'"

According to Young, the "naughty" influence stems from the favored dance-hall vaudevillians who are cornier than Olsen and Johnson and use "blue material" as if it were Bobbsey Twins humor. "Even the Queen goes to see these comics. They're landmarks, like the Thames and Big Ben. Whatever they do, since they're as established a British institution as afternoon tea, is 'jolly good.'"

The BBC documentaries are astonishingly frank, he says. "One program dealt with prostitutes who brazenly came on the air and talked about their work. It was a very frank discussion. No American network would make an hour of prime time available for this fare. Maybe it's just as well. There are some things that are too adult for the public's living room." —GEORGE CHRISTY

grams: **Radio's Great Old Themes.** The word "great" is overused today, but it applies here. These are themes from such old tuskers as *The Goldbergs*, *Amos 'n' Andy*, *Easy Aces*, and others.

Julie London, that lovely, breathy voice, has finally got around to recording "Daddy," the perennial gold-digger's plea written by her talented husband, Bobby Troup. It's on **Whatever Julie Wants**, issued by Liherty, an entire collection of acquisitive songs, including "My Heart Belongs to Daddy." The beautiful Julie has never been better.

The same can be said for Michel LeGrand, the Parisian arranger-conductor, who is less beautiful but no less talented, on **The New I Love Paris** on Columbia.

All the familiar songs about the city and all done well.

Riverside, this month, offers two non-musical records, both written and produced by Bud Greenspan. **The Actual Voices and Sounds of World War II and Witness!**, dramatic highlights of Congressional investigations, the latter featuring the exchanges between Senator Joseph McCarthy and the attorney Joseph Welch. Historically interesting, but don't try to dance to it.

On the classical side of the fence, Van Cliburn has a new lp, this time with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony, on Beethoven's **"Emperor" Concerto**. As usual, both pianist and orchestra are excellent. —MEGHAN RICHARDS

West Side Story: The movie version of the recent Broadway musical combines all the ingredients of brilliant entertainment: a dramatic story, irresistible music by Leonard Bernstein, vibrant dances choreographed by Jerome Robbins, and breathtaking color photography. The film is a modern version of *Romeo and Juliet*. Its Romeo—Tony (Richard Beymer)—is a member of a New York teen-age gang, the Jets. His Juliet (called Maria), beautifully played by Natalie Wood, is the sister of the Puerto Rican leader of the rival Sharks. Tony and Maria try to stay out of the pulsing New Yorker-against-Puerto Rican struggle that fills the city's streets with hatred, but their

efforts lead to tragedy. It's a story of more than young love—of the senselessness of a house divided against itself.

Girl With a Suitcase is an Italian art film with a French New Wave feeling and a poetic-looking young Frenchman in the lead. Jacques Perrin portrays a sixteen-year-old Italian aristocrat who falls in love with a poor, much-abused, rootless beauty, older than, but not nearly so wise as, he. Claudia Cardinale is extremely touching as this girl whose final desolation is overwhelmingly sad. The film is the story of a first love affair, but it has been produced without an embarrassing moment. THE END

Don't lend me your ears!

By CYNTHIA MOORE

If there's one American habit that should be broken, it's that of dabbing perfume behind your ears. How this idea began I never shall know. But the fact is that the back of your ears is probably the least effective, most wasteful spot for fragrance.

When you think about it, the reasons are obvious. Most people meet you head-on. Very few sneak up behind you and give your little pink ear-lobe a small nuzzle. When your beautiful perfume is placed aft of the ear, all that happens is that it floats off behind you ... great for the stranger in the seat behind you in the bus, wonderful for the lady in back of you at the supermarket. But this is not exactly the audience you hope to attract.

To be really effective, your perfume should be sprayed on with an atomizer ... the only way to get what the perfume chemists call "diffusion," i.e. a nice, over-all aura of fragrance. Concentrate your fragrance on the "pulse-spots" of your body. This means the base of the throat, the crook of the elbow, the wrist—all areas where you can feel a pulse and where the warmth of the body intensifies the perfume. Don't be afraid of wearing too much. If you choose a fine quality scent, you'll give a lot of added pleasure to everyone you meet.

One of the perfumes that has great diffusion is LE DE by Givenchy ... an aroma that does an exceptional job of reaching out to those around it. If you'd like to try LE DE you can get a generous sample by writing to me, Cynthia Moore, Box 52B, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y. Simply enclose your name, address and 50¢ to cover cost of postage and handling. My offer expires May 1, 1962.

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CASE HISTORY

The "False Pregnancy" That Makes Childbearing Possible

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

At thirty-one, Ruth Laight (her name is fictitious) seemed to have everything that most women dream of: a brilliant and rewarding career as a dress designer, a charming home that displayed her talent for interior decoration, and a husband whose success and love for her matched her own success and feeling for him. These facets of her life were only the outward illusion. In reality, there were three things she lacked: good health, a satisfactory sexual relationship with her husband, and the ability to have a child.

The reason: she was suffering from endometriosis, one of the most puzzling of the diseases that plague women. Its effects are varied—it can produce great physical pain, especially at the time of the menstrual period (but in many cases throughout much of the month); it creates emotional stress; the damage it may cause to vaginal tissues can make sexual intercourse very painful. And—though the cause of endometriosis is related to the failure to have children—it also often prevents pregnancy.

Ignorance Is Painful

Many women, married and unmarried, endure for years the discomfort, or even agony, this disease causes—out of misplaced modesty, or fear, or embarrassment, or (in many cases) a distaste for troubling doctors with such an "ordinary" problem (often confusing the pain with menstrual cramps).

Ruth Laight was one of the latter group. In the third year of a barren marriage, her emotional distress was almost equal to the physical pain she suffered when she finally sought medical help. And she sought help only when her marriage was threatened—when her husband, desperately unhappy but determined, broke down the barrier of her reserve and forced her to tell him about a subject she had been unwilling to discuss.

"Do you love me, or don't you?" her husband, Jim, demanded bluntly one night.

Ruth looked at him, mute. She had never been able to tell him about the abdominal pain that made her miserable and edgy throughout much of the month,

becoming almost unbearable during her menstrual period. Nor, in recent months, had she been able to tell him that sexual love had become physically painful to her. Married in their late twenties, when both had grown used to keeping their own counsel, they now found frank talk about many aspects of their marriage difficult.

But this time, as she sat silent, Jim plunged desperately on. "We had a lot of love and a lot of plans when we got married," he said. "We were hoping to have children, remember? What's gone wrong? If our relationship is going to improve, we've got to talk about the trouble."

If his tone had been harsh and accusing—as it had been several times before—Ruth might have reacted with anger (as she had before). But this time, Jim sounded sad and troubled . . . and tender.

Ruth burst into tears. Then, with his arms around her, with her face buried against his shoulder, she managed to tell him the truth.

His reactions surprised her. There was concern, of course—that she had expected. But there was relief, too—because, observing what he could only interpret as growing coldness toward him, Jim had begun to feel doubts about himself, about his own role as a husband. Ashamed of her reticence, Ruth managed to reassure him on that score.

"But if it's only a *physical* problem, how could you let it go on so long?" Jim asked her. "Surely, if you're in that much pain, the doctor will be able to do something about it. You're going to see him the first thing tomorrow!"

Chronicle of the Disease

Ruth told the full story to the gynecologist she consulted the next day. The pain, she said, had begun about five years ago, two years before her marriage; at first, it was only a minor discomfort around the time of her menstrual period. But the pain grew more and more distressing—and lasted longer—until each month she faced several days of pain so intense, it was difficult to concentrate on her work and impossible to enjoy life.

"And I felt I didn't need to see a doctor," Ruth said. "I'd always been so healthy. I suppose I thought I should just ignore it. Many of my friends have cramps—I thought this was no different, and that I'd been lucky to escape them for so long."

Then, too, there was her work. As a designer, she had enjoyed almost instantaneous success in a tough and highly competitive field. Ruth looked up at the doctor with a wry smile. "I was afraid it might mean taking time off."

And, finally, there had been her marriage. Almost from the time she and Jim met, they had loved each other. He was a successful architect, and they shared common interests. ("I didn't believe in love at first sight," Ruth told the doctor, "until it happened to me.") After a short courtship, they were married.

Endometriosis: An Enigma

At first, they had been ecstatically happy. The pain, Ruth said, had not seemed so bad, those first few months ("Perhaps I was too busy and happy to notice it"). But six months after the honeymoon, she was aware of it again—not just during her monthly period, but for many days before.

The doctor's examination showed clearly enough why she was in pain. Biopsies—microscopic examinations of tissue samples—left no doubt about the diagnosis.

"Endometriosis," the doctor told Ruth and Jim. "It's an enigma of a disease."

In endometriosis, he explained, uterine tissue moves out from the uterus and invades other parts of the body, particularly the pelvic area. Just how it spreads is not clear, but the invasion can cause pain. In advanced cases, it may upset bladder or bowel function, cause abnormal bleeding, or even destroy the ovaries.

Endometriosis has been turning up increasingly in recent years. It occurs in many women who marry and bear children late or who are unable to bear children. It seems to have a tendency to develop after a prolonged period—five years or more—of uninterrupted ovulation.

When severe endometriosis strikes a woman past the child-bearing age or one who has already had children, there is no problem; complete hysterectomy and ovary removal almost invariably produce a cure. In younger women who still want children, lesser surgery sometimes can be helpful.

Pregnancy—during which ovulation ceases—very often relieves symptoms and, if pregnancy is possible, it often is the ideal treatment. But, as in Ruth's case, endometriosis not only can be painful, it can produce infertility.

"We could try surgery," the doctor said. "But I'd like very much to try a newer approach." It would, he explained, require that Ruth take a medication, a

synthetic hormone that suppresses ovulation. In effect, it acts to create a kind of false pregnancy.

There was a chance, the doctor indicated, that the false-pregnancy state could bring relief for endometriosis. And there was hope that it would be effective in yet another way—some women had become pregnant right after they stopped using this medication. It was possible that the drug could contribute to improving a subfertile situation—and that would be of great value for Ruth. However, the doctor emphasized, there could be no guarantee that this would happen to Ruth.

After a few days of medication, Ruth's menstrual period came—and passed—without bleeding. No question about the drug's effectiveness in that regard. But was it helping to lessen the pain? She could feel no improvement.

Gradually, Ruth's discomfort began to diminish—not dramatically, just perceptibly.

It was slow improvement. The doctor, to whom she reported regularly, was encouraging; she tried to be encouraged. But there were times when she cried to Jim: "So little seems to be happening."

Three months after the start of treatment, the doctor reported that because damaged vaginal tissues were healing, it was likely that intimate relations with her husband would no longer be painful.

For the first time in years, it was true.

At each examination, the doctor was more encouraging. "It's slow, I know, but there is progress." After seven months of "false pregnancy," he told Ruth, "I think another month will do it."

Proof Positive of the Cure

She had her first menstrual period six weeks after the drug was stopped. Her next ovulation came a little more than two weeks later. And then she became pregnant.

"It's wonderful," she exulted when the doctor gave her the news.

She remained happy—and well—throughout her pregnancy; her baby, a healthy girl, was born at full term, without trouble. At the time of her six-week postdelivery examination, she was in good health and the endometriosis was under excellent control.

Today, a year and a half later, the endometriosis remains under control, without further treatment.

False pregnancy is certainly not a panacea for every case of endometriosis. But Dr. Robert W. Kistner of Harvard, a pioneer in its use, and other investigators as well have been reporting that it is a highly promising method which may make surgery necessary less often and may help women who have had recurrences of the disease even after surgery. There is the hope that, in many cases like Ruth Laight's, it may also help overcome the problem of infertility. **THE END**

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NINA RICCI
PARIS

BOOKS

Carson McCullers: Still the Lonely Hunter

BY GERALD WALKER

Clock Without Hands, by Carson McCullers (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00). Carson McCullers' new novel represents the triumph of will and talent over physical adversity. Some years ago, Mrs. McCullers suffered a stroke which paralyzed her left side. Since then, she has had to do her writing by pecking words out laboriously at the typewriter with her right hand. Yet there is nothing laborious about the writing itself; it is as poetically intense as ever.

Not only was this book written despite a physical handicap, it is also about the eternal tug of war between health and sickness. One of its subplots has to do with J. T. Malone, a forty-year-old pharmacist in the town of Milan, Georgia, who learns that he is suffering from leukemia and has approximately a year to live. Malone is a man of little distinction or ability, a sort of Southern Everyman. The question is, how will Malone react to the news and will the imminence of death change the quality of his life?

A Returning Point

This novel is important, too, as something of a turning point in its author's career; or, better still, a returning point. When Carson McCullers streaked onto the literary scene as a twenty-two-year-old first novelist in 1940, with *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, she gave us a haunting story of a deaf-mute in a Southern town which could also be read as an ironic parable on the subject of fascism.

Then followed a sequence of novels and plays, such as *The Member of the Wedding*, about increasingly bizarre characters, each dramatizing the emotional isolation of human beings from one another.

Clock Without Hands is a departure from these private, melancholy studies in the futility of interpersonal relationships. Like Mrs. McCullers' very first book, it displays an awareness of a larger social drama against which the individual stories of characters are projected. In short, her new novel is an imaginative, tragicomic fantasy about race relations in today's Dixie.

Representing the South's stubborn old guard is Malone's elderly friend, Judge Fox Clane, a doddering former Congressman. Old Judge Clane has a "statesman-

like" plan for a political comeback, which is to "redeem all Confederate monies, with the proper adjustment for the increase of cost-of-living nowadays."

The Judge, it should be noted, has a safe-deposit box containing ten million dollars in Confederate bills. He also still believes in slavery, which he prefers to call "a state of happy peonage."

There is a third strand of narrative about the friendship of two seventeen-year-old boys—one white, the other black,



Carson McCullers: talent will out.

The white youth is Jester Clane, the Judge's grandson, gentle and introspective. The young Negro's name is Sherman Pew, so called because he was a founding discovered in a church pew.

Neither of the boys knows anything about his father. In Jester's case, it is because his father committed suicide and it pains the Judge too much to talk about the tragedy. As for Sherman, it is a complete mystery, although his blue eyes do indicate a biological crossing of the color line somewhere in his ancestry.

So here we have a parallel development of the search-for-a-father theme, which in modern fiction has come to mean a search for one's psychological identity.

Jester learns that his father's suicide stemmed from defending a colored man on a charge of raping a white woman; Sherman discovers that the defendant was his father. And it was Judge Clane

who presided at the trial. The outcome of the affair was perhaps foreordained on the basis of the Judge's belief that "Passion is more important than justice."

The lives of both young men crystallize on discovering who their fathers were. Jester decides to become a lawyer and work for justice. Sherman decides that he must *do something* to strike a blow against segregation. At first, his defiant gestures are comically futile. Finally, Sherman gathers all his moral and tangible resources and rents a little house in the white section of town. At last, to his peril and to his triumph, he is noticed.

Malone's Moment of Truth

Judge Clane calls a meeting which is held after hours in his friend J. T. Malone's pharmacy. But when the druggist looks around at some of the "leading citizens" assembled, he realizes that they are "ragtag and bobtail for the most part." And when lots are drawn to bomb Sherman's house and Malone draws the slip with the X, he declines the job. "Gentlemen," he announces, "I am too near death to sin, to murder."

For the strange things which began to brew within the pharmacist after he first was told he had leukemia have led up to this moment of truth.

In the hospital for tests once, Malone's eyes were drawn to a book called *Sickness Unto Death* and he came across these moving words: "The greatest danger, that of losing one's own self, may pass off quietly as if it were nothing; every other loss, that of an arm, a leg, five dollars, a wife, etc., is sure to be noticed."

And Malone realized that, sure enough, somewhere along the path of his life he had lost himself. He brooded about this, and eventually the brooding sank in. In the end, Malone earns a measure of peace and love that was never his before, and he recovers the affection of his wife and children which had, over the years, withered through neglect.

If Malone and young Sherman meet their deaths, they manage their dying in such a way that it is not a tragedy, but vindication. In doing so, they movingly illustrate the first line of *Clock Without Hands*, which deserves to be remembered with some of the finest opening lines of all time: "Death is always the same, but each man dies in his own way."

A PASSION IN ROME, by Morley Callaghan (Coward-McCann, \$4.95). The brilliant Canadian novelist offers a strange and haunting story about a news photographer in Rome to cover the death of the Pope, and of his involvement with an alcoholic ex-TV singer.

THE TOWERS OF LOVE, by Stephen Birmingham (Little, Brown, \$4.95). A novel about the resulting entanglements when two childhood sweethearts meet again after a lapse of about a dozen years.

THE END



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TRY it some time. Concentrate intently upon another person seated in a room with you, without his noticing it. Observe him gradually become restless and finally turn and look in your direction. Simple — yet it is a *positive demonstration* that thought generates a mental energy which can be projected from your mind to the consciousness of another. Do you realize how much of your success and happiness in life depends upon your influencing others? Is it not important to you to have others understand your point of view — to be receptive to your proposals?

Demonstrable Facts

How many times have you wished there were some way you could impress another favorably—*get across to him or her your ideas*? That thoughts can be transmitted, received and understood by others is now scientifically demonstrable. The tales of miraculous accomplishments of mind by the ancients are now known to be fact — not fable. The method whereby these things can be *intentionally*, not accidentally, accomplished has been a secret long cherished by the Rosicrucians — one of the schools of ancient wisdom existing throughout the world. To thousands everywhere, for centuries, the Rosicrucians have pri-

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Tweeds: The Manor-House Look in Suburbia

The "elegant tweeds" are tossed with careful abandon across a mellow leather chair, or hung studiously against a background of pickled-pine wall, in the hundreds of country-tweedy shops of suburbia.

The aesthetic results are devastating, the tweeds are news, and the pitch is aimed at an increasingly sophisticated, poised, and aware individual: the suburban American woman. Taking her time, she can mull over a pink tweed skirt with an oddly frosted look (\$35); a vanilla-and-mocha dress (\$210) with a Creed of London look; a coarsely woven oyster-colored suit (\$135). All represent some of the tweed news designed to capture the favor of this richer, chic suburbanite. The newsiest news:

From England, sheerer tweeds than

those made for European women. "Americans don't need our heavy tweeds," says one manufacturer. "They all have central heating." British tweeds, once aimed so wholly at the landed gentry shivering in their chilly manor houses, are becoming airy, warm, yet almost buoyant. Paris news centers on loosely woven tweeds for daytime, some with a hand-woven, deliberately coarse look. From Ireland there are hand-woven tweeds which have a crunchy feel, and new colors of incredible softness.

Plaid traveling tweeds, tweeds mixed with nylon, oatmeal tweeds with a hand-loomed look—all these are top-of-the-list. Suburbanites can buy a pumpkin-colored, leather-trimmed coat for autumn, or cart off a pale, pistachio-colored tweed coat to be worn at a sunny resort.

Few suburbanites are actually expected to buy their tweeds hand over fist. Women who buy tweeds are usually selective. The Tweed perfume people once defined the woman who wears their perfume as a woman who "pays good prices for her clothes and may wear them for eons." In the early thirties when Lenthéric introduced Tweed perfume as a "signature" for the tweed-minded woman, the company hit closer to the pickled-pine shops' current hopes by analyzing the tweed-loving woman as one who "likes the touch of satin on wool" . . . "prefers the simple, superb cut" . . . and an "understated elegance," and who, moreover, "is sophisticated."

The "Foot Warmer" boot will be the darling of this year's football specta-



SUBURBAN CLASSICISM: Slim suit of hand-woven Irish tweed by Vera Maxwell has longer jacket, deeply pleated flared skirt, jacquard wool blouse. Price: \$185.



COUNTRY CLASS: For tweed-and-leather look, Bonnie Cashin teams leather-trimmed poncho of Irish tweed with leggings, knee boots. For Sills & Co. Poncho, about \$90.

tors, visitors to hunting-type lodges, and girls who are driven by car up to Stowe, Squaw Valley, or other ski resorts.

Boots are getting zanier by the minute, and the "Foot Warmer" boot is about the zaniest. For one thing, you can't walk in them. For another, you buy only *one* boot, not a pair. About \$20. The boot is lined with red shearling; it's black leather on the outside, and comes halfway to the knee; the top turns down to make a dashing red cuff. The idea, says the Bertlyn Corporation, whose new baby this is, "is to put *both* feet into it. Cozy for sports cars, too."

For those who would rather warm their stomachs than their feet, the Bertlyn people have thoughtfully provided holes in the cuff, to carry a Thermos in the "Foot Warmer."

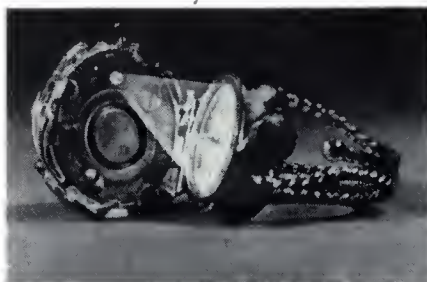
In Rome, a slender, knitted leather suit with a charming young air makes us suspect designers might start knitting almost anything they get their hands on. The hip-length jacket is the knitted leather part, the flared skirt is smooth leather. It's by Elbe of Turin and just a shade darker green than a cat's eye.

While knits are going great guns everywhere, in Paris they are also beginning to stay at home by the fire. What more could anyone want in November than that Gny Laroche crocheted dressing gown in pink or white wool, snugly wrapped and tied? Or in December, January, February, or March? The gown is knee-length, has fringe at the hem and belt. Anybody who knows how to crochet (that single-needle form of knitting) could try making one.

For outdoors in the United States, mohair knit is a winner this year. A knitted mohair coat that Peter Lawford recently ordered in California for Mrs. John F. Kennedy has, we think, everything such a coat should have: two big pockets, a wrap-over belt, a big, flat collar that can be pulled up around the ears. It certainly won't hurt this year's case for mohair any.

"Winnie the Pooh" is the name of a new group of clothes that Glen of Michigan has designed for small fry who wear sizes ranging from 3 to 6x. We're glad the company hasn't confused the youngsters by calling the clothes *Winnie Ille Pu*. It would make for a lot smarter talk among adults, but it wouldn't do much for the kids.

For little girls lucky enough to be size 7 to 14, there are some clothes that look as though they came from a wonderland (one striped dress has a full-length blue cape) through which a girl named Alice might have wandered—and the clothes are, at that, called "Through the Looking Glass." The third group of clothes come in softened greens for subteens, and are called "Little Women." There are plenty of Jo's and Amy's among them. We hope to see more of this kind of fun—it's



ELECTRONIC LIGHT in ring goes on when ring opens, lights up watch face.



SCREW DRIVER "locks" diamond into ring. Settings can be quickly switched.

amazing how much some little "extra" like a name can add to a child's pleasure.

A diamond kit has just been invented and it comes complete with a tiny screwdriver so that—abracadabra!—a woman can turn her plain diamond engagement ring into, say, a ruby-studded cocktail ring, or a multi-diamond dinner ring, or even into an arty-snooty gold ring that sets off the single diamond. All in seconds.

This is the first big news in rings in the past 5,000 years. It's the fortune-making (we can see it coming) inspiration of the twenty-five-year-old president of a jewelry company. How it works is jaw-droppingly simple:

The basic ring is the typical engagement ring *except* that it can be unscrewed from its plain setting. What then metamorphoses the plain diamond into dazzling, unrecognizable splendor are separate settings, called aprons. Some aprons are lushly baroque, others are Tiffanylike, still others studded with stones, precious and otherwise. One apron can cost you \$20 or, if you have the cabbage or a husband with a high balking point, it can cost in the thousands of dollars. You can, by the way, even design your own aprons if you want to be *that* individual and wouldn't be caught dead, etc. etc. You simply bring the design to a jeweler and he has the company make the apron up for you.

A diamond wardrobe is obviously ahead for the American woman, what with the ring's manufacturers, Multi-Dee, aiming to have somewhere around seventy-five aprons available soon. Before you know it, a woman won't feel her



RING GUARDS clasp diamond, become single ring. Guards are easily removed.

dressing table is complete without that one essential: a screwdriver.

An electronic battery hidden in the cover of a ring-watch is part of another jewelry innovation designed to make the theater-going and socially rushing-around woman happy. Snap open the ring in darkness of cab or theater, and the tiny light comes on like the light in the refrigerator and shines directly on the watch face. It's called the "Cocktail Hour" ring-watch, is designed by David G. Steven, Inc., and nothing on the outside of the ring gives away the fact that there is a watch *inside*. What impresses us is that the unbelievably small light will burn for about twelve hours. Two hundred fifty to twenty-five hundred dollars will be the cost, depending largely on whether you go in for a heavy or light sprinkling of diamonds on the gold cover of the ring.

The guard ring—once viewed with about as much aesthetic delight as a tarnished brass curtain ring—has pulled the biggest switch of its career. The new guard ring, designed in New York by Lazarus Jewelers, comes in two parts that look like flat, scallop-edged half-moons. The halves clip firmly around the solitaire to be guarded; turns all three pieces into a single ring.

The half-moons are textured gold, set with diamonds, and can be fitted to any sized solitaire you happen to have around. Good-bye, we hope (and with fervor), to that orphaned-looking guard ring that was never quite considered a "real" ring.

—HARRIET LA BARRE

The "Helmet" Haircut: Sleek or Tousled

"Caseo," is what the Spaniards call it. "Casque," say the French. The Greek goddess Athena wore it in beaten metal, the twenties turned it into a snug-looking hat—and now the helmet may become the hairdo "most likely to change the whole look of American women."

Though the hair is snipped short, the helmet is as different from the Italian cut as is glazed duck from scrambled eggs. Curliness is out. The helmet cuts pictured below were designed by John Garrison of Garrison-Ramon, and are basically the same, yet can be either smoothly shining or tossed into casual waves. The cut:

"The underneath hair is cut to three to four inches. For smoothness, I leave the top hair five inches long. Both hairdos are set in big rollers, all going down."

There is, believes Garrison, no "in" or "out" concerning teased hair, helmet-cut or not. "If you have fine hair, you'll have to tease it some to get height—and you

often desire some height." Close-to-the-scalp teasing, maintains Garrison, is less likely to break hair.

Teased or unteased, the "exquisitely small head," always a prerequisite of elegance to Chanel, has never seemed more likely to become a heady success.

Vacationists at those lazing-in-the-sun resorts like Jamaica and the Virgin Islands are showing up on the beaches with the "no color" face powder developed by Ponds early this year. The new, popular (and clever) way to use it:

During the first few days of your vacation, you dust the "no color" over your newly acquired golden-pinkish glow (this is not the harsh red of a sunburn, since you've certainly enlisted the protection of a sun-tan lotion); this takes away the not-so-attractive shine which accompanies your tan. As the first, most becoming glow inevitably recedes, the formula is, wear a sunny-tinted cream or liquid base,

a dusting of the "no color" for a translucent matte finish. Looks as though you still have the original glow.

The "no color" powder, called Luminous Angel, looks faintly pink in the box, but once you put it on your face it surprisingly creates the illusion of no powder and doesn't affect the color of the foundation at all.

"Just smile," say the directions on the package, and "the Fresh Beauty Moisture Mask comes off your face in one complete piece."

We're purely enchanted by this latest Max Factor development: a ten-minute facial mask which has been on the market only three months, and is said to refresh you as much as eight hours' sleep. We're enchanted *not* because we're an easy mark for a circulation stimulator or because we like the idea of a really deep moisturizing mask (though we do, we do!) or that we're averse to a clean, fresh face.

No, it's another part of the Max Factor development that most enchants us: the smile. After all the hours we've spent with beauty masks that make us do anything but smile (peeling off bits of mask-and-our-skin; dropping flakes and chunks of clay all over the rugs and the floors; soaking our stiffened faces back to a semblance of Homo sapiens; crushing dozens of cleaning tissues together in an attempt to remove cream masks), that bit about the smile opens up to us a vast new world. —H. La B.



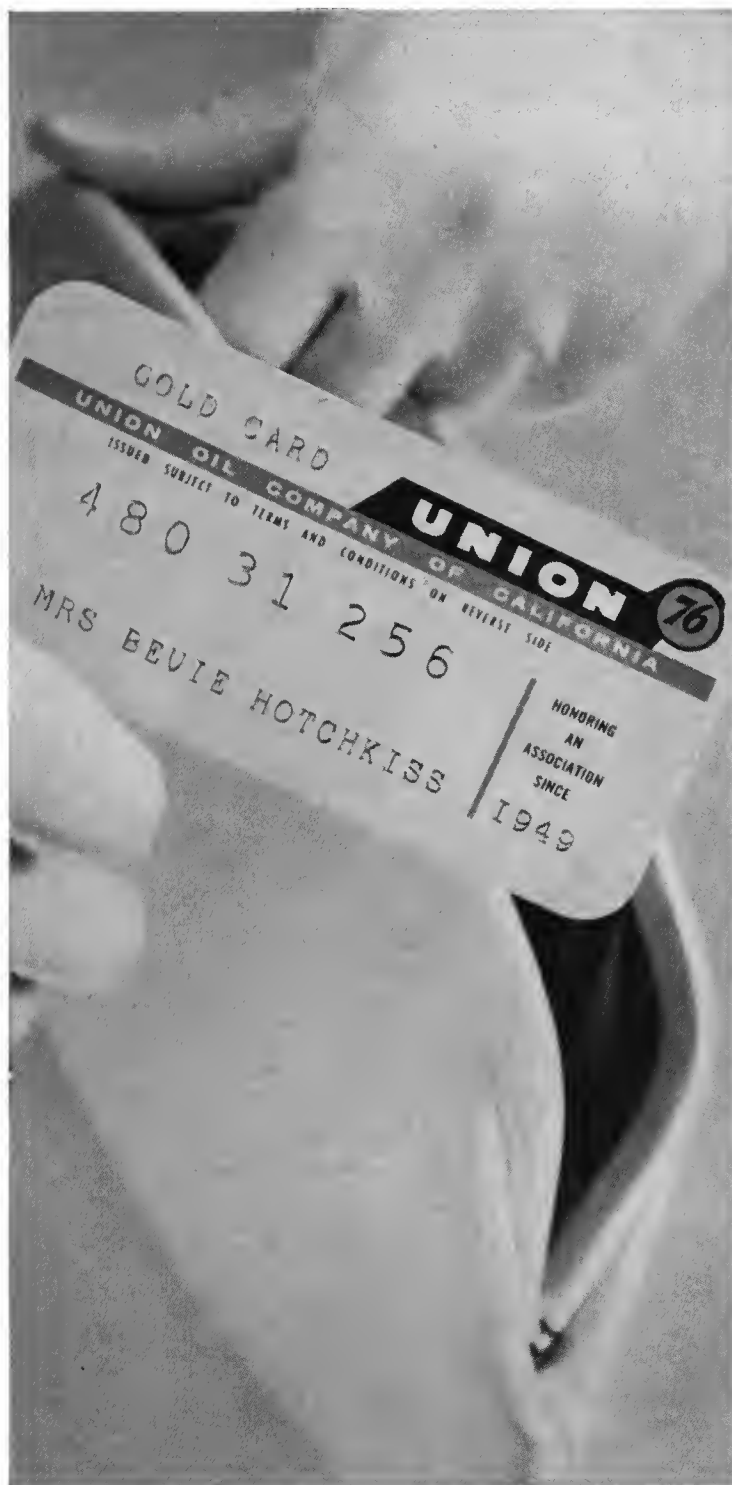
THE HELMET, TOUSLED: At brow, nape, hair ends are left unset. Hair at nape is 2½". Hairdo is merely brushed out.



THE HELMET, SLEEK: Hair is swept from sides to back of head, caught with comb. Five-inch hair is teased (if fine).

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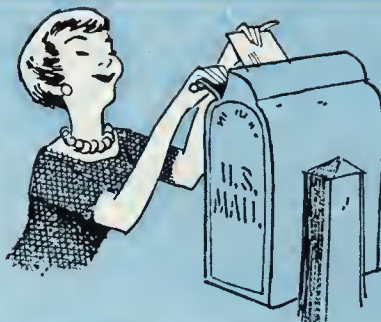
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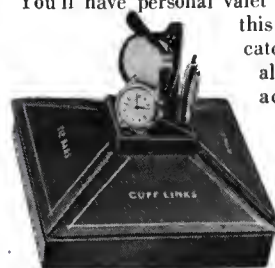


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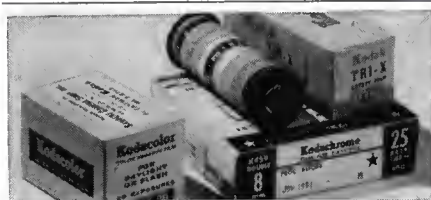
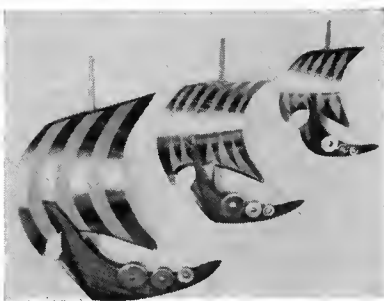
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Here's a neat and tidy idea—a carton rack—compact, useful and so sensible. The 4 shelves slant back so bottles can't fall out. Remove one bottle or the whole carton—return empty bottles easily, quickly. Stand on floor (won't tip) or hang on wall or door. Use in entry, pantry, closet, kitchen, cellar, stairway or garage. It really is an ingenious storage rack for its compact size, 26"H. 18"W. Shipped flat for lower postage cost—instant slide together assembly. Complete with



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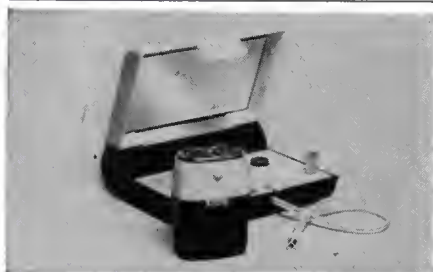
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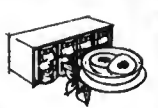





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TOASTING GLASSES only \$6.95 the pair ppd. These fine clear crystal glasses are HAND ENGRAVED with the names of the Bride and Groom and wedding date. An excellent GIFT item for wedding or anniversary and a MUST for the traditional wedding toast. The glasses have hollow stems and are decorated as shown. To order send first names and date. \$6.95 ppd. or C.O.D. plus postage. Calif. residents add 28¢ tax. Money back guarantee. 624 So. Michigan Ave. **JOSEF'S** 209 Post St. Chicago 5, Ill. San Francisco 8, Calif.

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 Christmas—R. R. Pears	 January—Apples	 February—Grapefruit	 March—Royal Oranges
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Box every month, each with your greeting.

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At Christmas, Royal Riviera Pears, and month
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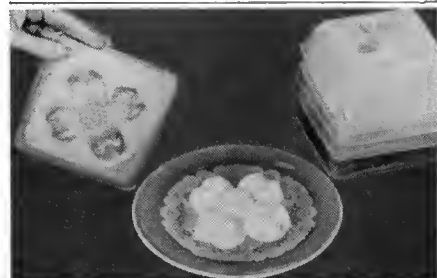
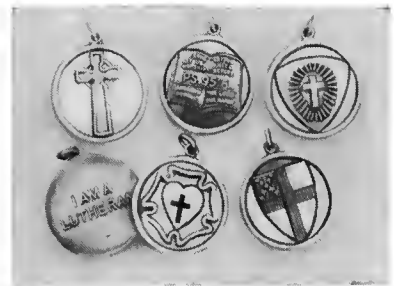
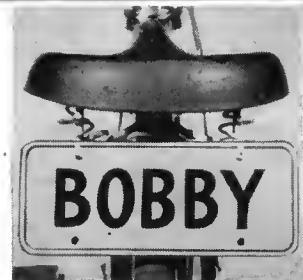
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Now you can mold ice cream in exquisite flower
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Only the fine characteristic flavor in
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Package contains MINIT 1 cup, tray,
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HANDCRAFTED in Natural, Turquoise, Red, Russet, Indian White.

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BRACELETS AND DISCS AVAILABLE IN GOLD
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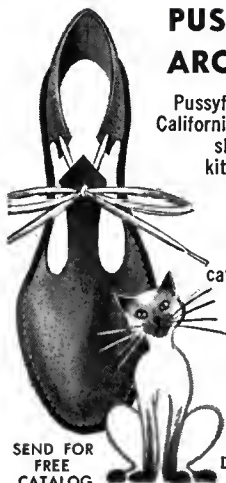
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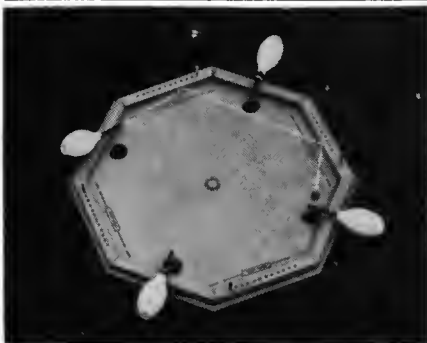
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Mode of **200** FOR \$1 Add 25c
LIVE LATEX Postage and
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Delight Kiddies—Grown-Ups, Too!

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Balloons this size usually sell up to 25¢ each.
Send only \$1 now plus 25¢ postage and handling
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Extend radiant holiday greetings to every visitor! Dimensional stars of translucent plastic spell out "NOEL" in Christmas red...and your family name appears on the center bell. 5-light weatherproof Set extends 12 feet, looks lovely over window or door. Specify family name or 2 first names. *Guaranteed to please or money back!* **NOEL LIGHTS SET**, only \$5.98, postage paid. Order from **Sunset House, 206 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.**

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MAGIC BOOSTER DOES IT . . .

Instantly adds fullness... 'Cheers' lifts, rounds, curves you into an alluring you... low and wide neckline for your most daring décolletés... gently underwired. Embroidered white cotton, A, B cups, 32-36. **3.95**

NYLON LACE (as shown). White, black, blue, pink, ecru, red. A, B, C cups, 32-36. **5.00**

STRAPLESS in nylon lace. All colors except red.

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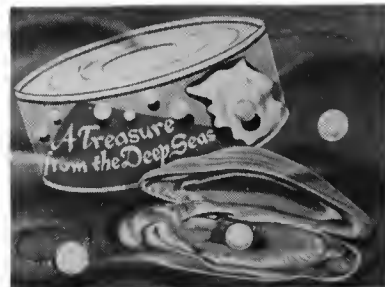


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Enclosed find \$1.00 plus 25¢ postage. Send me **VACUTEX**. My dollar will be refunded if I am not delighted.

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Experience the thrill of opening a canned treasure. From the famous pearl beds of the Far East come these unopened pearl bearing oysters, each guaranteed to contain one or more genuine cultured pearls. The shells are lined with Mother-of-Pearl and make unique ashtrays. 3 for \$3.60; 5 for \$5.95. Harriet Carter, Dept. CP-11, Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

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Send Christmas Photo-Letters for a personalized Seasons Greeting to your friends this year! Photo-Lithographed (with pictures of your family, home, etc.) from your hand written or typed original! Choice of 6 colorful Christmas letterheads including new French-fold design, 100 letters and envelopes, \$11.95; with pictures, \$14.95. Money-back guarantee. We pay postage. Send 10¢ in coin for kit, sample letterhead, and directions to: CHRISTMAS LETTERS, 1965 20th Street, Boulder Colorado.



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\$1.50

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Pa. Residents Add 4% Sales Tax

A game for the whole family to enjoy. Just swing the ball at 10 gaily striped wooden pins—try to knock them all down. After your turn, a pull on a weight under the table sets all the pins up again. 11" high, 6" in dia., it takes little space for play or storage.

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BLEUMETTE BRA

- Lift to desired highline with just two cups.
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Size A, B, or C

Satisfaction guaranteed.

2 pair only \$2.98 Postpaid

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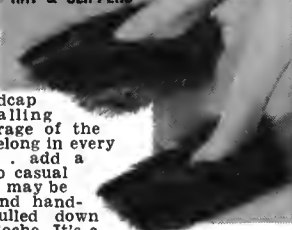
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HAT & SLIPPERS



These two madcap fashions recalling the raccoon rage of the roaring 20's belong in every wardrobe . . . add a jaunty flair to casual wear. The hat may be worn high and handsomely or pulled down snugly as a cloche. It's a must in the cold-weather months. One size fits all. The slippers are blissfully comfortable, so shaggy and cute—with a mouton inner sole for cuddly warmth. In small, medium, large or child's sizes (specify). Hat and slippers are genuine raccoon skins. Either or both make the nicest, splashiest gift! Send check or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed. Immediate shipment!

Hat—\$6.95 ppd. Slippers—\$5.95 ppd. Fed. tax incl.

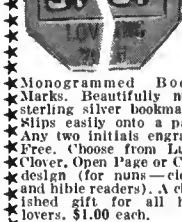
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Monogrammed Book-Marks. Beautifully made sterling silver bookmarks. Slips easily onto a page. Any two initials engraved. Free. Choose from Lucky Clover, Open Page or Cross design (for nuns—clergy and bible readers). A cherished gift for all book lovers. \$1.00 each.



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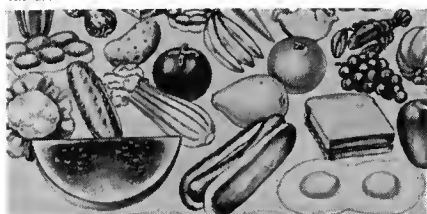


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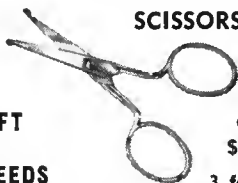


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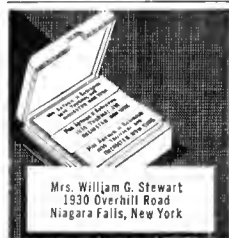


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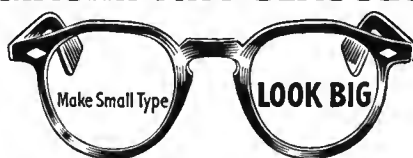
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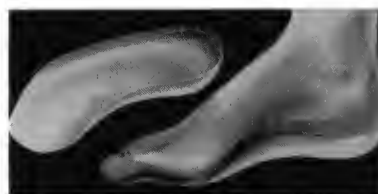
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The Roman Orgy of Movie Making

The Eternal City has exploded into a capital of sex, sin, tinsel dreams as glamorous as the Hollywood of the 1930s. Behind all the glitter: a booming industry that turns out two hundred movies a year, has scheduled the costliest film of all time (\$25,000,000), and is making American producers wonder if they, too, should do as the Romans do.

BY GEOFFREY BOCCA Photos By Maxwell Coplan

Not since Hollywood's Golden Age—those gone-but-never-to-be-forgotten days of the 1920s and '30s—has the world seen such a frantic flood of film making as is taking place in Italy today. With money to spend, huge reserves of enthusiasm, and all the talent of Italy, France, Britain, and the United States to draw upon, Rome is rapidly emerging as the new movie capital of the world—and it has all the gaiety and glamour, brashness and ballyhoo to go with the title.

A survey of the current Roman scene reveals some eye-opening facts:

—This year, while Hollywood is grinding out a steadily diminishing number of movies and a steadily rising number of TV films, some two hundred motion pictures will be made in Italy. Among the biggest: a ten-million-dollar, cast-of-thirty-thousand production of *Barabbas*, starring Anthony Quinn, and *Sodom and Gomorrah*, featuring Pier Angeli's transformation into a pillar of salt.

—The Via Veneto, Rome's Sunset Strip, is aswarm with Brigitte Bardot imitators, carbon copies of Marlon Brando, or young men shaved bald as eggs—depending on the movie trend. "I swear," vows one observer, "I once saw no fewer than five James Deans, sitting side by side in the Café Carpano. I talked to a couple of them. One came from Johannesburg, another from Oslo."

Bit Parts, Lead Roles Sought

—Roman nobility and society luminaries, indulging in their city's newest sport—"crashing the movies"—are fighting for bit parts and roles as extras.

—The rush of film making is carrying many stars into comebacks. Stewart Granger, Anthony Steel, and Anita Ekberg, appearing in current productions, also are booked for several pictures in advance.

—American-style, weekly news-picture magazines—*Oggi*, *L'Europeo*, *Tempo*, *Epoca*, and others—seem to subsist about

25 per cent on the world crisis, 25 per cent on Queens Elizabeth, Soraya, and company, and 50 per cent on what is happening on the Via Veneto.

—Earlier this year, producer Dino De Laurentiis, whom many call—not always with admiration—the Cecil B. De Mille of Italy, announced the most ambitious movie project ever conceived. It was to film *The Bible*—all of it—at an estimated record cost of \$25,000,000.

At first, De Laurentiis's friends and colleagues thought he was joking, but they soon learned that he was in earnest. "I thought of it," he told me, "while I was sitting in my Riviera villa at Cap Martin. As soon as I got back to Rome, I called my production chiefs together, got Christopher Fry to supervise the script, and told them to go ahead."

It was a decision of characteristic ebullience by the man who has come to symbolize the supercolossal in the Italian movie business. But others are engaged in projects only somewhat less ambi-

"A girl's surest key to a screen career in Italy," says one ironic observer, "is a huge bosom."

tious—ever-bigger, and more spectacular epics with Biblical or historical themes.

On the social side, the *paperazi*, the free-lance photographers who prowl the Via Veneto, are kept busy snapping new twosomes, new feuds, new brawls, all of which are very reminiscent of Hollywood thirty years ago. In recent months, Vittorio Gassman, former husband of Shelley Winters, provided a choice item by dining regularly with Annette Stroyberg, estranged wife of Roger Vadim. Ernest Borgnine quarreled in public with his wife, Katy Jurado, to the delight of the press which was there to watch the fireworks.

The Via Veneto, with its sidewalk cafés and neighborhood restaurants, is the hub of the Rome film industry. The prospect of stardom has brought beautiful girls to that wide, sweeping avenue in the hordes once seen on Hollywood Boulevard.

More Bounce to the Ounce

An article of faith of Rome movie producers (no less charming because it is not strictly true) is that pretty girls never walk *up* the steep Via Veneto, but always *down*, because it gives them more bounce. "A girl's surest key to a screen career in Italy," says Charles Fawcett (of whom I'll say more a bit later), "is a huge bosom."

There is also an old-fashioned concept of stardom that reminds one of the old Hollywood. In Rome, a beautiful girl can seriously dream of being picked off the street for a movie, just as her Hollywood counterpart used to dream of being discovered while waiting tables in a drugstore. Renato Salvatori, who has become one of the biggest new names in Italy since his appearance in *Rocco and His Brothers*, was discovered while working as a lifeguard at Ostia Beach.

Thus, "C. C." Is Born

Claudia Cardinale, another new hit, endured an even cornier routine. The daughter of an Italian railroad worker and a French housewife, Claudia lived in Tunis, but came to Rome to study art. At a cocktail party, a man approached her and said, "I am a producer. How would you like to act in the movies?"

Claudia, an intelligent and well-educated girl, said something ribald, and turned her back. But the producer was serious and offered her a small part. Claudia's mother flew in from Tunis to examine the contract, but found no catches in its fine print. From that, Claudia graduated to roles in *Rocco*, *Girl With a Suitcase*, and *La Viaccia*, and she is now considered one of the most exciting ac-

tresses in Italy. She has been given the greatest accolade that the European film industry can bestow: on the Via Veneto and the Champs Elysées, they call her "C. C."

The tales of dukes, princes, and tourists being recruited to act in Italian epics are quite true. For example, when Michelangelo Antonioni was casting *L'Avventura*, he saw a handsome, middle-aged Englishman shopping on the Via Condotti. Antonioni introduced himself, and offered the man the part of—naturally—a handsome, middle-aged Englishman. His shoulders heaving with laughter, the Englishman accepted.

"What's so funny?" Antonioni asked, surprised.

"It's just," said the Englishman, James Addams by name, "that I am wondering how I can break this to my daughter, Dawn Addams."

Another example: during shooting of *Joseph Sold by His Brothers*, the director suddenly realized he was short a bearded actor. But, because the company was on location, it was impossible to send to Rome for one. While the director howled mournful imprecations to the sky, his assistant had an idea. "Get the scriptwriter," he said. "He has a beard."

A few minutes later, Guy Elmes, a heavily bearded, ferocious-tempered Englishman, who is one of Rome's leading screen writers, looked up as his office door burst open. He had been working on the next day's script of the film and had issued orders for complete privacy. Protesting furiously, he was hauled from his desk, costumed, made-up, and set before the camera. When the shooting was over, he was allowed to return to his typewriter.

The Prince and the Show Girl

Bit parts in Italian movies have been played by diverse personalities, such as Prince Vittorio Massimo (who met Dawn Addams when he was playing a bogus Arab beggar in some forgettable and forgotten film, and then married her), as well as other members of Roman society, and assorted ex-ambassadors, cavalry officers, and playboys.

Now, high society and show business are not natural allies, and in present-day Rome, as in Edwardian London, the results of their association tend to be scandal and uproar. That is how *La Dolce Vita* was born, and is, to a large extent,

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PRINCE FILIPPO ORSINI on beach at Fregene. Orsini, descendant of papal aristocracy, scandalized Vatican by leaving his family for actress Belinda Lee, then attempting to commit suicide when she left him.



ROME'S SUNSET STRIP is Via Veneto, lined with sidewalk cafés. Here starlets are discovered, fights are fought, scandal photographers prowl until dawn.

BIKINI-DOTTED BEACHES near Rome, like Ostia and Fregene (below), are gathering places for stars, socialites, night-club dancers, playboys, movie moguls.



Recent Roman bit players: a papal prince, a writer, and producer De Laurentiis's brother-in-law.

why Rome has been recurrently rocked by movie and society scandals.

The greatest scandal—because the name was the noblest—was the one involving Prince Filippo Orsini. His family belongs to the "black aristocracy," which draws its nobility from the Papacy, not from temporal and passing kings. By centuries-old tradition, the Orsini and Colonna families hold the rank of "assistants to the papal throne." Suddenly, Orsini succumbed to the charms of Belinda Lee—a blonde, English actress who starred in lesser Italian movies—left his wife and children, and ran away with her. When their liaison broke up, he made a perfunctory slash at his wrists and went to a hospital. He quickly recovered, but as far as the Vatican was concerned, he was dead.

Belinda Lee died tragically last March, killed in an automobile crash in California. She had been in the company of

her latest fiancé, Gualtiero Jacopetti, one of the more colorful characters in Rome's movie business (he was once married to a thirteen-year-old girl).

Prince Vittorio Massimo made headlines when he married Dawn Addams, and made bigger ones when the marriage foundered in 1958—a sad event in Rome, where Massimo and Dawn were two of the most popular personalities. Massimo claims to be a direct descendant of Quintus Fabius Maximus, a Roman general of the third century before Christ. The breakup of the marriage set off a struggle for custody of their small son which continues to this day. Dawn was forbidden to take the boy, Stefano, now six, from Italy, so she settled matters by buying an apartment next door to Massimo's palace on the Corso Vittorio. As there is no more divorce in Italy, the two are legally separated.

Orsini, Belinda Lee, Vittorio Massimo,

Dawn Addams, even Jacopetti: reasonably well-known names, but the one name which recurs most frequently in the intermittent scandals is scarcely known outside of Rome itself. Novella Parigini is a pretty, light-haired girl whose profession is painting, and whose hobby is creating sensation. For the first, she has a narrow but acknowledged talent and can command three thousand dollars for a portrait.

She works—and plays—in a studio on the Via Margutta, in a building too historic to pull down and too frail to stand up. Consequently, a visit to Novella's top-floor apartment is a mountaineering adventure, involving beams to clamber over and sickening drops to avoid.

Scandal is, or was, Novella's life. She paints in the nude. She once threatened to sue a writer who called her "a good girl at heart." The author of this article once found himself, to his alarm, being driven across St. Peter's Square while Novella sang a heretical song at the top of her voice. The police stopped the car, found that it was only Novella, told her to shut up, and moved her on, to Novella's vexation. She wanted to go to prison.

Party That Shocked the World

Novella was present at the now-historic 1958 strip-tease orgy in Rome's Rugantino restaurant, an incident which was incorporated into *La Dolce Vita*. It all began as a private party given by an American playboy, Peter Howard. Novella Parigini was a guest. So were Anita Ekberg, Elsa Martinelli, and Linda Christian. It was a hot Roman night. The orchestra played. Anita Ekberg kicked off her shoes and started to dance in her bare feet. A shoulder strap of her décolleté dress snapped, and the atmosphere became electric. At the end of her dance, Miss Ekberg reportedly challenged Turkish dancer Haish Nana to do "something better." While excited actors and members of Rome's aristocracy took their jackets off and laid them on the floor to dance on, Miss Nana stripped. The *paperazi*, inevitably, were present, their flash bulbs popping through the clouds of cigarette smoke; and the story, with pictures, was in the papers the next day. The *Osservatore Romano*, the official Vatican newspaper, condemned the guests as "the lice of society," and demanded that every non-Italian present be kicked out of Italy.

Sour as it may sound, all this is part of
(continued)



BEATNIKS, Brando imitators, baby Bardots come to Via Veneto to be noticed. One star was spotted as lifeguard, another at a cocktail party.



WORLD'S BIGGEST PRODUCER. Dino De Laurentiis, is shaved while he works in Rome studio. Board behind him shows progress of films in production.

BARABBAS, most expensive (\$10,000,000) European film made, was directed by Hollywood's Richard Fleischer, who instructs Katy Jurado, below, before scene.





CELEBRITIES like Eva Gabor (above), just in from Capri, stay at Hotel Excelsior and walk across the Via Veneto to Café de Paris for late evening drinks.

TRANSPLANTED AMERICANS: Charles Fawcett, Ed-die Bracken, Barbara Wilson (right to left, below), meet at Rome party with French actress Cathia Caro (left).



A Via Veneto spectator swears he saw "five James Deans sitting side by side in the Café-Carpano."

Rome's "sweet life"—the subject and title of Italy's record-smashing movie, *La Dolce Vita*. And it was a stroke of casting as brilliant as it was obvious which made Federico Fellini give the part of the freewheeling American actress in that film to Anita Ekberg. Never more than a second-line actress in Hollywood, Anita Ekberg had come to symbolize the sweet life in Rome. A beautiful, nervous, unpredictable girl, with a fundamental strain of unhappiness and self-torment not uncommon in Swedish women, her antics have always had that flamboyance which was the mark of old-time Hollywood personalities. Anita, when happy, dresses in white and pastels. When she is in what she calls her "dark moods," she dresses in black. For years, she was the joy of the *paperazi* and the weekly magazines, whether she was squabbling with her husband, Anthony Steel, or walking barefoot down the Via Veneto, or taking a sock at a photographer, or roaring through the narrow Roman streets in her Mercedes sports car. Her press agent's task was not to get her name into the papers, but to keep it out. Anita lives more quietly these days, but still in the star's grand style, with a magnificent villa outside of Rome.

Americans are quieter. The biggest loss to the Americans has been the departure of Richard Basehart, perhaps the best-loved American in Rome. While Basehart was married to the Italian star Valentina Cortese, they had a beautiful apartment in the fashionable Parioli section of Rome, and entertained graciously. The marriage, however, broke up. There was no mistaking the sadness in Basehart's voice when he told me he now spends only two months a year in Italy, devoting that time to seeing his children.

Tarzan in the Hills of Rome

Another member of Rome's American film aristocracy is Lex Barker. His career was almost finished when he left Hollywood, but he found a new one in Rome, playing swashbuckling roles of the Douglas Fairbanks type. The fact that most of these films are poor does not alter the fact that Italians love him, and he is kept busy on three and four pictures a year. When Belinda Lee was killed, Barker bought her apartment, redecorated it, and, with his new Swiss wife, leads an elegant café-society and golf-club life.

The Americans love Rome and few want to go back to the United States.

Susan Strasberg is installed, with every evidence of permanence, in a sumptuous apartment on the Piazza Lovatelli. "In a recent picture, *Kapo*," she told me, "I play a prisoner in an extermination camp, driven to brutality by the will to survive. In my next picture, I am cast as a hot-blooded Neapolitan. Can you imagine Hollywood giving me such parts? In the United States, I am still Anne Frank."

The most important American in the Italian film industry, however, is neither the richest nor the most famous. No story on the subject is complete without a reference to Charles Fawcett, whose origins, in Charleston, South Carolina, seem to be as remote as history, so much is he a part of the Roman scene today. Fawcett—a big, handsome, smiling man in his mid-forties—has lived in Rome for ten years. He plays smallish roles in Italian films, and yet he has become the sun around which the Italo-American movie circles orbit. Since he knows everybody, it has become the habit of movie people, who arrive in Rome, to head straight to Fawcett for introductions, advice, and gossip. On fine days, he "receives" friends en masse at a sidewalk café, and I have seen him hold five conversations simultaneously in three different languages. He is the American colony's unofficial

good-will ambassador, a one-man Celebrity Service. He is also a very good actor. Had he applied as much attention to acting as he does to meeting and helping others, he might now be a great star.

So much for the Americans. Although they permeate every level of Italian movie life, they are still a colony apart. When one moves from the Americans to the Italians, one encounters a completely different attitude and way of life.

There is no doubt that the man who symbolizes big thinking in the Italian movie industry is Dino De Laurentiis. A few years ago, it was Goffredo Lombardo of Titanus, but today De Laurentiis has left Lombardo far behind.

In the Todd Tradition

De Laurentiis is small, mercurial, Neapolitan. He spends as freely and thinks as big as did the late Mike Todd; he even looks a bit like Todd. At forty-two, De Laurentiis is the biggest producer, not only in Italy but the world. His permanent payroll of one thousand—excluding actors—puts him on the level of the great Hollywood studios of the past.

De Laurentiis acts the old-fashioned Hollywood producer with *brio*. He is shaved every morning in his office, a two-hour operation which sometimes reduces



JAPANESE DANCER Mitsuko and Enzo Fiermonte (made-up for burning-alive scene) on *Sodom and Gomorrah* set. Her tattoo is symbol of Sodom.

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Rome's rise has zoomed actors like Anita Ekberg, Lex Barker, and Stewart Granger back into orbit.

his barber to near-breakdown, because De Laurentiis gets up, paces the floor, telephones, receives visitors, gestures, and chain-smokes all the while. It is the barber's secret nightmare that he will one day slit his illustrious master's throat from ear to ear. De Laurentiis has had his share of masterpieces—*La Strada* and *Nights of Cabiria*, for instance—and his share of dogs, like *War and Peace* for which he had to hock his wife's jewels. He produced Italy's first color film, *Ulysses*, with Kirk Douglas. He now has ten films in production, including: *Barabbas*, *The Best of Enemies* (with David Niven and Alberto Sordi), *Black City* (a movie about Naples), and *Universal Judgment*, directed by Vittorio de Sica, dealing with the end of the world.

Keeping It in the Family

No major picture is made by De Laurentiis without his wife, Sylvana Mangano, starring in it; she is now at work in *Barabbas*. He is a good family man and several of his relatives are on his payroll. When someone asked him, "Who shall we get to play Christ in *Barabbas*?" he gave the matter due thought, and said, "Get my brother-in-law."

Sylvana admits frankly that she would prefer not to act, that she would rather stay in her palatial home with her four children and live on a figure-blasting diet of spaghetti. But Dino insists. Their relationship is typical of an interesting aspect of Italy's film business: its numerous director-star, or producer-star, relationships, all with a strong Svengali-Trilby quality. This is not, of course, unique to Italy. There are precedents, such as Hollywood's Charlie Chaplin-Paulette Goddard relationship, and the Roger Vadim-Brigitte Bardot marriage in France. But in Italy, such combinations are frequent.

The most obvious is that between Federico Fellini and his wife, Giulietta Masina. In *La Strada*, Fellini directed her into giving one of the classic performances in cinema history, as the funny, plaintive, half-mad little waif, Gelsomina. The whole world fell in love with Gelsomina. Fellini, who derives a vicarious kick out of saying no to fabulous financial offers, refused to make a follow-up of *La Strada*, refused an offer from American firms to patent Gelsomina dolls and candies, refused a Walt Disney offer to turn her into an animated cartoon.

"Gelsomina said all she had to say and she died," said Fellini. He directed his wife in another hit, *Nights of Cabiria*. When she has appeared in films directed by others, Giulietta has not done so well.

Sophia Loren has two Svengalis; her husband, Carlo Ponti, and Vittorio de Sica. She was only seventeen when Ponti met her, and she spoke Neapolitan. His first task was to teach her correct Italian. Then she learned to speak fluent English and French, to read the works of T. S. Eliot and the French poets. "Carlo," says Sophia, "taught me how to be a human being." Because Ponti is short, balding, and older than Sophia, his newspaper photographs never do him justice. In fact, he is a fascinating, dynamic man with strong, flashing teeth. In Rome he is called "Laughing Ponti," because he laughs constantly, at everything.

De Sica, like Miss Loren, is a Neapolitan, and he was the first to realize that Sophia was a great actress. Between takes, during the filming of *Two Women*, they would chat in the dialect that is native to them both. They recalled their wartime experiences, when Sophia was only a little girl. In the film, Sophia almost literally plays the role enacted by her own mother in real life, when she sought to protect her daughter from the brutal backlash of the war in Italy. The result was a knockout performance.

The Intellectual Italians

A lesser-known relationship, though equally important to the movie industry, is that between the director and star of the widely praised *L'Avventura*. In private life, director Michelangelo Antonioni and star Monica Vitti are what columnists usually call "inseparable." Both are cool, educated, intellectual, northern Italians, different in outlook from Neapolitans de Sica and Loren. One has to see *L'Avventura* and *Two Women* to realize the vast difference that geography makes in the Italian spirit.

Inevitably, with the new boom, some established stars have faded as new ones arrived. Sylvana Pampanini, one of Italy's leading screen stars a few years ago, is rarely seen nowadays, and spends much of her time in Latin America. Walter Chiari, Ava Gardner's former friend, devotes himself almost entirely to the theater. Roberto Risso, the handsome young *carabiniere* of the *Bread, Love* series, who seemed to be rocketing to the



SOPHIA LOREN, Italy's biggest star, though patriotic fans dislike her for making American movies, heads back to Hollywood via Pan Am.

top, faded away completely—although, happily, he seems to be making a comeback.

Roberto Rossellini, the wayward genius, the most loved man in the business, continues to go up and down like a Yo-yo. After making a tremendous comeback with *General della Rovere*, he followed it with two more flops. "Roberto has simply made *too* many flops," said a friend, "and one of the reasons is that the financial pressures on him are too great. He needs money too badly, not for himself, but for others. When he has money, he gives it away."

Successful—But Unpopular

Sophia Loren and Gina Lollobrigida remain great box-office draws without, paradoxically, being popular. Italians do not like their stars to leave home. Once they move to Hollywood, even for a single picture, they seem to become lost to their native lands—and their fans let them know it. (The Italians are not alone in this chauvinism. James Mason, Stewart Granger, and Peter Ustinov have had some pretty bitter things to say about their British countrymen over the same issue, and Ingrid Bergman found an identical resentment in Sweden. Only the Americans and the French, to their credit, seem to be above such things.)

Miss Loren is Italy's top box-office attraction. Next is Anna Magnani, whenever she condescends to make a picture. But interesting new actors and actresses are joining the established stars. Marcello Mastroianni, a solid supporting actor over many years of Italian films, is now the busiest actor in Rome as a result of his performance in *La Dolce Vita*. He has been teamed with Brigitte Bardot in *Private Life*, which is being shot in Switzerland.

Mastroianni accepted the role with some misgivings, because Bardot is notorious for falling in love with her leading men, and Mastroianni considers himself a good family man. Fortunately, nothing—at the time of this writing—has happened, and the danger seems over. "I think that I am too old for her," says the thirty-six-year-old Mastroianni, with some relief.

Mastroianni lives modestly. He is building himself a new house—without swimming pool—outside of Rome. His only indulgence has been to buy two sports cars, which he drives like a typical Italian—in other words, like a raving maniac.

How did the Roman cinema boom begin? This surge of strength is certainly not shared by other countries. In Hollywood, the film industry is nearly moribund; in England, it is being slowly throttled to death by the unions; and in France, it is reported to be only "reasonably healthy." Yet, in Italy, the movie business is not only holding its own, it is mushrooming into one of the largest industries in the country.



ANITA EKBERG works on new film, *Boccaccio '70*, with director Federico Fellini, who took her from roles in B pictures to fame in *La Dolce Vita*.

The Italian film industry has known booms before, the first one occurring just after World War II. In the mid-1950s, there was a swift decline. Suddenly, the most important word in the Italian movie vocabulary became *cambiale*, or IOU. Gina Lollobrigida, asked by a Hollywood star whether or not to accept an Italian movie offer, said, "Yes, but get your money in advance." Producers and directors would gather enough capital for two or three days' filming, and then call on financiers, cap in one hand, script in the other, hoping to interest them.

The Fluctuating Fifties

From a lunatic high of 206 films produced in Italy in 1954 (most of them bad), the number dropped to 133 in 1955, then to 105 in 1956. After that, the recovery began. Italians love the movies, and refused to stay away. In 1957, 129 films were made; in 1958, 135 films, and last year, 168.

Will this boom, too, decline? First, one must decide whether the successful Italian films are, indeed, successes. I saw *L'Avventura* at the Cannes Film Festival, where an audience of movie-making experts jeered it. I saw *Kapo* in Tel Aviv (admittedly a hellish test for a film about Nazi death camps). Some of the audience walked out in anger; others laughed derisively. For every movie-goer

who loved *La Dolce Vita* or *Rocco and His Brothers*, one can find another who hated it. All this suggests that the Italians may be overdoing the neo-realism bit, and that the present vogue for intellectual Italian movies may be simply a passing fad.

The Italians are certainly overdoing the vast spectacles. New titles appear constantly—*Francis of Assisi*, *Morgan the Pirate*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *The Roman Slave Girl*, *The Virgins of Rome*. Carlo Ponti told me, "All this is a grave error, and one which will have serious consequences. Good spectacles make a fortune because here in Italy we have the background and climate for such things. The trouble is that the industry is making too many, and 80 per cent of those they make are bad."

Maybe so. Maybe, one day, the box-office boom will collapse on a tidal wave of public disenchantment. But meanwhile, members of the Italian film industry are enjoying the sweet life while they may. In the words of producer Curtis Bernhardt, "We are living through perhaps the most curious paradox in the history of the cinema. Hollywood is dead because it became archaic while it was still young, and the real youth is among the ruins of Italy. If there is a recession, I think Italy will ride it. Who needs Hollywood, anyway?" **THE END**

New Italian Faces

From Venus to Lucrezia Borgia, the women of Italy have been legendary beauties, but the members of the class of '61 are turning out to be superb actresses as well.

BY B. W. GERMOND

Two thousand years ago, the legions of Rome—men wearing armored breastplates and carrying *gladii* (iron swords)—marched out and conquered the world.

Fashions change, even in world-win-

ning. Today, unarmed except for devastating charm and beauty, it is the female descendants of the Caesars who are once again spreading the fame of the Eternal City. On this and the following pages are seven superb specimens of the latest

wave of *conquistatori*, sent out not by the Italian government, but by the rapidly expanding movie industry.

Like the earlier Italian exports—Magnani, Loren, Lollobrigida & co.—these *bambole bellissime* are accomplished actresses, capable of playing an amazing range of roles. Claudia Cardinale, for example, last year played a cynical mistress, an “angel wife,” a Napoleonic princess. But inevitably, although some of their performances have won high critical acclaim, it is the classic faces—and provocative figures—that are best remembered by audiences.

All seven of the actresses on these pages are in their twenties; none of them make a great deal of money by American standards. Monica Vitti, who won high praise for her acting in *L'Avventura* and *La Notte*, earned just five thousand dollars last year. They come from a variety of backgrounds.

The Power of Publicity

Like all actresses, they appreciate publicity—whether gained by prizes at a film festival, association with a famous director, or mock feuds over choice roles.

Though they are well-known in Europe, most have been seen in America for the first time during the last two years. Their “invasion” has been greeted with whistles, applause, demands for encores. Our own painted Hollywood dolls are tepid caricatures of women by comparison.

Lorella De Luca

Discovery of Lorella De Luca (left) reads like script: at fourteen, she was spotted by director, who followed her home, convinced father she should be in films. Now 21, she is a talented actress.

Claudia Cardinale

*Next big international star may be auburn-haired Claudia Cardinale, 22, (right) who has made fifteen films in three years, won rave reviews for first lead role in recent *Girl With a Suitcase*.*

Lee Thody

(continued)

Peter Basch







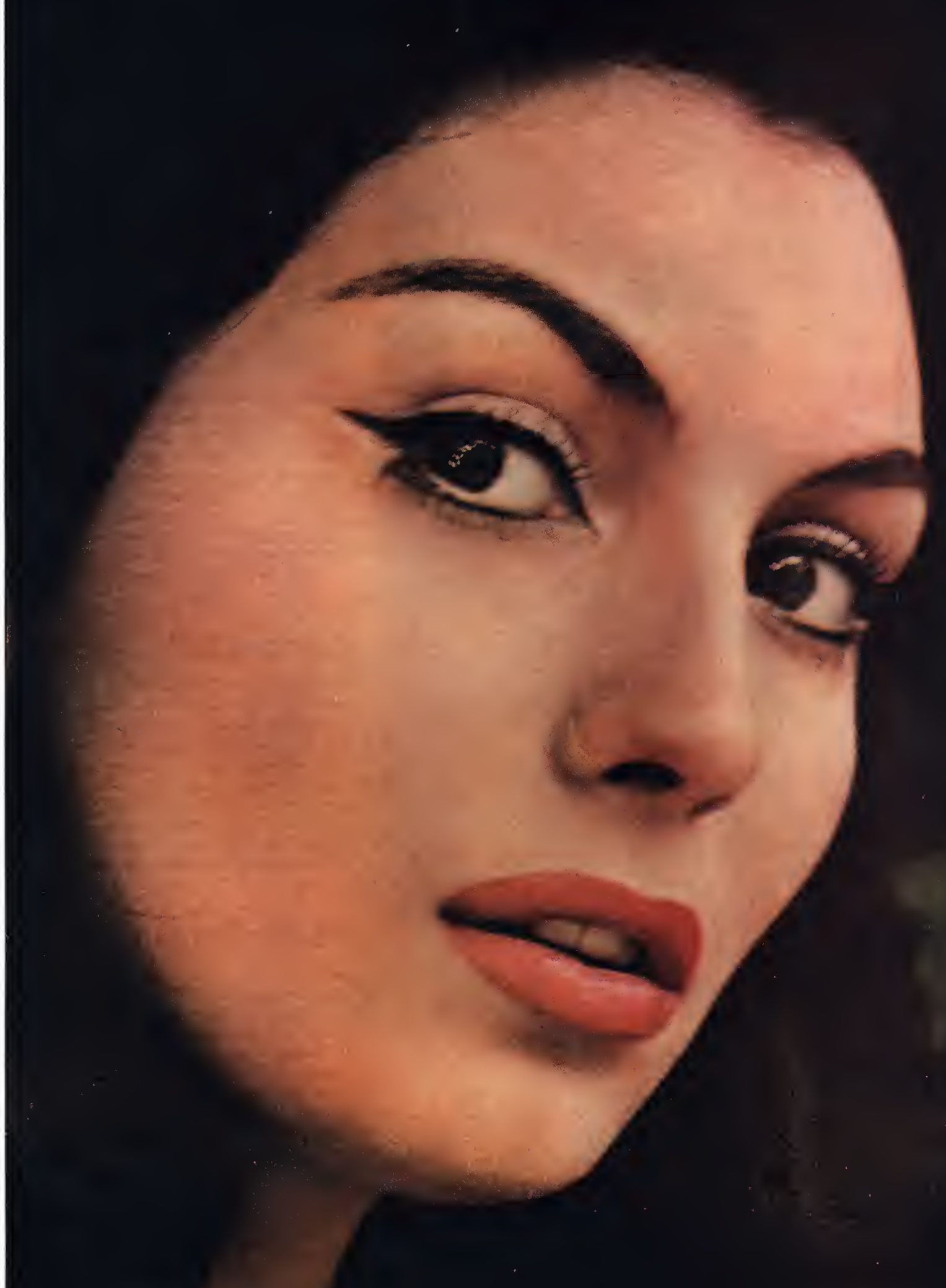
Scilla Gabel

Girl with a too-famous face, Scilla Gabel (above) once looked enough like Sophia Loren to work as her double. Finally, determined on a career of her own, Scilla had her nose changed. Last year she made six films, is in Sodom and Gomorrah. An accomplished comedienne, she has acted in the theater; been in TV series in Italy and England; made movies in France, Spain and Africa.

Rosanna Schiaffino

When she won her first beauty contest at fourteen and another a year later, photos of Rosanna Schiaffino (right) were so widely distributed that she became a celebrity before she acted in a movie. Now twenty-one, she has made ten pictures (released here this year: The Minotaur, in which she plays twin sisters). She recently has signed a three-picture contract with a U. S. film company.

Mazzeell Coplan
(continued)





New Italian Faces (cont.)

Monica Vitti

After major roles in only two movies, Monica Vitti (left) has been acclaimed as one of Italy's best actresses. Both films were directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, whom she hopes to marry "someday, if his marriage is annulled." Her success is no overnight freak—now 28, she studied dramatics in Rome, then joined a theatrical road company, worked in radio, TV, dubbed voices in films.

Giovanna Ralli

Only twenty-six, Giovanna Ralli (top right) has an impressive list of screen credits—she has appeared in forty movies. The first: a bit in a Vittorio de Sica film made at her school when she was eight. Three of her most recent pictures were directed by Roberto Rossellini, the most notable being General della Rovere. A native of Rome, she's been described as "the girl with the Mona Lisa face."

Violette Ferrari

Bribing her way past Soviet soldiers with pictures of herself performing before Moscow's elite, Violette Ferrari (lower right) fled Budapest toward end of Hungarian Revolution in 1956. Half Italian, she went to Rome, hoping to continue theatrical career begun behind Iron Curtain. Chosen for lead in stage play presented in Rome this fall, she is expected to go far in films, too. THE END

Color Photos by Peter Bosch

Lee Thody



Moses, Ben-Hur, and CHARLTON HESTON

As an actor, Heston found fame and fortune playing heroic, Biblical figures but he also created an image of himself that has taken over his life. Fans treat him as if he were holy, coworkers call his behavior "ecclesiastical," and even he admits: "I don't think I'm acceptable as a twentieth-century man."

BY FREDERICK CHRISTIAN

It is hard—well, hard for me, anyhow—to write about Charlton Heston, the deity Hollywood created, without lapsing into Biblical language, as:

Now it came to pass that in the City of the Angels, high in a canyon known as Coldwater, closer to the Heavens than most of his neighbors, there dwelt an humble lumberman's son whose name was Charlton Heston. And his days numbered more than thirteen thousand, five hundred and five; and lithe of limb was he, and strong of nose and chin, and slightly receding of hairline. And unto himself he took a wife, Lydia. And he begat Fraser, and he and Lydia rejoiced.

The temptation must be resisted, even though it is almost impossible to think of Heston in anything but Biblical phrases. Heston has recorded two Vanguard LP's of religious readings. He has read the Bible on television and from the lecture platform. And although he is no more religious than the average fellow who goes to church irregularly (he was born into a Presbyterian family), he gets as many requests to occupy pulpits as Billy Graham.

Cecil B. De Mille was the creator of the present image of Heston the Holy Man. In the trailer for *The Ten Commandments*, De Mille pointed out the striking resemblance of Heston's face to that of a statue of Michelangelo's "Moses." From that point on, Heston was, if the expression will be pardoned, sunk—or elevated, depending upon how you look at it. The sad truth about this mummer's life is that every time he plays a part, people begin to identify him with that kind of part. This may be due to the fact that he identifies so strongly himself. This made-in-Hollywood Biblical figure

admits he has never been quite the same since playing Moses.

"Moses is the only figure who appears in the holy writings of three religions—Christianity, Judaism, and Islam," he says. "Yet the Bible skipped thirty years of his life, from the time he was found as a baby in the bulrushes until he fled into Egypt. In order to find out more, I read into the writings of Josephus and Philo, into Jewish legends, and into the Koran."

The more Heston read, the more the religious and historical significance of his role took hold of him. Hollywood may have been making free with Moses, but Heston was determined to play him straight. "I couldn't do him superficially," he says. "The image of the man was too important to too many people. . . ."

Milburn Stone ("Doc" in *Gunsmoke*), one of Heston's best friends, told me, "As Chuck went on, he took on something . . . well, something almost ecclesiastical, you might say."

Literally Living the Part

On the set, in robes and make-up, Heston refused to sit down in the camp chair provided for rests between takes. It would not have been proper, he felt, for others to see Moses relaxing in a camp chair, drinking coffee from a cardboard container, reading the *Los Angeles Examiner*. He refused to take telephone calls, even from the Voice of MCA: "Extras who might have seen me gossiping on the telephone, laughing and joking, would have had trouble falling on their knees before me in the next scene." That his absorption in his part was almost total was proved on location in Egypt, where many extras were semiliterate people who were not even sure

what a motion picture was. As Heston walked through the crowds, he heard people whisper, "Moussa! Moussa!" ("Moses! Moses!").

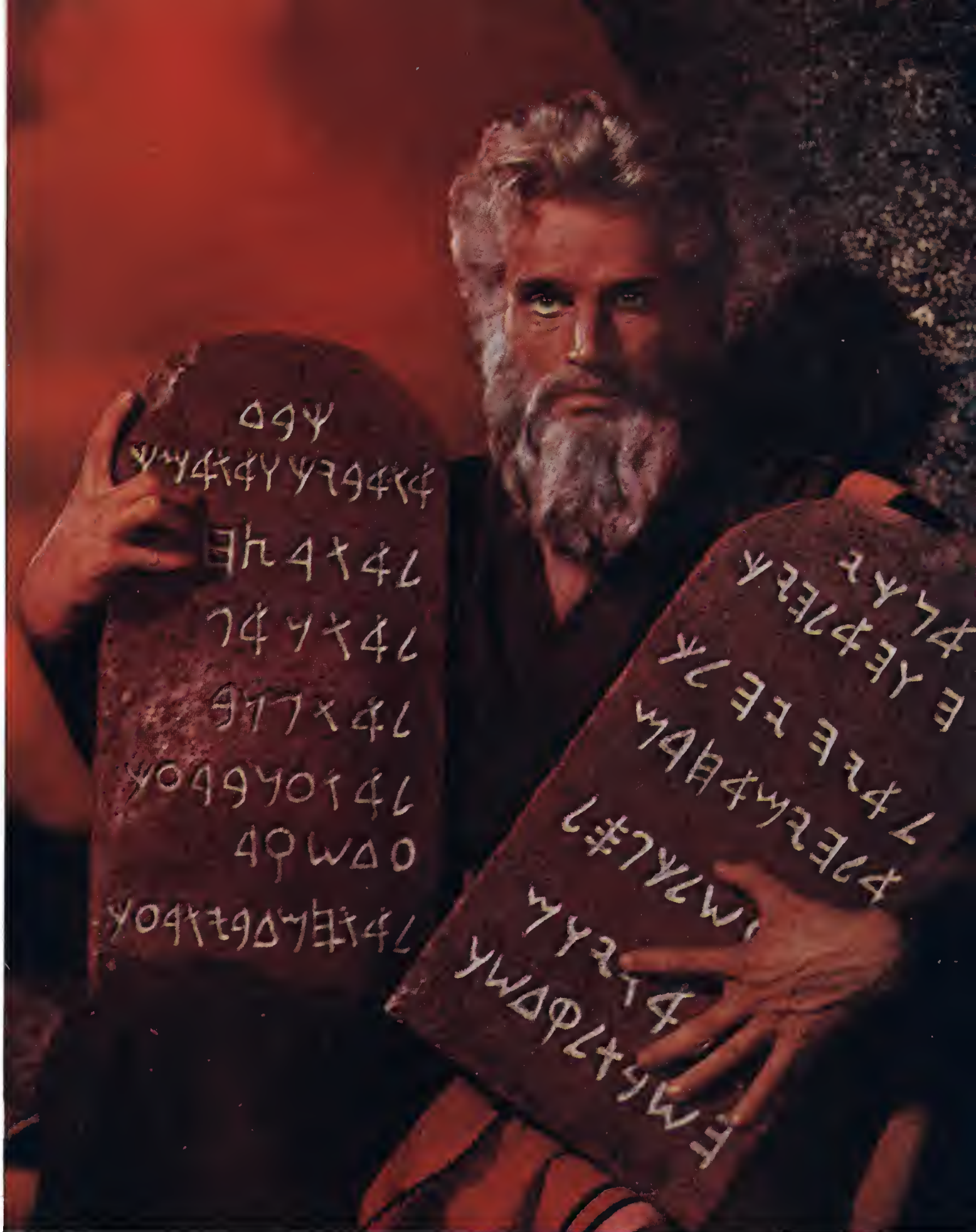
"It was a moving thing," he says. "I became extraordinarily aware that I was dealing with something tremendously important. Casual treatment would have been in bad taste. But, you know, being serious was not difficult. Once I got into make-up as Moses, I got the feeling that I myself had vanished behind the character. As a matter of fact, I love to immerse myself in any part I'm doing. I've never been much for water pistols on the set and two-hour lunches."

Advance Preparation

As a way of reading himself into *Ben-Hur*, Heston went to General Lew Wallace's original novel and ploughed through it twice, read Macaulay and Gibbon to familiarize himself with ancient Rome, and spent hours in museums. The director, William Wyler, later said he had never known an actor to throw himself so completely into a role. Each year, before the Academy Awards balloting, producers and directors electioneer for themselves, their pictures, their actors by taking advertisements in Hollywood trade journals. Wyler took one in the form of an open letter to Heston. It said in part, "Much gratifying praise has been showered on the film for its handling of the figure of Christ. I wonder how many people realize that they saw Him only mirrored in your face and felt His presence through your emotions. . . ."

Heston is a singularly dedicated actor, almost stuffily so, for there is no humor whatever in his approach to his roles. His performance as Andrew Jackson in

(continued)



AS MOSES in *The Ten Commandments*, Heston refused to sit down, or make phone calls, during breaks. "Extras who

had seen me gossiping, joking," he says, "would have had trouble falling on their knees before me in the next scene."

CHARLTON HESTON (continued)

On his Ben-Hur role: "I happen to be one of two men in Hollywood who can drive a chariot. Francis Bushman is the other, but he's over seventy."

The President's Lady in 1953 was so effective that in 1958, when *The Buccaneer* was being made, he was the natural choice for the part of Jackson in that one, too. Previously, in 1952, he had made *The Savage*, a film about a lad captured and raised by Sioux. This was his only Indian role, but people immediately began to associate him with Indian parts.

Last June, Heston returned from eight months in Spain, where he had been starring in Samuel Bronston's production of *El Cid*. Before leaving for location, he had read "an immense amount" of material dealing with the legendary eleventh-century figure who unified the scattered kingdoms of ancient Spain. Pres-

umably, people will now begin thinking of him as an actor who plays a lot of Spanish-knight parts. In one sense, this ability to make people identify him with whatever he is playing in his current picture can stand as a self-made tribute to his powers as an actor, but one has the feeling that Heston regards the tribute as being forged with the left hand.

Still, he is philosophical. "I haven't done very many of any one kind of picture, except pictures set out of the twentieth century," Heston told me. "I think this is a casting image of mine. I don't think I am acceptable as a twentieth-century man, although I have no idea of why this should be. A great many people

are not acceptable in anything but the twentieth century. One of the finest actors we had, Bogart, to my knowledge did only one period picture, a western, *The Oklahoma Kid*, with Cagney, and both were appalling. Look at Bill Holden. He almost never does anything but twentieth-century parts. He is automatically right for the part of a young senator, a jet pilot, a crusading editor, a detective, a bum. But look how bad *The Horse Soldiers*, a Civil War picture, was. . . ."

Heston frowned a typical president-prophet-Indian frown. "I'm under no illusions that the pictures I've made have been art for art's sake. If somebody offered me a Broadway play I could do right now, I would go and do it. I turned down the chance to act with Marilyn Monroe in *Let's Make Love* to go to Broadway to do *The Tumbler*, directed by Laurence Olivier. It closed almost as soon as it opened, but the experience was marvelous and, certainly, I would do it again. The trouble is, there aren't as many parts being written in the theater for an actor like me.

"For the past ten years, British and American playwrights have been mainly preoccupied with themes involving women, or, failing that, boys and older men. You name the best in recent years; most of the men are older or juveniles, or the action is dominated by women: *Cat*, *Sheba*, *Picnic*, *Streetcar*, almost any play you can name. These are parts I simply can't do. I can do 'em, but there are fellows around who can do 'em better. And so, aside from Shakespeare, there isn't much for me. I do a Shakespeare Festival nearly every year, somewhere or other. I'm always polishing away at *Macbeth*; I've done five productions of that."

His Versatile Period

Heston did *Macbeth* on television before going to Hollywood. He was so active, mainly on the old *Studio One*, that he insisted upon having permission to appear on television written into his first film contract; this was a most unusual concession for the industry to make to a player. He did an astonishing variety of roles, appearing not only in *Macbeth* but also in *Wuthering Heights*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Of Human Bondage*, and *Julius Caesar*. Heston appeared in *The Shirley Temple Storybook*'s production of "Beauty and the Beast," playing the latter. (To his relief, the public failed to begin thinking of him as an actor who always played beast parts.)

(continued)

European



HESTON SKETCHES to ease strain of schedule. Awesome thought: when Ben-Hur ends run, he'll have been seen by more people than any actor in world.



BEN-HUR won eleven Academy Awards, has so far grossed seventy-five million dollars in fifty-four countries, has

even caused an epidemic of epics. Above, Heston as he looked as the victor of the picture's famed chariot race.

Heston admitted to "an overwhelming yen for a part where I can put my hands in pockets. Togas, burnouses, armor have no pockets."

Today he will seldom appear on television as an actor. "I hate to be so brutally savage to the hand that fed me, but, today, TV is nothing," he told me. "I can't afford most TV shows. Someone will invest a tremendous amount in a show, say, and hire me, but they must have permission to release the show as a movie abroad. I can't afford to be in a TV show released as a B picture. I can't afford to do a TV show that may well be fighting my next big picture overseas. Besides, most of TV has become dedicated to filling the trough. It's a horrifying spectacle

to contemplate—all that junk being turned out just to fill the time schedules. The appearances I have made primarily have been to read the Bible on the Ed Sullivan show."

Heston's voice, as he said these things, was as mannered and portentous as it is when he is playing a part. He is so much the actor that one has the feeling, as with many actors, that the masque has come to be part of the man. Even the remarks addressed to young Fraser, who was fooling around as we were talking, were those of an actor father to an actor child.

They did not seem quite real. Yet there was no question of his sincerity.

The conversation took place on the terrace of the structure that some jokesters call "the house that Moses built." It is not a large house by Hollywood standards, but it is a spectacular one. It perches on the crest of a small mountain like a spacecraft about to launch itself, and one can get vertigo by standing on one of its patios and staring down into the deep canyons. It is made of glass and rough-textured woods and stones. There are two swimming pools; one for Heston and his wife and one for Fraser, who is six. In front of the house is a tennis court. Heston loves to play, but the love of the game also is partly rooted in his desire to stay in trim.

Heston addresses himself to the problem of keeping in shape with the same sort of near-holy zeal he applies to bonding up on the characters he impersonates. An early riser, he steps from his bedroom into a small patio fitted as an outdoor gymnasium. It is equipped with two bars bolted to the wall of the house high enough so that the six-foot-two Heston can just touch them when he stretches his arms above his head. He leaps up, catches one of the bars, and hangs from it limply for several minutes, after which he draws his knees up to his chest, slowly stretches his legs straight out in front, and lets them fall down into position, gradually. He repeats this exercise ten or fifteen times, after which he hurls himself onto a huge, leather-covered exercise table, and goes through a series of muscle-pulling contortions designed to keep his stomach flat. Overnight guests who watch him often return to their beds from sheer empathic exhaustion.

Rewards of Lifelong Discipline

Finished with his fifteen minutes of masochism, Heston walks across the patio to his swimming pool for a plunge, after which he returns to the house and goes into his specially constructed steam room, which has a mirror and a small lavatory for shaving. All this exercise, which he goes through every morning of his life, has rewarded him with a midriff as hard and smooth as a board. He eats sparingly. When he is not playing tennis, he likes to go riding. If he has a guest for lunch, he will take a single drink, and he rarely has more than one before dinner.

Heston's almost ascetic dedication to the demands of his profession have made many Hollywoodians think of him as a



HESTON FAMILY (Lydia and Fraser) usually goes on location, spent eight months in Spain for *El Cid*. Lydia, Charlton met at Northwestern University.

rather pompous, unsociable man. This is far from the case; when he is not working, he relaxes completely, laughs easily, and enjoys sitting up late, talking to other actor friends. But it is true that he has been inflexibly devoted to his ambition ever since boyhood, and he now believes that his early environment was largely responsible for his wanting to be an actor. He was raised in the Michigan woods. "That kind of solitary life threw me on my own resources," he told me. "I used to read books, especially Ernest Thompson Seton's *Lives of the Hunted*, and I would play all the parts myself, including that of the big-horned ram." He was born on October 4, 1924, son of Russell Carter and Lilla Charlton. Later, his mother divorced his father and remarried a man named Chester Heston, and Charlton Carter took his stepfather's name and kept it after he became an actor.

Series of Lucky Breaks

In Winnetka, Illinois, where Heston did most of his growing up after his mother had remarried, he attended New Trier High School, which he now regards as an important influence in his career. New Trier had an exceptionally well-developed course in speech and dramatics. Two of Heston's classmates, both younger, were Hugh O'Brian and Rock Hudson. They knew each other only slightly. From New Trier he went on to Northwestern University, where he had another lucky break—a physical one: trying out for the football team, he came out of the first practice scrimmage with a broken nose. The slight hump in the nose kept his features from classical perfection, and may later have influenced directors in thinking of him for meatier character parts rather than pretty-boy ones.

At Northwestern he met Lydia Clarke, who also was studying dramatics. Before going overseas with the Army Air Corps as a radioman-gunner, he married her. He spent the war in the Aleutians with the 11th Air Force, chafing to get home and back into the theater. Immediately upon his discharge, he and his wife went to Asheville, North Carolina, as codirectors and performers in the Thomas Wolfe Memorial Theater, where they did such pieces as *State of the Union* and *The Glass Menagerie*.

This was the first step in a long and arduous apprenticeship which Heston forced himself to serve. Back in New York after Asheville, he studied briefly with Lee Strasberg, the director of Actors' Studio, but believes that he learned more from young Arthur Penn, then an unknown, now one of the best-known of the new Broadway directors (*The Miracle Worker*, etc.). Penn had a small study group for which he charged one dollar per session. "I think I still owe him two dollars," Heston says today. In 1948, the Hestons went to Mt. Gretna, Pennsylvania, for thirteen weeks of sum-



NEXT ON AGENDA for Heston: the never-before-attempted portrayal of El Cid, eleventh-century knight who unified Spain and became that country's greatest hero.

mer stock. A year earlier, he appeared in his first—and only—Broadway hit, with Katherine Cornell in *Antony and Cleopatra*. He also appeared in a number of short-lived plays, among them *The Leaf and the Bough* and *Design for a Stained Glass Window*.

The Long Apprenticeship Ended

Heston's motion picture debut came as *Antony* in a widely admired 16 mm film of *Julius Caesar*. Hal Wallis, impressed by this and by Heston's television performances, signed him for Hollywood and put him into *Dark City*. This brought him to the attention of Cecil B. De Mille, who cast him as the circus manager in *The Greatest Show on Earth*. That role and his appearance in *The Private War of Major Benson* constitute his only twentieth-century film roles.

... And so this Charlton Heston liveth in his abode high up in the City of the Angels, with his wife and his son, and he is content.

And happy is he with his collection of first editions of the writings of Ernest Hemingway, and his paintings, and his

hi-fi set, and his swimming pool, and his sports car, and his steam room, and the graven image called an Oscar which they made unto him.

And mightily doth he labor to improve himself, for he saith unto me,

"I like to do more than make just a physical contribution. I like to seek out the opportunities I can find to do various kinds of parts. It's a healthy thing to do things you're not sure you can do. Too often, one of the things they hire you for out here is the way you look. You last longer in this business my way, I say hopefully. . . ."

And as this article goeth to press, Charlton Heston is considering several roles which will require him to wear costumes, beards, and false noses; and this maketh him happy. And long will be his years in *The City of the Angels*, and felicitous his lot.

Yet sometimes, in the darkness of the night, a prayer goeth up from him. And he walketh out onto his patio, and he crieth out to the Heavens: "Couldn't I please, just once, play a twentieth-century part in a business suit?" THE END



"FRANKLY AMORAL," *Never on Sunday* (starring Melina Mercouri, center) was one of a series of films

in which heroine was a prostitute. Made abroad, it was not subject to censorship by Hollywood "Code."

Who Determines What's Fit for You to See?

Stricter movie censorship—primarily in dealing with sex—is being demanded today by parents, religious groups, and legislators. But Hollywood is faced with a dilemma: to make all of its films "safe" for children, producers must forego mature themes that seem the only chance to regain audiences lost to TV.

BY HOLLIS ALPERT

Last year, prostitution was the rage—that is, on our movie screens. Elizabeth Taylor gave her Academy Award performance as a call girl in *Butterfield 8*; Shirley Jones was similarly honored for playing a dishonored denizen of a brothel in *Elmer Gantry*; Nancy Kwan made a fast flip towards stardom as Suzie, the cute little Hong Kong prostitute of *The World of Suzie Wong*; Melina Mercouri was open for business

six days of the week, but *Never on Sunday*. These movies and others came so thick and fast during one month of 1960 that harassed officials of the national Legion of Decency—a Catholic organization that regularly rates movies primarily on a moral basis—privately took to calling it "the month of the prostitute."

Succeeding months brought these subjects to the screen: rape (*The Virgin Spring*), adultery (*The Apartment*), voy-

eurism (*Private Property*), and orgies (*La Dolce Vita*). It is hardly surprising, therefore, that movies have become a subject for profound worry by righteous and upstanding organizations like national women's clubs, religious synods, and parent-teacher associations.

Hollywood's "objectionable" films, according to the Legion, rose from 15 per cent of the total production in 1959 to about 25 per cent in 1960. What the Le-

gion was talking about was sex, primarily, whether it was the sexual sadism involved in Tony Perkins' carving up of Janet Leigh, while she took a shower in *Psycho*, or a young artist's first encounter with erotic love in *Sons and Lovers*. In the Catholic view, movies were far too often "glamorizing adultery, advocating free love, and belittling and debasing the sacred state of matrimony."

A leading Protestant spokesman had something to say on the subject, too. "We don't object to sex," he said, broad-mindedly, "and we don't object to violence," because these were admittedly part of life. What he did object to was what he called Hollywood's overemphasis on these areas of life, and he warned the film industry that it was heading towards some sort of firm external control unless self-regulation works a good deal more effectively than it has in the past.

MPAA: Watchdog of Hollywood

Nor were the legislatures of the sovereign states inactive in the matter. A number of states introduced, during the past year, one or more bills calling either for censorship (which already exists in four states) or classification of movies.

Hollywood's own organization, the Motion Picture Association of America (MPAA), has been laying down a barrage of arguments in the industry's defense. It claimed its Production Code was sufficient to keep the American screen morally healthy, and that most complaints were likely to be directed against movies made abroad—the frankly amoral *Never on Sunday*, for instance. "I say as emphatically as I know how," Geoffrey Shurlock, administrator of the Code, told a Congressional subcommittee, "that the Code is as strong and effective today as it ever was."

It is also somewhat changeable. In 1953, the Code seal of approval was withheld from Otto Preminger's *The Moon Is Blue*, but when re-released this year, Shurlock decided that a mistake had been made the first time and now granted a seal to the picture. It has evidently been decided that words like "virgin" and "seduce" (these had constituted the offenses of *The Moon Is Blue*) have lost their power to corrupt. Shurlock had punished Preminger in 1955 for dealing with drug addiction in *The Man With the Golden Arm*. Drug addiction did not exist according to the Code, and therefore no seal was given. The public went to see the picture anyway, and when *A Hatful of Rain*, another film dealing with drug addiction, was made two years later, the Code was revised, the taboo lifted, and the seal granted. In 1961, the subject of addiction was so acceptable that *The Man With the Golden Arm* no longer ran counter to the Code. It was now granted a seal. Both pictures, by the way, were above the average and helped Holly-

wood's claim that it was, at long last, becoming mature.

The courts of the land have also engaged in the battle over censorship. In Dayton, Ohio, the manager of a theater was imprisoned and fined for showing a French film called *The Lovers*, which many critics had praised highly. In Atlanta, Georgia, a superior court ruled that *Never on Sunday* was not obscene, after it had been banned by the city's censor, Mrs. Christine Gilliam. In New York State, one court ruled that a film about a nudist colony was obscene, but a higher state court reversed the verdict on the ground that nudity was not tantamount to obscenity. Which judge has the correct judgment?

Confusion reigns, also, on the bench of the highest court of the land. The most recent Supreme Court decision reaffirmed the rights of movies to freedom of expression, but at the same time ruled that *local censorship boards had the right to examine and license movies in advance of their showing to the public.*

Many of these conflicting attitudes spring from fear. Religious leaders fear that movies will lead people into paths

of sexual temptation. Parents and teachers worry that children, through watching too many films of violence, will be turned into sadists and delinquents.

Why all this concern about movies when other communications media—books, newspapers, television—are regarded more leniently? Because, of all these forms, motion pictures provide the greatest illusion of reality. Remember the stories of how the audience screamed when a train seemed to come straight at them in an early Thomas Edison film experiment? The train was accepted as real—for the moment. Audiences still momentarily accept as real what they see on the screen, and they quite consciously lull themselves into acceptance.

A False Premise

It is because of this power of illusion that movies have been regarded as dangerous. It has been assumed that films can arouse mass emotions and twist the mass mentality. But what is usually overlooked is the fact that with movies, as with dreams or nightmares, the illusion subsides after the audience has left the theater. The simple change from the



"TOO EXPLICIT" scenes like this from *The Lovers* (Jean-Marc Bory, Jeanne Moreau) are cited by groups demanding all movies be censored.

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One irony of censorship: serious, creative films are banned for sex content—but bloodcurdling horror pictures draw no “official” protest.

theater to the outside world acts as a shock of cold water, and the mind (unless it is diseased and disturbed to begin with) reasserts its restraints.

Movie censorship thus has little psychological validity. Open to question, too, is the psychological validity of the censor's reasoning. When the Supreme Court held hearings in the case of a French movie called *La Ronde*, a lawyer seeking to uphold his city's ban of the movie told the nine justices: “But do you realize that this movie will be seen by a large group of people in a *darkened* theater?” What untold horrors and fantasies of the imagination were struggling for expression in that lawyer's mind! The Atlanta censor, Mrs. Christine Gilliam, remarked in a nationwide TV program on film censorship: “I believe that the female figure unadorned is a sex symbol in our society, and I doubt very much if we want to arouse the sexual emotions of a mass audience all at one time in a theater.” The unadorned female figure has appeared on many a screen, causing, at worst, a few adolescent whistles. And museums, where many a female figure is portrayed unadorned in painting and sculpture, are not commonly known as places of indecency and licentiousness. Prudery, which would seem to be Mrs. Gilliam's problem, has never been upheld in modern times as a legal or reasonable basis for censorship.

O.K., If Taken in Small Doses

Hollywood, of late, has been casting off some of its former prudery; consequently, an arsenal of emotional argument and opinion has been brought to bear upon film makers, as though much of the population will sink into iniquity unless the trend is stopped. Reverend Patrick Sullivan, S.J., an official of the Legion of Decency, expresses a more reasonable view: “No one film has ever demonstrably harmed anyone,” he said, recently, “but a constant diet of films containing sex, violence, and questionable moral values could conceivably do great harm, particularly among the young and impressionable.” The New York State censor, Louis A. Pesce, another reasonable man, takes much the same position. “Common sense should tell us,” he said, “that a heavy dose of violence and brutality would tend to distort the values of impressionable youngsters.”

There are many who would agree with the above opinions; in fact, one instinc-

tively wants to agree, so reasonable are these positions. But hard fact dictates otherwise. There is not an iota of evidence (although there is a plethora of opinion) that movies have, or can have, the kind of harmful effects feared by Reverend Sullivan and Mr. Pesce. “It is very difficult to demonstrate a causal relationship between a picture and its audience,” was the careful statement of Donald MacNamara, dean of the New York Institute of Criminology. “A child acquires his basic standards from his parents,” says the well-known Dr. Spock.

Perils of the Passion Pit

It has been claimed (by columnist Ann Landers, among others) that sexy movies at drive-ins add to the hazards faced by today's youngsters, as though passion on the screen inevitably sparks passion on the front seat of a car. But the chances seem a good deal stronger that teen-agers turn towards each other because the movie itself is too dull to hold their attention. Also, they may have gone to the drive-in simply to be alone—and not really to see the film at all. Permissive parents who lend the kids the car might do well to keep this in mind.

Common sense and simple observation tell us that movies do influence impressionable young people on a superficial level: note the Doris Day and Kim Novak hair styles that spread throughout the country periodically. And remember the panic that Clark Gable caused in the underwear industry when he appeared sans undershirt in *It Happened One Night*. Also, the hatmakers perennially try to pressure Hollywood into forcing its male stars to wear hats in films. Dance crazes followed dance sequences in movies—and this “long arm of Hollywood,” as it is called, is fully exploited by special arms of the major companies whose business it is to get movie imitateness going.

This kind of influence, partly genuine and partly exploited, is generally due to the popularity of a particular personality. Young movie fans will breathlessly watch Elizabeth Taylor do everything, on the screen, from soliciting to hysterically relating a tale of her cousin's homosexuality and his cannibalistic fate. Yet, what they will tell each other afterwards is how beautiful she looked, how dramatic she was—but as for the story, that was only a story. Movies do have a hypnotic effect while they are being viewed, but just as a person cannot be forced to do

something under hypnosis that would be repellent to him ordinarily, neither can the movie viewer (unless disturbed to begin with) be influenced to do things he has been trained to think of as wrong.

Ironically, Hollywood operates with the same sort of assumptions as the censors, the classifiers, and the puritans. The industry has a perennial guilt complex, which is why it both argues with and attempts to placate, its critics. “We run scared out here,” said one producer. Another remarked: “It's a lucky thing that *Private Property* turned out to be such a bad picture. If talent had made it . . .” This producer's assumption was that if a William Wyler or a George Stevens had made the picture, it would have been so compelling, and thus dangerous, that all the forces of censorship would have descended like the Furies on Hollywood.

The flaws in this observation are two: (1) a fine director would automatically turn away from shoddy material like *Private Property*, and (2) no matter how compellingly presented, it would not encourage the practice of voyeurism nor the seduction of unwilling women. And if movies with an immoral tone are likely to corrupt, especially if there is a constant diet of such films, then the people most likely to be subverted are the officials of the Legion of Decency and the reviewers of daily newspapers, for these are the only people who can be counted on to see *all* the “morally objectionable” films of the Legion's statistics.

Movies, however, are made on several levels of taste, and with varying degrees of artistry, and here we have a genuine reason for parents to protect their children from the kinds of movie that might, if a steady diet of them were absorbed, lower their standards of taste and appreciation. In this area, the movies are as “dangerous” as vulgar comic books, shoddy paper-bound volumes, and sensationalized fan magazines, as well as the worst offender of all, bad television.

A Matter of Taste

It is highly doubtful that a child's moral development would be affected any more by *Baby Doll* than by *Brides of Dracula*, but there are light years between the two, so far as taste is concerned. *Baby Doll* was a serious, beautifully photographed, splendidly acted study of decadent Southern people, and its aim was artistic truth, even though there may be a difference of opinion as to whether



DRUG ADDICTION, taboo theme when Sinatra made *The Man With the Golden Arm*, is no longer banned.

CONTROVERSIAL NOVEL, *Lolita*, being filmed, stars James Mason, Sue Lyon as "nymphet," Shelley Winters.



One solution: Let movie makers themselves rate films, pin "for adults only" tags on pictures not suitable for youngsters.

this was actually achieved. *Brides of Dracula*, on the other hand, was a sensationalized bloodcurdler aimed at an indiscriminating audience. Church pressure resulted in *Baby Doll's* getting only one third of its potential bookings. *Brides of Dracula* had no such problem.

Moviedom's Self-Distrust

An important reason for the existence of Hollywood's patently absurd Code for more than thirty years has been the industry's lack of faith in the people who make the pictures. Their personal morality at home, their upbringing of their children are not questioned. What Hollywood is deeply afraid of is their lack of taste as picture makers. The Code acts as a restraining influence to keep them from becoming too vulgar, from drawing more economically ruinous censorship to the industry.

"The sex in many of our pictures," said a young producer of taste and intel-

ligence, "is not sex at all, it's titillation. Some genuine sex would be welcome; by that I mean, the kind of treatment of love and sex that would have dramatic and psychological validity and that would truthfully light up an area that Hollywood has left mostly dark."

This producer went on to say: "It's interesting to note that genuinely talented directors like Wyler and Stevens have little or no trouble with the Code. Notice that George Stevens made *A Place in the Sun* without interference, and that William Wyler is making *The Children's Hour*, and putting in the Lesbianism that was left out when Goldwyn made the picture as *These Three*. The producer of taste seems to be given more leeway, while the producer after a quick buck is watched with an eagle eye. For this reason, and it's purely a strategic one, I'm not sure I'd want to do away with the Code."

There are others who would like to see the Code abandoned because of the dis-

honesty it has encouraged over the years. Before Hollywood got enough courage to try more adult themes, Samuel Goldwyn was moved to declare: "Most of our pictures have little, if any, real substance. Our fear of what the censors will do keeps us from portraying life as it really is. We wind up with a lot of empty little fairy tales that do not have much relation to anything." In other words, Hollywood was deliberately turning out movies that looked at life dishonestly.

But another kind of dishonesty has been practiced in Hollywood, dating from the time it first brought in Will H. Hays to supervise morality in motion pictures. Hays insisted on "compensating values" being worked into pictures. In the twenties this meant, according to a film historian, "that studios could present six reels of ticket-selling sinfulness if, in the seventh reel, all the sinners came to a bad end." This sort of lip service paid to moralists grew more sophisticated later. Screenwriters and directors learned how to show things (to their own satisfaction, at least) without seeming to.

Symbolic Smile

A romantic episode would be climaxed by the camera's panning to the fireplace, where the flames would suddenly leap higher, indicating consummation of the love affair. Or the scene would simply fade out—fading in again on a rumpled hero and heroine who now treated one another with a new-found intimacy. Even as far back as *Gone With the Wind*, Vivien Leigh's morning-after smile (after Clark Gable had manfully carried her up the stairs to her bedroom) spoke volumes. Over the years, screenwriters have inserted, sometimes seriously and sometimes playfully, a whole range of psychopathia sexualis into films. The field of the western was particularly vulnerable, and a knowing observer could have discovered necrophilia, whip-fetishism, and incest in many a seemingly innocent film. In fact, a psychoanalyst once wrote an essay on the unconscious sexual symbolism of Hollywood's westerns, little realizing that this symbolism had been put in quite consciously. For a current example of the hidden meaning, see *The Last Sunset*. "It clearly dealt with incest," says a Legion of Decency official, a man well acquainted with Code-dodging practices.

In contrast to recent Hollywood products, current foreign films seem more



LONG-RANGE EFFECT of bizarre stories is hotly debated. Scene above, showing cannibalism in *Suddenly Last Summer*, stirred up furor in 1960.

firmly based in reality, and more truthful. The statement should be qualified to include only the best foreign films, for the quick-buck movie artists exist everywhere, on the Champs Élysées and the Via Veneto as well as Sunset Boulevard. But the film of high quality is emerging more and more frequently from places other than Hollywood. From Italy has come the fascinating *La Dolce Vita*, and others, such as *Two Women*, *L'Avventura*, and *Rocco and His Brothers*. Sex content? High, often enough, but portrayed much as it might occur in real life, and slightly shocking only to those exposed to the puerility and superficiality of Hollywood's frequent treatment of the subject. Censors have been bothered by some of the French "New Wave" films, many of them frank and iconoclastic, but blessed usually with the virtue of a fresh approach to film making. The New York State censor found one such, *The Lovers*, "too explicit" in its love-making scenes, and required some toning down, perhaps not realizing that this was something of an insult to the French government, which operates official film censorship and had cleared the movie for export.

British Ban Violence

Similarly, when Mrs. Christine Gilliam banned *Room at the Top*, she was questioning the judgment of the censorship board run by the British government. Turnabout is fair play, however. The British abhor the violence in American movies, and won't allow children to see the particularly brutal ones. Violence in films is regarded as dangerous, as well as in bad taste, by the British, and it is the violence in American films that is most often criticized in almost all areas of the world. Although it is extremely doubtful that the crime rate has risen in any area because of these movies, they do tend to give America and Americans a black eye abroad, for while the films do not incite people to break away from their tradition, training, and instinct, they are remarkably quick at creating stereotypes. For this reason, foreign governments have protested about the nationalities of criminals portrayed in our films. A criminal in a movie, now, must either be a white Protestant American, or utterly stateless, identifiable as coming from no recognizable place on earth.

As movies grow bolder, as they attempt to portray human experience more and more significantly (as Fellini does in Italy, as Ingmar Bergman does in Sweden), they also face the rising threat of censorship, with its several aspects. One of the most bothersome aspects (because it is the most unreasonable) is the local kind, practiced by several communities in an arbitrary fashion. This method, classification, would separate the young from the adult audience, and while not potentially dangerous to the film of quality, it would result in some economic



LESBIANISM, theme of *The Children's Hour*, is dealt with openly in new version of film. Above, stars Shirley MacLaine, Audrey Hepburn.

loss to profit-hungry Hollywood. A compromise solution has been proposed to Hollywood by many who find legal censorship distasteful and undemocratic. "Practice your own classification," this advice says, in effect. "Merely say whether movies are designed for all people, for adults, or for young people. Parents will then have a means of guidance when selecting movies for their children."

"It would be better for us," admitted a Hollywood producer, "if we imposed that kind of restraint on ourselves. But it would be done, if at all, only for political reasons. A new tidal wave of censorship is looming, and we want to forestall it. So we announce more self-regulation and more restraint. As for myself, I can only work by pretending that a Code doesn't exist. On the other hand, I have my personal code. I have something to say through the medium; otherwise I wouldn't be in it. The Code and censorship are practical matters we sometimes have to deal with, often bargain with, after a picture is finished."

A screenwriter says: "The proponents

of classification tell us that we'd wind up with more freedom of expression, that by putting an 'adults only' tag on our bolder pictures, we could be truly adult. Perhaps we ought to try it, stop playing it safe. What have we got to lose?"

There have been those who have tried it and haven't lost. The distinguished achievements of the screen have been made possible by those who haven't played it safe. An Ingmar Bergman rightly refuses to work in present-day Hollywood. Those who believe in themselves and their abilities try to please themselves first. Otherwise, we would not have a *Wild Strawberries*, nor a *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*. Hollywood has fallen sadly behind this high level. The possibilities of a screen free of restraint include all the possibilities inherent in the vast human drama. The world has never been harmed, only ennobled, by artistic doses of honesty and truth, by poetic visions of heaven and hell. Hollywood will always be serving us ill if it continues to keep one eye on the box office and the other on the censors.

THE END



FACES IN THE CROWD are about all you see of extras, here on dock in *Pocketful of Miracles*. Next day, aboard ship,

many were filmed waving to themselves. Can you find Bette Davis, Glenn Ford, Hope Lange, and Thomas Mitchell?

The Movie Extra

Who have you seen most often on the screen . . . Marilyn Monroe, Rock Hudson, Cary Grant? Chances are that it's an unknown extra like pretty Carol Daniels, who has made three hundred films in the past five years. Here's an inside look at Hollywood's three thousand-odd "atmosphere players" and their amazing way of life.

PHOTOS BY CAL BERNSTEIN • TEXT BY STEPHAN WILKINSON

It's been said that there's no such thing as a movie extra, since "extra" means something you can do without. And Hollywood can't do without those faceless legions that make up mob scenes, posses, infantry regiments, slave armies, and most of the movies' cannon fodder, for one of film-making's inescapable facts is that "You can make a movie without stars, but not without extras."

Call them extras or—as they prefer—"atmosphere players," 3,200 of these actors without voices work in Hollywood. Some are full-time extras, but most are part-timers who are also students, movie-mad housewives, moonlighting firemen, professional football players, and even silent screen stars who can't bear to leave "The Industry."

While working, extras earn a minimum

of \$24.26 a day, or \$31.94 if they're "dress extras" and provide their own costumes, but that's only the beginning. Extras work on a complex bonus system based on "whammies" (special actions that separate an extra from the rest of the crowd) worth \$8.50 each. If a waiter walks on screen carrying a tray of roast beef, he gets one whammy. If he carries an attention-attracting suckling pig with

BORED EXTRAS, including students hired for high-society party scene, relax on The Pleasure of His Company set (right). Their eight-hour day consists mainly of rehearsals and waiting, produces two or three minutes of usable film. Most extras prefer working on small, active sets rather than large-crowd or party scenes, because of more chances for extra-pay "whammies" and "silent bits." During filming of Danny Kaye's *On the Double*, director asked twenty extras to form jostling mob, but eighty unneeded players got into act, created near-riot, and good film footage. Later, all demanded extra pay.

SWEDISH MODEL Marianne Wahrolen, 23, appears at Hollywood's Central Casting Bureau's weekly interviews (below), in hopes of being accepted as extra. She was one of the 95 per cent rejected, must wait six months before reapplying. Best opportunities are for eighteen-year-olds who look younger, since studios need teen-age extras but California labor laws complicate movie employment of minors by requiring teachers and social workers on set. Midgets are also in demand, as rehearsal stand-ins for children who aren't allowed to stay under the hot klieg lights more than a few minutes each day.



The Movie Extra (continued)

an apple in its mouth, it may be worth a double or triple whammy. Carrying a fancy weapon instead of an ordinary rifle, in a column of marching soldiers, is also worth a whammy.

If a star looks at an extra and reacts, it's a whammy. If a director talks to an individual extra, it earns him more money—on the theory that if the extra is worth talking to, he should be paid for getting personal direction. If a star touches an extra, it may be a "silent bit"—a move that contributes to the advance of the story—worth \$67.46, the biggest bonus a nonspeaking player can receive, except for hazardous work. (The night

they burned the revivalist's tent in *Elmer Gantry*, one hundred extras earned an extra \$90 apiece for playing near the fire, and two hundred extras, wearing asbestos slave costumes in *Spartacus*, each received \$200 for letting flaming logs roll over them.)

Let an extra speak even one word in a film, and he is automatically "wired for sound" by being paid the \$100-a-day Screen Actors Guild minimum for performers. If the posse rides up and asks which way the outlaw went, the extra can point, for a \$67.46 silent bit, but if he answers, "Thataway," it earns him \$100. One result of all this is that some directors have been heard to complain that extras want extra pay for every action beyond straight breathing.

Approximately five hundred Hollywood extras earn over \$5,000 a year, with a few topflight dress extras, who own extensive wardrobes, making from \$9,000 to \$20,000. More than half of the city's atmosphere players, however, average only \$1,000 a year. Even so, their collective wages can be a costly item in a producer's budget. *Spartacus*, for instance, had a budget that allotted \$1,000,000 for extras alone.

Filming *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* earlier this year, director Vincent Minelli, who believes in realism, hired a chef to spend days preparing a real banquet for a lavish scene which was to be filmed. Instead of watered Cokes and ginger ale, Minelli insisted on real whisky and champagne. For ten expensive hours, fifty extras gorged themselves on turkeys, truffles, caviar, and champagne, hugging and kissing each other during—and between—the scenes. It was a wild affair, and they were all paid silent bits for the orgy.

To get closer to reality, and at the same time to save millions of dollars on extras, many American film companies are going on location abroad. Most foreign extras can be rented at \$3 to \$5 a day—with no union rules, whammies, or silent bits to complicate the payroll.

A Busy Switchboard Indeed

In Hollywood, nearly all atmosphere players are hired through the Central Casting Bureau, an industry-supported clearing house that charges no fees for steering extras to job openings. At 4 P.M. every weekday, extras begin calling Central Casting's switchboard—the busiest one in the entire city—at the rate of some three thousand an hour, to see if there are any openings for the next day's filmings.

They keep calling back at fifteen-minute intervals and, within three hours, Central Casting has filled the four hundred-odd openings it gets on an average day. Most extras try again the next morning, starting at 6 A.M., to see if they can

fill any last-minute openings or replace anyone who has reported sick. Since extras have a brand-new job in the morning and are out of work by nightfall, the whole process must be repeated the next day—which is why most of an extra's life is spent, not working, but looking for work.

Central Casting not only supplies studios with different types of extras—broken-nosed boxers, *Luftwaffe* pilots, prostitutes, pizza makers, amputees, and hundreds of other specialties—but also deals in parts of people. On several hours' notice, they can furnish a pair of bowlegs, a violinist's fingers, twelve provocative hips, or the best blackjack-dealer's hands this side of Las Vegas.

"Good Old Days"—a Myth

In Hollywood's heyday, before the Screen Extras Guild was organized in 1945, background characters were hired from among skid-row derelicts, tourists who wanted a chance to wave at the folks back home, and gullible youngsters hoping to take the first step toward stardom. Wages averaged \$3.50 a day plus a box lunch (during the depression this went down to \$1.25 and lunch). The studios maintained primitive outdoor employment pens on their lots, in which extras clustered like longshoremen waiting for dock jobs, until a director came out and said, "You, you, and you. Come with me."

Even Central Casting had its problems, for the Bureau had, at one time, allowed a total of 17,000 extras to register and compete for precious few jobs. That's why it's almost impossible to become an extra today. The Extras Guild has slashed its rolls to 3,200, and won't allow anyone to join unless he has had a job as an extra—but no one can work as an extra except members of the Guild.

The only way to break the cycle, unless you know a movie director, is through Central Casting's Wednesday morning interviews for new applicants between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five (the category with the largest demand and most frequent turnover). Seventy-five to one hundred young hopefuls appear for interviews every week, but only three or four are accepted.

Why is the extra's difficult, often boring, poorly paid, sometimes hazardous job so popular? Partly because it can, occasionally, be a springboard to stardom. "After all," the bright-eyed hopefuls say, "Clark Gable, John Wayne, Gary Cooper, and Janet Gaynor all started as extras." But, more than this unlikely possibility, every extra is fulfilling that Great American Dream—appearing in the movies. And, while the biggest cinema stars get to do only one or two roles a year, the extra has the unparalleled excitement of playing a brand-new part every day.

THE END



OLDEST EXTRA, Scott Seaton, 91, won't retire because he feels Hollywood is "exciting and glamorous." His one concession to age: he recently sold his foreign sports car. In movies since 1925, Seaton never had more than bit part; was in 29 films last year alone.



MASS-PRODUCTION MAKE-UP for extras is early-morning headache for cosmeticians. Stars are retouched before takes, but extras must keep their own powder dry.



MONEY-MAKING WARDROBE gets Carol Daniels, 25, high-pay jobs as dress extra. She spends \$1,500 yearly on clothes, never buys anything she couldn't wear in movie.



PRIVILEGED EXTRA Jerry Glenn dances part of Simple Simon in Disney's *Babes in Toyland*, earned \$500 for

this "silent bit." Eighty *Toyland* extras got lucrative weekly contracts for playing regular, though nonspeaking, roles.



Dignity is keynote, but undertakers are warned not to block the cameras.

FOREVERNESS in HOLLYWOOD

In the town that fantasy built, dying really is the living end.
Funerals are more glamorous than premières, morticians
know more about show business than producers, and graveyards
are so cheerful, they draw as many tourists as Disneyland.

BY GAEL GREENE *Drawings By John Huehnergath*

The camera fades in across a pristine lake and over the exquisitely manicured expanse of lawn. Pony-tailed teen-agers in sausage-skin treader pants skip and romp about the rolling green. Three aging spinsters in flowered rayon frocks and straw bonnets trip along arm in arm. A grinning matron in Bermuda shorts and halter settles her two-year-old atop her shoulders, where the child sits squalling, his grubby fists tangled in her pin-curled head.

"Who's got the Thermos? I'm dyin' of thirst," cries a silver-haired heavyweight in a geranium-strewn Mother Hubbard smock.

"What did you do with the extra film, Ellie? I gotta reload the camera."

"Doughnut anyone?"

"Eddie, Eddie," someone shrieks. "Where is that brat? Eddie. Oh, there you are. Stop picking your knee. Now, don't you move from that spot. Eddie. Eddie. Where has that . . ."

There is a sudden scream. A small boy has tumbled into the artificial lake.

A Happy Gaggle?

What have we here in the verdant hills of this beautiful Hollywood park? A carnival? A happy gaggle of Sunday picnickers? An outing at the zoo perhaps? Not at all.

It may look and sound and smell and feel like a circus, but what we really have here is a Hollywood funeral—the funeral of Tyrone Power.

Wafting over the titters and sobs and calls and the clicking cameras of the crowd comes music—"Always," "Mam-selle," and "Eddie Duchin's Piano Theme." They sound like tunes from the sound tracks of a dozen Celluloid epics which, of course, is exactly what they are. For this is Hollywood, where everyone strives for what is bigger, better,

more colorful—even in such matters as last rites for fallen heroes.

West Coast morticians still shudder (yes, even those unfailingly cheerful personages permit themselves a private shudder) at memories of the Valentino debacle. Rodolpho Alfonso Raffaello Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla had sputtered past his zenith when, at the age of thirty-one, he was stricken with a perforated ulcer. On August 23, 1926, New York's *Daily News* headlined the crisis with: THE GREAT DIRECTOR STOOD READY TO CALL RUDOLPH VALENTINO OFF THE SCREEN OF LIFE. Crowds of the curious gathered outside Polyclinic Hospital, but they were orderly and no one was prepared for the hysteria that was to follow. That afternoon, the great screen idol died and his body was taken to the Frank E. Campbell Funeral Church which was then located on Broadway and Sixty-sixth Street, where it was placed on a gold-covered hed in the Gold Room. It was announced that the doors would open to the public at 4:00 P.M. the next day. The next morning of what was to be known as "Mad Tuesday," the crowds began to gather for a two-second glimpse of the lifeless "Sheik." Twice, mounted policemen on riot duty failed to stem the surging crowd of dry-eyed mourners. All during that afternoon, the mounted cops charged the crowd, trying to break it up.

Mad Tuesday

They huddled under a somber garden of black umbrellas in the rain. Traffic was closed off, and at one point, after driving the crowd back as far as Sixty-seventh Street, the police recovered twenty-eight unmatd shoes from the street and sidewalk. Two plate-glass windows were shattered, one hundred persons were injured, one girl was trampled by a policeman's

horse, and an automobile was overturned.

The funeral train to Hollywood was said to rival that of Abraham Lincoln. The funeral director himself came along with his press agent to open the back door and let the crowds view the body at stations en route wherever practicable. In Chicago, it took a riot squad of police to get the wailing women off the tracks so the train might resume its journey.

Posthumous Fame Pays Off

Four years later, at a trial over charges of mishandling Valentino's estate, the actor's press agent-manager took credit for staging the entire orgy. He testified about his brain storm of hiring twenty women to throng outside the funeral home and 1,500 policemen to keep them in hand. Nobody can hire cops by the hundreds, and whether or not twenty professional mourners could have drawn a mob of 30,000 is doubtful. But no matter. At his death, Valentino was in debt for \$500,000, and just one month after the riots, reissue of his films netted the studio \$2,000,000 and the Valentino heirs a crisp \$700,000.

A year later, on the anniversary of Valentino's passing, the first mysterious lady in black made a pilgrimage to his crypt. She returned regularly in the years that followed, always with appropriate fanfare from the press. Valentino guilds flourished throughout the world. Strands of hair said to come from Valentino's head sold like hot cakes. And, as one wag remarked, if Valentino had been a herd of hairy mammoths in shedding season, he could hardly have produced the abundance of hair that was sold.

But in the annals of necrophilia, the Valentino efforts were almost sophomoric against the ghostly, macabre spotlight surrounding the death of James Dean. It would be easy to put the blame on Dean's

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Foreverness in Hollywood (continued)

studio, left holding the bag with Dean's unreleased film, *Giant*, when the Indiana farm boy died in a steel-shattering smashup on Highway 466. But the Dean Death Cult really began in the Charles Addams hearts of some of his friends, and possibly even within Dean himself. Some time earlier, when Dean was visiting his family in Indiana, he led a visiting magazine photographer to a local mortuary, jumped into a casket, and yelled, "Shoot away."

Only four days before his death, Dean phoned a friend and said, "I just called to say good-by." "Where are you going?" the friend asked. "From Salinas to the greatest to the grave," was the actor's puzzling answer.

Funereal Frolics

But the high priestess of the Dean Death Cult was certainly a TV actress named Maila Nurmi, who enjoyed a brief graveyard following as Vampira, the living, so to speak, personification of the slinky brunette of the Charles Addams cartoons. Miss Nurmi, a sometime girl friend of Dean's, was quoted shortly before Dean's death as saying at a party: "James Dean will die soon." When pressed for clarification, she smiled a funereal grimace and intoned, "I know, because I am a witch."

This macabre legend grew with gro-

tesque embellishments. In death, Dean's popularity soared as it never had in life. For months after his death, he kept topping fan magazine popularity polls. "Read his own words from the beyond," one boasted. In another, Dean told his own story in his own words, which grew particularly ghoulish when Dean referred to the highway to Salinas as "where I was to die," and described his own death:

Looking Backward

"It was very bad, there were sirens, I think, and there were voices. . . Good-by, I wanted to say." There was a big market for shreds of his hair and fragments of the death car. Five and a half years after his death, Dean was still receiving one hundred letters a month, including some from fans who insisted he was not dead but merely disfigured by the accident and kept hidden by the studio.

Most tragic of all was the incredible cult that sprang up at a Los Gatos, California, high school, under the name, "The James Dean Death Club." Two seemingly bright and stable youngsters—a boy and a girl—both reportedly members of the Club, died in separate accidents a few weeks apart, each driving a car at top speed into a tree.

The bitter taste of the macabre still lingers in Hollywood, which has lost several top stars in the past year. In each

case, the family has made a desperate plea for dignity and spoken of fears that these funerals might be turned into Roman holidays. In each case, the public has responded. The crowds of funeral buffs were kept to an orderly minimum at the funerals of Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, and Jeff Chandler. But even without these pleas for restraint, it is unlikely that these three funerals would have inspired the bizarre hysteria the Valentino and Dean funerals did. It was teen-agers who gave Dean his ghastly immortality, egged on by the hucksters and the fast-buck boys. In the twenties, when Valentino died, almost everyone was behaving like a teen-ager. Movies were a bigger part of our lives then. Today it is largely the character of the man, his public image, and the dictates of his family that determine the character of his funeral.

By Invitation Only

Attendance at the Gary Cooper rites were by invitation only, and very few invitations were issued. Insiders report a certain panic among the ranks who looked upon the invitation as a status symbol and grew apprehensive when one failed to arrive. In the light of this exclusivity, it is to be noted that Alec Guinness, who was invited, is supposed to have turned to a companion and re-



Valentino died in debt, but he earned his studio \$2,000,000 posthumously.

marked, "I'm glad to be here, but I must admit that I never met the man."

"The Cooper funeral was under complete control all the way," Hollywood reporters say. But even a veteran like the *New York Herald Tribune's* Joe Hyams admits he got a start when Cooper's press agents sent out a mimeographed obituary on his death before the event actually occurred.

Pals of Errol Flynn say the aging swashbuckler would have split his sides laughing at the last bitter battle of females over his lifeless body. Whether or not the fun-loving Flynn would have been amused by the battle's outcome, we cannot say. But his estranged widow, Pat Wymore, won the final word, and insisted Flynn be buried in Hollywood even though the actor's aging nymphet companion, Beverly Aadland, protested that his last request was for burial on his beloved island of Jamaica "under a gnarled oak tree."

On burial day, Beverly was in San Francisco, saying Miss Wymore had made her feel "not welcome," and as Miss Wymore brusquely noted, Beverly was pretty busy anyway, selling the serialized account of her love affair with Flynn to a British newspaper and "having her interests in Flynn's estate protected" by a protective attorney.

... Like a Red, Red Rose

Probably, Beverly would have felt a bit out of place anyway with the five hundred or so mostly middle-aged women who sat on chairs outside the church and listened to the services on loud-speakers. Burial at Forest Lawn in the Garden of Everlasting Peace was supposed to be private, but one hundred or so of the elderly ladies trailed along. At the head of Flynn's grave, in place of the tombstone which is banned at Forest Lawn as a dreary symbol of sorrowful death, they saw a three-foot statue of a woman, labeled, "Flowers of Remembrance." Upon the casket was placed the single red rose sent by Beverly.

Certainly one of the most fitting farewells was that rendered the master showman, Mike Todd. True, if Todd had been staging the production, he might have insisted on holding it at Madison Square Garden so he could include all his most intimate friends. But actually, those intimate "little" soirees Todd loved to throw were strictly publicity gimmicks. So, suitably enough, the Todd funeral was billed as "a private family affair." And the whole family was there: his Chicago clan, Liz Taylor, Eddie Fisher, a few dozen press agents, and two hundred reporters, each of whom received a printed ticket. At the Los Angeles airport, the limousine drove right up to the plane to protect Liz from exposure to the mob. She got out of the car and headed, unassisted, toward the stairway,



Merry angels and nubile maidens replace tombstones in Hollywood's forever happy cemeteries.

but was so blinded by grief and sedatives that she missed the stairs altogether and walked smack into the plane. Someone reached out, grabbed her by an arm, and re-aimed her.

At the suburban Chicago cemetery, a local police chief was in charge. The chief, a short, round man wrapped around a fat, black cigar, gathered the press around him about forty-five minutes before the funeral and said, "Okay, boys, this is going to be a quiet family funeral and I'm not going to bother you. I'm putting you all on your honor to keep it dignified. And you," he said, turning to the mortuary employees, "you undertaker's men. I don't want anybody blocking the view of the camera boys."

The Very Last . . . ?

Where Hollywood really outdoes itself is at the last rites of the big tycoons—and, notes columnist Sidney Skolsky, it's always "the last of the big tycoons. We've been losing the last of the big tycoons for years now." The funerals of these powerful men are invariably awash with forced tears and sincere sneers. It was Leo C. Rosten who pointed out that the word hypocrite is derived from the Greek word *hypokrites*, meaning an actor. Funerals under any circumstances are rarely approached with eagerness. It helps to fortify oneself in advance.

The late Gene Fowler told of driving to John Barrymore's funeral in a chauffeured limousine with a fully equipped bar in the back and offering W. C. Fields a lift.

"Would you like a Martini or a beer?" Fowler asked Fields.

"Both," Fields replied.

It is to be said that the less deeply aggrieved were thus fortified for the funeral of Columbia Studios' less-than-genial dictator, Harry Cohn. The services were held on a Columbia sound stage with 1,300 in attendance, an occasion inspiring the remark, "This proves people will still turn out for something they really want to see."

Mayer Died in Defeat

Certain reliable sources insist this wisecrack was inspired by the funeral of M-G-M's L. B. Mayer. It may well have been equally applicable. At his mightiest, Mayer was one of the most feared of the movie moguls. But having been squeezed out at M-G-M, he spent his last years in relative obscurity. Spencer Tracy was asked to deliver the eulogy but, as Tracy had not been among the mighty Mayer's admirers, it was uncertain up to the last minute whether he would actually do so. The temple was not even filled, reported Bosley Crowther in *The Hollywood Rajah*. Mayer died a defeated man, too sick to even care about the final humiliation by the new studio powers. But even so, the studio was well represented by all of the "Old Guard" of executives, now loyal to the new regime. Lined up in a phalanx, they provoked a ghoulish joke: "Well, I see that M-G-M has got L. B. back at last," one observer was said to have remarked. "Yes," his companion reportedly answered, "but on its own terms." For a time, L. B. enjoyed a special kind of Hollywood immortality—"L. B. Mayer Chicken Noodle Soup"—on the studio's commissary menu. But even that immortality has faded. On a recent commissary visit, it was noted that the soup had been stricken from the menu.

The death of the last great tycoon—whenever he might be—invariably brings an announcement from his studio that all its offices the world over will, upon an appointed day and hour, observe a moment of silence. "One minute, that's all they allow them," columnist Skolsky mused. "And whenever possible, it's during the lunch hour."

The late *wunderkind*, Irving Thalberg, would have approved this economy of time. The only funeral he ever slowed down for was his own untimely one. In his book, *A Tree Is a Tree*, King Wallis Vidor tells how Thalberg once conducted a story conference during the course of a funeral. The conference, on a proposed script for the homicidal *Billy the Kid*, got under way between the two men in a limousine en route to the undertak-

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Foreverness in Hollywood (continued)

er's where the body of Mabel Normand lay in state. At one point during the services, Thalberg leaned over and whispered a stern pronouncement, "Too many murders," referring, of course, to the proposed film. Afterward, as the limousine pulled into the studio grounds, Thalberg leaped out, saying, "I'll call you," and the conference was completed.

Come One, Come All

It might well be that only in such a never-never land as Hollywood could such an ever-ever land as Forest Lawn Memorial-Park be conceived and thrive, setting the fashion of the "Happy Cemetery" throughout the world. "You really should go there," a Los Angeleno urged. "Alive, I mean."

Irish playwright Brendan Behan made the "Before Need" tour, combining it with a visit to Disneyland, followed by an alcoholic lapse which landed him in jail. After gazing at the precious green velvet expanse of Forest Lawn, dotted with statuary—allegorical, infantile, erotic with nubile maidens—with the symphonic music wafting out of the bushes and tourists' toddlers crawling over the bronze and marble décor, Behan turned to his wife and said, "My God, they've banished death in Hollywood."

For Forest Lawn is as versatile in banishing the grimness from death as an all-purpose cleanser is in erasing the grime from life. Possibly the only cemetery in creation to rate an entire column by the *Saturday Review's* travel writer, Horace Sutton, under the banner, "Booked for Travel," Forest Lawn, "where love lives in beauty," consistently ranked as Los Angeles's number one tourist attraction until Disneyland opened. And more than a million and a half tourists still stand in lines beneath a blazing sun to view such spectacles as a stained-glass reproduction of da Vinci's "The Last Supper" and the world's largest painting of the Crucifixion.

"Aside from being a burial ground," Sutton notes, "Forest Lawn is most certainly in the tourist business, not to mention the souvenir business, the flower business, the wedding business (complete with its own bridal consultant), the life insurance business, and, in the opinion of many, show business."

The living gather each hour on the hour outside "Memorial Terrace," an impressive stone structure, waiting to see "The Last Supper" window. They lounge along the stone hedges in sun suits and sneakers, sandals and pin curls. One husky young man sports Bermuda shorts, a T shirt emblazoned with the legend, "Coach," sandals, argyles, and two cameras. At the bidding of a somber guard, a line is formed and held captive there for the inevitable commercial—out of nowhere comes a sepulchral voice extoll-

ing the beauties of death at Forest Lawn. On display inside are a dozen copies of Michelangelo masterpieces (including the famous "Moses" made from a cast of the original) side-by-side with lesser crockery of the sort that looks as though it might be purchased from any Florentine marble works by the gross. Elsewhere on the grounds is an impressive replica of Michelangelo's "David"—a David with a difference—the addition of a fig leaf attached at the insistence of some influential local clubwomen. Certain of these memorials are not only handsome, but are also practical—the "Tower of Legends," rising eighty-seven feet above a plateau in rugged stone majesty, has been hailed as "real American architecture," yet ingeniously concealed is the fact that it was designed to hold a hundred and sixty thousand gallons of water. The soft sell is the prevailing undercurrent. Visitors witness the drama of the 195-foot-long canvas showing the moment before the Crucifixion, in a \$1,600,000 building erected solely for its stirring display, by following a bouncing arrow from figure to figure of what looks like a scene from a De Mille epic. They are then dismissed through a back door leading to a courtyard with a breath-taking view of the rolling grounds and an unavoidable view of a Forest Lawn funeral price list etched on the wall. From the courtyard there is no way back to the parking lot except through the one-room museum and the thrice as spacious souvenir shop, with its display of dishes embossed with views of the park, color slides, a plastic walnut that opens to fold-out pictures—Forest Lawn in a Nutshell—and those peephole key-chain charms which ordinarily reveal a color shot of a scantily clad model, but in this instance feature a Technicolor photo of "The Last Supper" window. There are also rings, spoons, compacts, lipsticks, salt and pepper shakers, and a ceramic spoon rest, all embellished with pictures of the gorgeous graveyard.

Selling Discretion in Death

Most wondrous of all is the fact that the visitor can spend the day browsing among these treasures and never once run into a funeral procession. Death here is so discreet. Nothing mars the sweep of lawn, unless you want to count the sprinkling-system valves—for there are no tombstones, only an occasional piece of memorial statuary and the simple bronze markers set flush into the grass. It was Dr. Hubert Eaton, "The Builder," the revolutionizer of undertaking, who decided the tombstones must go. It wasn't easy for Eaton to sell his tombstoneless cemetery to the public. As Adela Rogers St. Johns puts it in her biography of Eaton, "He would find that nothing was harder to sell than the idea of a cheerful

burial ground where life, not death, was depicted, a place which was designed to be a first step up toward heaven, immortality, and a happy eternal life." He instructed his sales force, "Accept the spiritual yourself and those to whom you speak will accept it also." What exactly were they selling, Miss St. Johns asks. "Immortality. But it had to be something people could see."

"I can't seem to persuade the customers," Eaton complained one day.

"Most persuasive thing in the world," a friend suggested, "is money."

"With that ringing in his ears," Miss St. Johns writes, "Hubert went to bed. He woke up with a full-blown sales idea." The next day he sold the first burial lot in America which could not put up a tombstone. And he did it by offering the customer a 10 per cent discount.

Duck Baby

Next weapon in the battle to chase the shadow of the grim reaper from Forest Lawn was a rollicking, laughing, happy little bronze baby cuddling a pair of ducklings in its arms. This Shirley Temple of statues was the hit of the Pan-Pacific International Exposition in 1915, and Eaton was determined to spirit the "Duck Baby" to Forest Lawn. Says Miss St. Johns, "That public relations sense! which has astounded heads of advertising agencies and newspaper publishers ever since would see to it that the press was aware of her (Duck Baby's) arrival and presence there." The Forest Lawn Board of Directors were stunned. Absolutely no, they told Eaton. Undaunted, Eaton borrowed \$886 from his housekeeping fund and moved Duck Baby to Forest Lawn.

From then on, there was no stopping him. An admitted innocent, his pockets stuffed with dollars, Eaton went off to Italy. What, he wanted to know, was the finest statue in the country. The consensus was that it was Michelangelo's "Moses."

"Can I buy it for my park?" Eaton asked.

They offered him copies. Eaton was not satisfied, but he finally settled for a reproduction of "Moses" which was made from a cast of the original. This was accomplished when Eaton secured permission to close Rome's Church of St. Peter-in-Chains for a day, an act that required the Pope's approval, so that the cast could be made.

But the work of art that really set the town's interest and imagination afire was the Earl Carroll monument. Showman Carroll was killed in a plane crash. With him was the heroine of a notorious bathtub escapade, Beryl Wallace. Carroll's will directed that a \$50,000 marble memorial to himself and his "closest friend," Miss Wallace, be built over his grave at Forest Lawn inside the Gardens

of Memory which can be opened only by the gold keys of property owners. A headline in the *Los Angeles Examiner* blared: SHOWMAN EARL CARROLL WANTED DANCING GIRLS ON HIS TOMB. It was a story to make even an insensitive public relations man cringe. But, says Miss St. Johns, Dr. Eaton was on Carroll's side and if it was bad public relations, he was sorry. "He was unable to see that there was anything . . . irreligious in a man whose life work had been with dancing girls having a bas relief of them on his memorial if he wanted them. Other men listed their achievements . . ." Finally the court allotted ten thousand dollars for the memorial and speculation went wild. Some said that the statue, nude, was of Beryl herself. One suggested the tomb was cast in the shape of a bath tub—with Beryl in it. It took a formal press conference and an official showing of the statue—a five-foot bronze of a feminine angel—to restore decorum. Says Miss St. Johns: "The only other partnership of art and industry that seems to be comparable to Forest Lawn is the Walt Disney Studios."

What's in a Namesake

Forest Lawn in fact seemed scarcely more hizarre than Forest Lawn in fiction, but Dr. Eaton has never forgiven what his devoted biographer refers to as the betrayal of his confidence and hospitality by an "egotistical English writer." Evelyn Waugh's hilarious *The Loved One*, the story of the tragic love triangle peopled by the Senior Mortician of "Whispering Glades," his favorite undertaker's cosmetician, and the number two man at "The Happier Hunting Ground," a pet cemetery, might well be satire. Others insist it is nothing more than brilliant reporting. The highest compliment one could pay a "Happier Hunting Ground" funeral was the heartfelt whispered exultation. "It was worthy of Whispering Glades."

The real-life model of "Happier Hunting Ground" could probably be recognized via a tour of the Los Angeles Pet Cemetery which bears the same imitative admiration for Forest Lawn. Instead of tombstones, there are row on row of inconspicuous markers set in what would be grass were it not for the drought. "Mommie's Little Girl." "Twelve Years of Happiness. Our Sammy." "He Lived in Our Arms and Died in Our Arms." "Our Boh—He Thought He Was Folks." read the bronze rectangles immortalizing dogs, cats, canaries, parakeets, a handful of horses, a turtle, a lion, some goats, beloved chimps, and an assortment of guinea pigs.

A brochure at the Los Angeles Pet Cemetery lists a minimum burial of \$64.50, adds ten dollars for pink, blue, or white lining in the casket, but entomb-



Hysteria over James Dean was so intense, fans still write him 100 letters a month.

ment can run into the thousands. While a charming gray-haired undertaker in a flowered smock and treader pants handled a difficult case on the phone (the caller was insisting a cat buried a dozen years earlier be disinterred and replotted in a more pleasant spot with some brothers and sisters), I flipped through the mortuary's scrapbook of memories. "Men appear to be much more hysterical than women at the demise of their pets," one clipping read. But one woman tried to commit suicide over her spaniel. Another came out of the farewell room, weeping, "I never felt this way before, not even over my third husband."

Pure Trixie

And according to the records, a dog named "Trixie" was given a \$300 funeral. Fifty mourners attended in black limousines. Funeral rites were read, a cornettist played a hymn and then sounded taps, the signal for release of a single white dove from behind a pillow of Trixie's purity," her mistress said.

We gazed across the parched hill, the treader undertaker and I. "It will be

really lovely when we get some rain," she said. "And at Christmas, people bring little trees and toys. We bury our pets in infants' caskets and the bronze urns for ashes are just like those at the human cemeteries."

The "Before Need Plan"

Not necessarily flattered by this imitation, Forest Lawn flourishes and expands not always without a skirmish. Those who choose to be hurried there may wander about beforehand, along Memory Slope, past Brotherly Love and Dawn of Tomorrow Road to the Court of Freedom or into The Court of the Mystery of Life garden, a glen scented with orange blossoms and decorated with the lyrics of Victor Herbert's "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life" carved in stone.

They may linger at Lullabyland and Babyland, or they may take a stroll up Mausoleum Slope before choosing an appealing spot to be purchased on the "Before Need Plan."

After just such a tour of the "Graveyard With Glamour," one wide-eyed tourist remarked. "Boy, you people sure know how to live out here." THE END

The Birth of a Star

The roads to fame are legion—hard work, talent, courage, knowing the “right” people, being in the right place at the right time.

Here are fifteen stars who traveled these routes, as they appeared somewhere along their journey. Can you guess who they are?

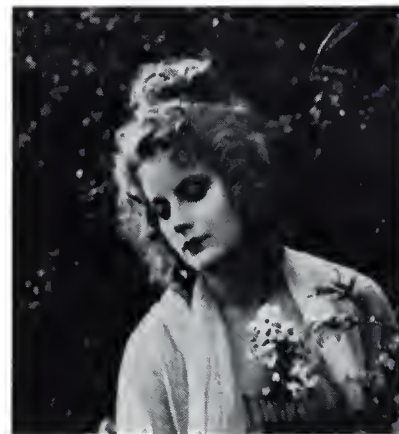
BY WALTER WINCHELL



1 She was a child actress until the day she walked through the studio commissary in a tight blouse. Male eyes popped and there were gasps aplenty. Watching her go by, one executive prophetically declared: “There goes our next big glamour star.”



2 She was a dancer until an accident ended her hoofing career. She was hospitalized for fourteen months. After the lengthy recuperative period, her doctors informed her that she could never dance again professionally. Consequently, she tried singing.



3 She was a heavy-hipped blonde, emoting in a Berlin studio, when a visiting Hollywood tycoon noticed her. His aides dismissed her as a “full-back,” but he offered her a contract. She was brought to Hollywood, put on a diet, and given English lessons.



4 She was one of the pretty faces who participated in a Florida publicity junket. A publicist advised her to wear a red velvet bikini. When she appeared—almost wearing the swim suit—flash bulbs popped in all directions. The photograph was thereafter used in countless daily newspapers. It made her torso a national figure.



5 He left home in England to become a stilt-walker at a carnival. He eventually migrated to Yankee Doodleburg and secured minor roles in Broadway shows. One day he accompanied a friend to a screen test. The test required another actor to say a few words. He obliged. His thirty-second appearance resulted in a contract.



6 Her dramatics teacher urged her to forsake show biz—arguing that she lacked talent. She refused to believe it. Her first show biz job lasted three weeks. She became a model. An auto accident interrupted this career. Doctors predicted she would never walk again. Happily, she recovered, went to Hollywood and began the long climb.



7 He was a mike-fright victim after inking his first radio contract. He avoided the studio and was ready to cancel out. His brother practically dragged him in front of the mike.



8 She auditioned for a role in a show and won her first important part as the result of a whim. The director, incredibly enough, was impressed with the way she put on her gloves.



9 She was signed by the studio as a musical-comedy actress. For months she waited for a job. Finally the great day arrived. She reported for work and received her part. It was one line long.



10 She was called for a conference with several studio executives after completing her screen test. The experience almost paralyzed her with fear. She was unable to speak and unable to think. When they asked if she wanted to be an actress she panicked, fled from the room, and returned to her home in Kansas. The studio eventually lured her back to Movieville.



11 He toiled in a Hoboken roadhouse where he sang, waited on tables, and swept the floor. All for the princely sum of fifteen dollars a week. One evening, Harry James dropped in, listened to him sing, and offered him a job with his band. Six months later, another bandleader, Tommy Dorsey, purchased his contract from James for the price of one hundred fifteen dollars.



12 She was lunching at Sardi's with a friend. At another table sat an influential booking agent who came over to the table to greet her friend. During the brief conversation that followed, she casually mentioned she was searching for an acting job. Right there and then, the agent wrote a note of introduction for her to a Hollywood director. Thus she began her journey.



13 She was a curvy doll who posed for cheesecake photos for the lavish fee of fifty dollars weekly. She continued posing and earning bread-and-butter money for four years—and then was offered her initial film contract.



14 He worked as a movie prop man. During the making of a movie, he dived into a stormy ocean from the deck of a ship after the stunt man lost his nerve. As a result, the director rewarded him with acting jobs.



15 She toured the country as a model. The tour ended in San Francisco. However, she had the railroad ticket rerouted to Hollywood and spent several weeks there. The result was a screen test and a contract.

Check your answers against those which appear on page 126.

Women of Berlin

In the politically volcanic city of 3,300,000, the famously chic Berlin women have a new look. From the homemakers to the women factory workers to the sports-car girls, the two underlying notes have become *survival* and *defiance*.

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

The fair-haired, blue-eyed women of Berlin, pre-World War II visitors have told me, were among the gayest in all Europe, as well as among the most beautiful and most abandoned. Defeat in the first war somehow had given them a sophisticated resignation that made them live for the moment, and they had something that few of their contemporaries in other German cities had: they could joke in the midst of trouble. Billy Wilder, the film director, was in Berlin last August when I arrived there. He was making a film, *One, Two, Three*, and one night, at dinner, he began talking to me about the Berlin women he remembered. "At one time these were the greatest in the world," he said. "They were warm, feminine, great companions. Adults. But look at them today. Now they have seen too much."

It seemed evident to me even in the way the women walked through the streets. They moved quietly and quickly, their heads bent; their postures contrasted oddly with their chic clothes. Women in Berlin have a distinctive look, as the women in Rome do. Their dress is almost a uniform. It consists of a squarish jacket—often of leather—and a pleated, swinging skirt below, with dark-toned stockings above pastel, high-heeled shoes. When they wear hats, they wear cloches. Their hair is cut short and they do not wear any make-up but lipstick. Nearly all of them carry huge leather handbags and slender, rolled umbrellas. Chic is second nature to them, and it has been reduced to ultimate simplicity.

Before Berlin was sealed off from East Germany by the Communists, commerce between the zones was not only normal, but habitual. Easterners went over into the West to work by the thousands, and Westerners went into the East Zone to attend plays, concerts, and other activities in the Communists' hyped-up cultural program. "What am I going to do about my house?" Mrs. Anni Hess, wife of an official in the office of public information, asked me. "My maid lives in the East—now she cannot come to work. And what

will *she* do?" Her words at first struck me as full of self-concern—until I realized that these women, living in danger every day of their lives, had to force themselves to think of immediate, personal problems, and to go on about the business of keeping their homes and families together.

But when the Ulbricht government of the East closed the gates, and tanks from the Soviet garrisons lumbered up to those gates, parked, and pointed their guns at the West Berliners, it was impossible for the most determined wife or mother to pretend that nothing had happened.

No one spoke on either side of the barricades. The soldiers stood in their tanks or at their guard posts, staring at the

U.P.I.



SCORNFUL of danger, West Berlin woman moves within a foot of East Berlin police guarding border.

people of West Berlin, who stared back. Some West Berlin women were leading dogs, almost always a boxer or a shepherd.

All over the city square, there are box-like apartment buildings with grayish-brown walls, cold and austere. Each apartment has a balcony set out with bright red geraniums and petunias of every imaginable hue, but those flowers, and the deep, wet green of the trees that have grown up since World War II, did nothing to relieve the oppressive atmosphere. It rained four straight days. When the sun came out, everything still was colorless. Refugees from the East still poured in. Some ran, some swam, swarming to the refugee camp at Marienfelde.

Silence lay over the city. Trolleys trundled through the streets, and double-decked buses, but there were few automobiles. Pedestrians moved about in twos and threes along even the busiest sections of the Kurfürstendamm, West Berlin's main street, or in the precincts of the famous Zoo Station.

Bad Now, Worse Before

The rubble of Berlin is evident everywhere. Sixty per cent of Berlin was destroyed in World War II. One person out of every three lost his home. The city fathers decreed that some of the rubble should remain, so that the people will never forget.

"Oh, you should have seen it before," one woman who grew up during World War II said to me. "They've done miracles in rebuilding it." That may be, but to me the city looked as though reconstruction just was beginning. My hotel was the Berlin Hilton, splendidly new, shiny indoors with polished marble floors and thick, multicolored rugs shot through with glinting metallic threads.

Across from the Hilton were the remains of the Hotel Eden, once one of the most dazzlingly opulent pleasure spots in the city. By leaning far out my window and looking up the Kurfürstendamm, I could see what is left of the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church. Berliners call the ruins "The Unfilled Tooth," and it

(continued)



WELL-DRESSED BERLINERS relax at sidewalk café on Kurfürstendamm, West Berlin's main street. The

Claude Jacoby—Piz

women talk little about the political or economic crisis, but carefully order less expensive drinks.

Claude Jacoby—Piz



FASHION MODELS keep up "business as usual" front on runway, but with manufacturer of hard-hit \$250,000,000 garment business, anxiety is apparent.



WEST BERLIN WOMEN reveal unexpected stamina as they step up pace in garment factory short of workers. Many bring their lunches, eat at machines.



AT BLACKBOTTOM, nighttime hangout popular with young people, West German girls show serious faces even while dancing; night life has dwindled.

WITH "LAST CHANCE" ATTITUDE, Berliners soak up sun at Lake Wannsee. Hardened to the strains of the cold war, they hardly notice the warning signs.



does look like a huge tooth against the sky. Although organized religion is frowned upon in East Berlin, church attendance in the West has increased since the war: by 55 per cent, one source estimates. Women especially have turned to the church. Perhaps this is responsible for the decline in juvenile delinquency. Although Berlin once was overrun with gangs of teen-aged rubble rats who robbed, and even killed, on the slightest pretext, these gangs largely have disappeared. "We have always been strict parents," one woman said to me, "and now we are stricter than before."

This woman was standing in a line in front of a grocery store. A wave of what the newspapers called "panic buying" had begun—the prudent housewives were storing up whatever they could buy against the day when food might be unobtainable. "We remember the days when we stood in line for food, with spoons in our hands," said Mrs. Helen Meyer, a seamstress. Looking at the women in the line, I thought how different they were from the heavily rouged and masked women of whom Christopher Isherwood wrote in *The Berlin Stories*. There was nothing in their eyes now but the desire for simple survival.

The Sewing Machine Story

Yet there was determination, especially on the part of the women coming in from the East. The story of the old lady and the sewing machine has become a Berlin classic. Before the gates were closed, as I have mentioned, the East Berliners could go over to the Western Sector to work. One morning, a Communist policeman, a *Vopo*, got on an elevated train at Teltow station in the East. In one car was a sewing machine. "Whose machine is this?" he demanded. No one answered. He attempted to pick it up, but found that it was padlocked to a heating pipe with an iron chain. Unable to move it, he left the train. It proceeded into the West and, in Lichterfelde, an old lady rose from her seat, unlocked the machine, and got off the train with it.

During the days that I was in Berlin, it still was possible for tourists to go back and forth between the two zones; it was necessary only to show one's American passport to be passed through. I drove through the Eastern section three times. It was more silent than the Western. The feeling I had was that people were watching me from behind shuttered windows and boarded-up doors; or that everyone had gone underground, persuaded by their Communist leaders that the real danger would come from the West.

The lines of women in front of the stores in the Eastern section were longer—and shabbier. On Karl Marx Strasse, there were petticoats and high-heeled shoes in the shop windows, but I saw few

customers in those stores. Nor could I engage anyone in conversation, as I had been able to in the Western Zone. After giving me directions, the people would hurry off, usually with a furtive look at the *Vopo* on the beat. Sometimes, one woman told me, *Vopos* stop women who are passing through and force them to empty their handbags—"Not because they were looking for anything special," she said, "but just to be nuisances."

"Not Much Night Life"

Back at my hotel after the last visit to the East Zone, I had a drink with Karin Reich, the girl in charge of public relations, who was brought up in Berlin during the war. She spoke English perfectly, with a trace of a London accent; she had picked that up, she said, in a British colony in Africa, where she had been selling motor cars. I asked her about social life for women in Berlin. "There is not much night life here, not now," she said. "We like to entertain each other in our homes. But not at dinner parties, usually. The big meal of the day comes at noon. We have three courses then. In the evenings, we will have some beer, and if we have people in, we will give them sandwiches or hors d'oeuvres."

"We were trapped even before the barricades," she added. "Going away from here for the weekend was immensely difficult. That is, it was so difficult to come back because of the long lines of cars waiting to get in at the check points. You sometimes had to wait three or four hours, parked in your car, before you could get back in. One night I was coming back and they searched my car. I didn't know what they were looking for, and they wouldn't tell me. I was terrified. They even asked me to take off the—what do you call them? The caps, the hub caps. I've never been so frightened in my life. But fear is something a woman here must learn to live with. What can we do? Life must go on. You can't think of the end of everything every minute of your life."

There was a mixed group of transients and visitors in the bar, drinking American-style Martinis, discussing the restaurants they would dine in that night. There was a Hungarian photographer dressed in the style of a French peasant, a tall American girl who was doing something for a camera firm, a chic mother and her equally chic daughter who were selling encyclopedias to American soldiers on Army posts, and a piano player who worked upstairs in the roof garden of the Hilton. There also were many reporters. As is characteristic of so much of the American press, they seemed totally incurious. They were mainly awed by the fact that the crisis had brought big-name reporters to the scene. "David Brinkley is here," one said. "Or Huntley

—I never can remember which is which."

"I hear they may close the air corridors," the Hungarian photographer said.

"God, they can't!" cried the book saleslady. "I've got to be in Orléans, outside Paris, next week."

"And I've got to go to Munich," said the press agent.

My friend Fred Uffelman, who had come along to take some pictures, and I spent our days and evenings walking around the city. Now and then we were solicited by prostitutes. There were not many. "There never have been many 'birds' in Berlin," a friend said to us, "because so many women are willing amateurs." Whether or not this was true, we did not see many—not nearly as many, for example, as one sees in Rome or Paris or the sin-ridden cities of Asia. Those we did see, while well-dressed in the Berlin woman's uniform and carrying the standard huge handbag and slender umbrella, were even more despairing than any I had seen anywhere.

One night we went to the famous Balhaus Resi, on Hasenheide, a huge, drafty hall which, for some reason, is equipped with telephones and pneumatic tubes at each table. People pick up people by telephoning or sending messages through the tubes. "There are over two hundred and fifty telephones," a waiter told us, proudly. "A favorite game here is for a man at one table to call a girl at another and tell her he is someone else. The girl, looking at the someone else, decides to take his offer. She goes to him and surprises him. Everybody enjoys playing Cupid that way. There is a terrible shortage of men in Berlin, because of the War, and that is why you see so many single women. Now, with all the refugees coming in, there will be even more."

Frantic Pursuit of Pleasure

The women Uffelman and I observed did not seem to be having much fun. The men, on the other hand, mainly fat businessmen and tourists, were having a great time, dancing with jerky, elbow-jiggling movements, hurling themselves here and there around the floor. The whole scene looked like something rendered by some modern Brueghel.

Presently the music stopped, the dancers left the floor, and the lights went down. At the end of the room was a huge stage. Its curtain lifted slowly and portentously. Suddenly the stage was full of fountains with colored lights playing on them. We waited for the girls to come on; none came. Nothing came, in fact, but the fountains of water—the Resi's famous "water show," which is a great favorite of well-to-do Berliners.

The Badewanne, on Nürnbergerstrasse, was said to have some fair jazz. We went; it was indeed fair, but only fair. The girls there looked like the ones who can

Women of Berlin (continued)

be seen in Greenwich Village or North Beach. At one time Berlin had a thriving Bohemian colony, but today there is not much avant-garde artistic activity.

After our hour or so at the Badewanne, we went back to the Hilton where the nightly dance on the roof garden was still going strong. For a minute or two, watching the men and women on the floor, the men with those odd, side-clipped haircuts, the women in heavily draped taffetas and silks above their extraordinarily shapely (and exposed) legs, I had a lunatic sense of being imprisoned in a nightmare: while the pianist pounded away at American tunes, an international collection danced. There were Japanese, a couple of Arabs, a fiercely moustachioed Italian and his reedy, away-from-home wife, an American colonel, twenty reporters from various countries, and German tycoons with their shopgirls hired for the evening. The dance floor was filled with desperate activity. I was drinking schnapps and beer chasers, far too many, I daresay. I was getting no benefit from them in the way one ought to: no lift, only depression.

The next day we wandered through the Tiergarten, the six-hundred-acre park that, in its day, was the pride of Berlin and acknowledged by people of every land as one of the most beautiful parks in the world. After World War II, efforts to restore it were begun. The wreckage and tree stumps (all the trees that were

London Daily Express



BARDOT-TYPE STARLET. Vienna-born Barbara Valentin, is new type of actress popular in Berlin.

not destroyed were cut up to make firewood) were raked into neat piles and sodded over to make hills. New paths were laid out. Strolling about with no destination in mind, we inevitably drifted toward the Brandenburger Tor.

We stood there at the barricade, staring toward the huge, ugly gate a half mile away. Workers were busy building the stone wall to separate the East from the West.

We had a date with a friend of a friend of Uffelman's; someone had urged him to look her up, and he had called her. She had been in Berlin throughout most of the war, and had been a lively and attractive figure in the social life of the Occupation: so I gathered, anyhow, from the names she mentioned. She was about forty-five. At one time, I thought, she must have had that look of world-weariness that shaded Dietrich's face in *The Blue Angel* when she put her leg on a chair and sang. Her name was Erika. The look still lingered in the sharp curl of her lower lip under her cigarette, which dangled from her mouth, and in her eyes' narrowing protection of themselves against the smoke, but it was only a trace of what once must have been. It now had been replaced by a tense expression of determination to be as civilized as possible in the face of terror.

Erika told us that she and her husband, who was well over sixty, were the parents of a four-year-old daughter. They

Gunther Reitz—Piz



EAST-BERLIN GIRLS look grim at political parade. On starchier diet than West Berlin sisters, they are heavier. Cosmetics are expensive, used sparingly.

U.P.I.



SUITCASE AND COAT IN HAND, this East Berlin woman heads toward border despite armored car. "Like living in a box," says one woman of Eastern Zone.

called it a *wunderkind*, she said, as they both had been so old when the child was conceived. She took out a snapshot. She said we had to go back to the apartment to meet the little girl.

Uffelman had *blutwurst*, *winekraut*, and the unavoidable potatoes. I forget what I had; it was some kind of sausage. Nor can I remember the name of the small restaurant. I was too interested in what Erika had to say.

"Yes, I am worried," she said. "All women here are, whether they have children or not. You might wonder if we would not be used to it, but who gets used to danger? To us who have lived in Berlin for so long, inconvenience is nothing new. Nor is danger—but it is not danger for myself that worries me. What will happen to *her* if my husband and I go? That is the worry of all the women of Berlin. Their children. Ourselves . . ." Her voice trailed off and she shrugged.

For a moment she was quiet. Then she added, "Perhaps the closing of the city will have a good effect in the long run. Perhaps it will force everybody into sensible talks about what is to be done."

Despair and Hope

After lunch she invited Uffelman and me back to meet her husband. Their apartment was small, but light and airy. The rooms had high ceilings. In one sitting room was a picture of the handsome, gray-haired father and the *wunderkind*. They were wearing long, white nightdresses with blue borders around the necks and edges of the sleeves. Uffelman admired the quaint nightdresses, whereupon the man produced his from a chest of drawers and offered it as a gift.

"I can't take your nightdress," Uffelman said.

"You must have it," the man said.

"No, no."

"Yes, please," he said. "After all . . ." his face was grave, "what good are possessions now?"

Yet, not everybody was so despairing. Many Berliners believed that, by continuing to live in freedom in the West and by escaping there from the East, they were flaunting the concept of freedom in the faces of the surrounding Communists. Three or four times I heard the story that was going the rounds, that seemed to sum up the city's attitude. Someone is supposed to have said to a Berlin woman, "Do you really believe that anyone will reward you West Berliners for standing up for freedom?"

"No, not necessarily."

"Then why do you go on?"

The Berlin woman laughed. Then she said, "Do you expect anybody to reward you for breathing?"

"Certainly not."

"Then why do you continue to go on breathing?"

THE END

*"Do you mean
that I can be a
CHRISTIAN . . .
without ever joining
any denomination?"*



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Throughout the world, many people are studying their New Testaments with the thrilling awareness that the way to Christ and the salvation He offers is clearly revealed. These people are learning that the Word of God is the "seed" (Luke 8:11), and that just as the seed produced Christians when preached and received into "good and honest" hearts in the first century, so it will produce Christians in the twentieth century. They are seeing, too, that far from authorizing a great number of different, competing groups the Lord established one church and that He guides that church, even today, by His own Word.

When people hear the gospel, believe it, repent of their sins, confess Christ, and are baptized, the Lord forgives their sins (Mark 16:15, 16; Acts 2:38; Romans 10:10; Romans 6:3, 4; Acts 22:16) and adds them to His church (Acts 2:47; Ephesians 1:22, 23; Ephesians 5:23). These "new creatures" are

called Christians (Acts 11:26; I Peter 4:16). In all of their work and worship they are guided by the word of the Lord as revealed in the New Testament (II Timothy 3:16, 17).

This message is presented by a congregation of just such people as you have been reading about. They have obeyed from the heart the simple commands of the Lord as they are given in the gospel record, and they have the Lord's promise that He has added them to His church. They have joined no denomination, subscribed to no human creed, recognized no final human authority in religion. They, along with millions of others, are pleading for the restoration of New Testament Christianity. They urge you to obey the gospel of Christ revealed in the New Testament.

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ULCER REPORT

BY GRETTA BAKER

The lawyer from Cleveland was obviously enjoying himself. Scanning the elaborate dinner menu, he asked his companion, "What'll it be to drink, Russ? Still Scotch and soda?"

The other man smiled. "You have a good memory, John. It must be three years since we last had dinner here."

"Right. It was the last convention I attended." John Howard motioned to the waiter. "A Scotch and soda and a dry Martini." Then he looked at Russ and grinned. "Go ahead, say it. You're surprised to see me order a drink."

"Well, yes," his companion admitted. "I remember three years ago you were on an ulcer diet—only soft foods and milk."

"But no more. I can eat and drink anything I want, and even smoke a cigar now and then. You see, I heard about a new treatment. Diet and medicine weren't helping me, so I figured I might as well try it."

"And it worked?"

"You see the results. I couldn't feel better. I only wish I'd known about it sooner. Might have saved myself a lot of misery."

John Howard's story had a happy ending, thanks to a treatment that uses X-ray instead of drugs or surgery. But just a few years before, Howard had been one of three million Americans who suffer from a peptic ulcer (a term that covers both gastric and duodenal ulcers). Surveys indicate that one out of every ten will fall prey to the disease in the course of a lifetime. Males still outnumber female sufferers by almost three to one, but figures indicate that women may be catching up to men in the ulcer race as more and more of them take jobs outside the home and become involved in the problems of our high-powered, competitive society.

Jokingly called the "hodge of success" by some, an ulcer is anything but a laughing matter, for it can not only threaten the life of the wage earner but also destroy the peace of mind of an entire family. Each year some 10,000 per-

sons die of ulcers, and the loss in money, through death and disability, is estimated at \$500,000,000.

Although ulcers have become increasingly common in modern times, the symptoms were described by a medical writer as early as 350 B.C. Later, in the first century A.D., Celsus recommended a special diet of bland foods quite similar to the one used today, and for the next thousand years, physicians continued to rely on various drugs and herbs combined with diet. But the best they could offer was a guess, for nobody actually knew what was happening inside the stomach or duodenum to cause such pain.

Then, in 1824, came a ray of light from an English scientist. William Prout went before the Royal Society of London to make a startling declaration:

"Gentlemen—I have evidence to show that the digestive fluids of the stomach contain one of the most powerful chemicals known to man—hydrochloric acid!"

His statement was received with stunned silence by most of his colleagues. Some skeptics branded him an impostor, and there were murmurs of "charlatan" and "sensation seeker." Yet even as he spoke, a drama that would vindicate his claim was unfolding across the ocean in a crude log house on Mackinac Island in Michigan.

Medical Milestones

There on a June day in 1822, a young French-Canadian by the name of Alexis St. Martin staggered into the fur-trading post and collapsed on the floor. Dr. William Beaumont, an Army doctor summoned to care for the man, found him suffering from a mammoth gunshot wound, from which half of the stomach protruded. St. Martin was moved to the physician's home, and was subsequently nursed back to health by the doctor's wife. But the amazing part of the story was that an opening remained in the man's abdomen even after he had completely recovered.

One day almost two years later, while

examining the opening (medically termed a gastric fistula), Dr. Beaumont made a momentous discovery. As he wrote in his diary: "When Alexis lies on his right side, I can look directly into the stomach and almost see the process of digestion!" Thus began a series of experiments that were to become milestones of medical progress. Dr. Beaumont found that the gastric juice of the stomach did indeed contain hydrochloric acid, as Prout said. He also discovered that emotional storms in his irascible patient (now a house servant) affected the stomach as much as they affected the man. The digestive juice could be inhibited or activated by changes in Alexis St. Martin's mood.

Closing the Gap

It was a long, hard road from the little backwoods infirmary of Dr. William Beaumont to the stainless steel laboratories of our modern hospitals. But thanks to the painstaking studies of this pioneer doctor, other physicians who followed him were able to understand more clearly the physiology of the stomach and the adjoining portion of the intestine known as the duodenum. Their experiments confirmed earlier findings—that both hydrochloric acid and pepsin (discovered in 1836 by a German scientist named Theodor Schwann) were necessary for the process of digestion. When confronted by the question as to why such powerful chemicals did not destroy the stomach itself, physiologists were able to show that the inside lining of the stomach was protected by a mucus secretion that served as a barrier to the corrosive action of the digestive fluids.

It was at this point that the ulcer puzzle began to fall into place. Why did ulcers appear? Doctors could not pinpoint the causes. Yet one thing was clear. Ulcers seemed to flourish in the presence of too much acid and too little mucus secretion. From this observation stemmed the whole medical approach to ulcer treatment by means of diet and

Jokers call ulcers the "badge of success"—but they're no joke to the 3,000,000 Americans who suffer from them. What causes this sometimes-fatal ailment? Is there a permanent cure? Here's an encouraging report on results of recent medical experiments.

drugs. It involved two major objectives.

First, diet was regulated to *eliminate* those foods that were known to cause abundant acid production. Second, drugs were used to *soothe* the overactive stomach and to neutralize or oppose the excess acid. Later on, more drugs were introduced to *block* the nervous impulses that set the stomach to working overtime.

It was this type of treatment that was prescribed for John Howard, a forty-one-year-old lawyer from Cleveland, shortly after his ulcer made its appearance. He had been given a barium X-ray so that the doctor was able to point out the exact location of the ulcer.

"It's not in the stomach but in the duodenum," explained the doctor. "About eight out of ten ulcers are. It's fortunate in a way, because duodenal ulcers are seldom malignant."

"Well, it's a relief to hear that!" Howard said. "This whole business has been pretty upsetting to my wife and me."

A Rigorous Diet

"I can understand that. But I think you will see improvement if you follow the course of treatment I'm going to recommend. First, you will have to cut out all smoking. The same goes for alcohol. And, I'm afraid you're also going to miss some of the rich foods that you're accustomed to, Mr. Howard. I'll give you a list that will help your wife in planning a menu. But it will include mostly soft bland foods and lots of milk and cream. Taken frequently in small quantities, these will help to use up the acid and also keep the ulcer coated with a protective film so you will have less pain."

"What about coffee, Doctor?"

"You may have a cup for breakfast—with sugar and cream. Stay away from black coffee and all 'coffee breaks.' Now then, I'm going to prescribe some medicine that should also help. It will cut down on acid production and will keep the churning movements of your stomach and duodenum under control. It will also have a sedative effect on your nerves."

"My nerves can stand something. My wife's, too. I'm afraid this ulcer has made me pretty difficult to live with."

Temporary Relief

John Howard buckled down doggedly to the rigorous new discipline. If he chafed under its restrictions, he tried hard not to show it, for his wife was busy enough planning his meals without having to put up with his complaints. Fortunately, the pain did diminish and he began to feel reassured. Then one Saturday, after an exhausting week in court, he went home from his office and collapsed. An episode of bleeding followed. Howard and his wife were in a panic. What would happen next?

"We can try a period of bed rest and increased medication," the doctor said. "But I think you should be prepared to consider surgery."

Howard recoiled at the suggestion. An operation would be costly—and it *could* result in complications. He wanted to avoid it if possible.

It was then that he heard about the treatment by X-ray. Would it help him to escape the knife? Would it be effective? Howard's doctor explained that the procedure was still experimental, that it was being used in some cases where other methods had failed and where surgery was not deemed advisable.

Howard sought out the two physicians who were using the method at Mt. Sinai Hospital in Cleveland. He learned that

he would need a whole series of X-ray treatments for which he would have to report to the hospital. But otherwise he could go about his business as was usual for him.

Next morning, without having had breakfast, he appeared at the hospital for his first treatment. Using a fluoroscope, the radiologist determined the exact position of the stomach and proceeded to outline it on his abdomen.

Then, very precisely, the X-ray machine was lined up to hit the target area. The treatment was brief that morning. "I felt nothing at all," Howard remarked. He had breakfast and went to his office. He worked as usual, did everything as usual, including following his diet and taking his medicine.

Therapy Continued

He returned to the hospital the following morning for another treatment. The therapy continued until he had completed twelve treatments in all. He had been warned that there might be some nausea as a side effect of the radiation, but he felt none throughout. He was gratified at that, and at being able to keep up with his work at the office and go home at night.

But his wife was a bit anxious about the outcome. Would there be any danger from the radiation?

On the last morning of the treatment, Howard was in high spirits. The doctors also looked pleased.

THE COMMON DENOMINATOR

Eighty-two Navy and Marine ulcer patients were studied by two Navy doctors. The men ranged in age from eighteen to forty-six and were "tall and short, fat and thin, nervous and phlegmatic." They represented a variety of occupations. The only thing they had in common was "an unstable or maladjusted psychogenic or physiologic background."

ULCER REPORT (continued)

"We think you are no longer a candidate for ulcers. We'd like you to forget about medicine and diet. Eat what you please. Go back to doing what was normative for you before you discovered you had ulcers."

It was intended as a test, a stiff test of the success or failure of the treatment. There would be no diet or medication to befog the issue.

On the Mend

Howard responded with enthusiasm to his new-found freedom. He ate all his favorite foods. He had a cocktail before dinner. He even smoked a cigar now and then. Still he felt no pain. The gnawing, burning sensation that had plagued him did not return. There was no bleeding.

He reported for regular check ups at the hospital. The verdict was in his favor. There was no anemia or other complication. He had lost no weight. In fact, he had gained a few pounds and was told to ease up on rich foods. He felt vigorous and well. And the ulcer had healed.

That was almost three years ago. There has been no recurrence. While doctors never speak of a cure for ulcers, it would appear that John Howard's trouble is under control.

The two Cleveland doctors employed the same treatment in other cases. There was one case of a woman with persistent ulcer symptoms for more than a half dozen years; her ulcer healed after radiation.

Another, a man, had an ulcer that had proved intractable even with hospital care; with the help of radiation the ulcer healed. An elderly woman patient, who had suffered a hemorrhage, showed an equally dramatic response to X-ray.

Recently, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, two Cleveland doctors who are using X-ray therapy presented the results of their treatments on the first fifty patients. Dr. Harold C. Klein and Dr. Norman E. Berman reported that all were severe duodenal ulcer cases, which were complicated to a degree warranting surgery but were treated with radiation instead. As a result of treatment given from two to eight years ago, twenty-seven patients with cases similar to that of John Howard's have been completely freed of any ulcer problems, and eleven others have had only occasional mild symptoms. Of the remainder, classified as unsuccessful, six eventually had to undergo surgery.

Although radiation treatment for ulcer is still in the developmental stages, the

technique has been known for many years. In the past two decades, several medical teams have used it with varying degrees of success. Experiments are still going on at the University of Chicago. In each case, the principle of treatment has been the same—to cut down on the activity of the acid-producing portion of the stomach by exposing it to radiation. Whether any form of radiation treatment will gain widespread acceptance remains to be seen. While it is generally not recommended for young people, it may prove a boon to many older men and women as a replacement for surgery.

Surgery is still the accepted method of treatment for certain complications arising from an ulcer. In the case of thirty-five-year-old Rob Seymour, it was the only way of saving his life.

Seymour knew he had an ulcer. He recognized the symptoms of between-meal pain only too well. And when he'd had an attack four years earlier, the doctor had warned him that trouble might recur. Figures proved that there were recurrences in at least 50 per cent of cases.

A Self-Made Patient

But this time, Seymour decided to treat himself. He cut down on his smoking. He stopped eating fried foods. He began taking tranquilizers. And he swallowed quantities of sodium bicarbonate.

"I don't think you should take so much baking soda," his wife cautioned, noticing the empty box on the kitchen shelf. "I hear it can cause kidney stones."

And she was right. Taken in excess, soda can also upset the body's acid-base balance and cause stomach distention by producing carbon dioxide gas.

But the temporary relief from the baking soda and the tranquilizers lulled Seymour into a state of indifference. When his wife put him on a diet of soft, creamy foods, he got impatient. "Ah, I'm fed up with that baby food! Let's have something good for a change."

"Rob, I think you should see a doctor," his wife advised. "You can't tell what the ulcer will do."

But Seymour kept putting it off, and dosed himself with various remedies. Then, at about three o'clock one morning, he woke up with a violent pain in his abdomen. "I thought I'd been kicked in the stomach by a mule," he later told the doctor.

Examination revealed that the ulcer had perforated. It had eaten through the stomach wall, allowing the contents of the stomach to leak into the abdominal cavity. An emergency operation had to be performed. Luckily, it was successful, but the experience taught Seymour that an ulcer is nothing to be ignored.

Another complication generally requiring surgery is hemorrhage. This occurs when the ulcer penetrates a blood vessel.

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causing it to bleed into the digestive tract. Then the patient may have the frightening experience of vomiting up blood. Or if the bleeding is less severe and the ulcer farther down in the duodenum, the blood may appear in the stool, giving it a tarry appearance.

Perforation of the stomach, as in Seymour's case, is but one of the conditions that can necessitate an operation for an ulcer victim. Another complication that may require surgery is *obstruction*, when scar tissue from a healed ulcer spreads into the passageway between the stomach and duodenum, blocking the movement of food.

Much research has been done—and is being done—to determine the exact process of ulcer formation. The National Institutes of Health recently announced a grant of more than \$360,000 to two Ohio State University doctors. Their aim: to discover whether, in certain cases, it is a tumor of the pancreas that sets off an excessive flow of stomach acid.

Among the most interesting findings of ulcer researchers are those of Dr. Lester R. Dragstedt of the University of Florida. Dr. Dragstedt has found that the vagus, or "worry" nerve, that carries impulses from the brain to the stomach is not the only villain in the piece. There is an endocrine gland located in the lower part of the stomach that also plays a role. Under conditions of stress, it secretes a hormone that affects the stomach and throws the acid-producing cells into a frenzy of activity.

Symptoms of Stress?

Is this just another way of saying that ulcers are a symptom of stress? As long ago as 1824, Dr. William Beaumont discovered the link between emotions and acidity by looking through the "window" of Alexis St. Martin's stomach. More than a century later, two modern investigators, Dr. Stewart Wolf and Dr. H. G. Wolff, had a similar opportunity. Over a period of thirteen years, they were able to peer into the stomachs of no less than five patients with gastric fistulas. Their observations support the theory that acid production and ulcer formation are linked to emotional upset.

Describing his experiences with other cases, Dr. Stewart Wolf states: "We have found no stimulus as potent in accelerating gastric function as discussing with a patient some troublesome, meaningful, threatening situation in his life." For example, Dr. Wolf tells of a forty-five-year-old man with a duodenal ulcer. When interviewed, he had been in the hospital for several days and was feeling much improved. Gastric activity was about normal and he had no pain. Then, without warning, the interviewer introduced the subject of the patient's mother. He was asked whether he felt his career

as a lawyer had justified the tremendous sacrifices his mother had made to send him through school. He answered firmly and with conviction, but his stomach went into a state of violent contraction. As he made an attempt to defend himself, these contractions became increasingly painful and he was given a sedative.

Air-Raid Ulcers

No discussion of stress would be complete without a mention of the monumental studies of Dr. Hans Selye at the University of Montreal. In his book, *The Stress of Life*, Dr. Selye recalls the "air-raid ulcers" that developed almost overnight among the population of Great Britain during the Second World War. After each attack, a large number of people appeared at hospitals with bleeding ulcers, although they had suffered no physical harm and had previously been free of the disease. Severe stress was thought to be the determining factor.

If emotional upset plays such an important part, does that mean every ulcer patient needs a psychiatrist? Not at all. Some people might profit from psychotherapy. But not everyone can afford it, even if there were enough psychiatrists to go around. One answer may be special

clinics that give as much attention to what goes on in a patient's head as they do to what goes on in a patient's stomach.

Dr. Stewart Wolf describes such an experiment in which twenty-three patients with duodenal ulcers were given no drugs or diet but were helped to solve their personal problems and inner conflicts. They were carefully matched against twenty-three other patients as to age, sex, duration of symptoms, X-ray findings, complications, and frequency of visits to the hospital. The second group received no help with emotional problems, but got supervision of diet and medication. In a three-year follow-up, two-thirds of the first group showed X-ray evidence of complete healing, while only one-third of the second group showed the same progress.

Dr. Wolf concludes: "In the treatment of ulcer, getting to know the patient and offering him help and encouragement in dealing with his day-to-day challenges and problems appears to offer more than diets and antacids alone."

In many cases, it might be a good idea to try both. Meanwhile, the current experiments using X-ray as a treatment may be producing a solution that is more effective—as well as simpler and pleasanter—than either one. THE END

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FIRST SUMMER & LOVE

She was not quite a child and not yet a woman, but a girl grows up suddenly when she is told she can never have the man of her dreams.

BY THOMAS J. FLEMING ILLUSTRATED BY AL BUELL

One, two, three, four, five, six, Martha counted her steps across the wide white beach. Ahead of her, the green, spindly legged lifeguard stand seemed like a circus clown on stilts with a silly umbrella perched on top. Martha laughed delightedly and broke into a run. Her coat caught the wind and flew out behind her like a magic carpet. She stopped, hugged her coat around her, and studied it for the first time in the sunlight. The glistening blue and yellow dragons seemed almost alive in this brilliance. Beneath the dragons was a maze of other figures, little Japanese houses and mountains and trees, all aglow, too, in a red which the sun turned almost pink.

Martha broke into another run, and the lifeguard stand drew steadily closer. She knew exactly how she would feel when she saw Dick there. She knew exactly how he would look, his legs stretched out, his arm thrown carelessly along the back rest, his eyes behind the dark glasses moving restlessly over the ocean. She could not wait to hear what he would say when he saw her wearing the coat he had brought her from Japan.

Martha was twelve years old.

She was proud now that she was entitled to be treated like a grownup. Why not? She was more adult than her sister Edith, who was fourteen. She even read magazines which her mother and her nineteen-year-old sister Marjorie read, snitching them off the cocktail tables and smuggling them upstairs, where she hid them under her mattress. It was from the magazines that she learned all about falling in love and becoming engaged. She was almost afraid to think these words, and saying them was impossible. But they

were true. She was in love, and she was engaged. The coat from Dick was the proof.

Martha was out of breath when she reached the lifeguard stand. Somehow, it made her unprepared for what she saw. Dick was not there. Only her brother, Billy, sat on the spindly legged seat, wearing that stupid narrow hat he had brought home from the Army. He was Dick's best friend and was always teasing her and treating her like a child. He obviously did not realize that she had grown up while he was away for two years. Moreover, he had not brought her a beautiful coat from Japan. He had not brought her anything.

Then came the second surprise. Dick was down by the water's edge, talking to a girl. Martha disliked her instantly. She had long blonde hair to her shoulders, a lot of lipstick, and a tight black bathing suit.

Martha climbed up and sat beside her brother Billy.

"Who's Dick talking to?" she said.

"Her name is Evelyn. From New York."

"Is she Dick's cousin or something?"

Billy laughed in a strange way. "No, she's not his cousin."

Martha jumped and landed with a *crunch* in the hot sand. Swinging her arms determinedly, she strode down to the water and seized Dick by the hand.

"Hi, Marth," he said. "Hey—you're wearing the coat. You look great." He put his arm around her and said to Evelyn: "This is Martha, my best girl. I gave her this coat yesterday, on her birthday. Bought it in Japan. It's called a Happy Coat."

"It's gorgeous," Evelyn said. "It looks

gorgeous on you, honey." She tried to pat Martha on the head, but Martha knocked her hand away.

"Let's go for a swim," Martha said to Dick.

"Not now, Marth. I'm busy."

"Oh, no. You promised me," Evelyn said.

Dick sighed and shook his head. "Sometime tomorrow, Marth. I promise."

Martha did not answer him. She just ripped her hand free and ran all the way to her house and waited on the porch for her breath to stop coming in great sobs. Then she dried her eyes and nose on a stray towel and shuffled quietly inside. The cool, dim living room suited her mood perfectly, but there was a baseball game on the television set. With savage displeasure she flipped the dial to another channel.

It was a movie. A woman with dark hair stood on a cliff above a river, sobbing: "If you don't marry me, I'll kill myself." A man leaned against the fender of his car, calmly lit a cigarette, and replied: "That's the trouble with you, Gladys. You tend to dramatize things." Whereupon, Gladys, with a shrill cry, flung herself off the cliff and into the raging river. "Gladys," the man roared, and sprang after her.

Her father came in, whistling cheerfully. He stopped when he noticed the baseball game was no longer on the television set. "Hey, Princess," he said. "Do you mind if I look at the game?"

"I think it's a wonderful movie."

"Well, I don't." He picked her up in his arms. He was big and she was fairly small for twelve—so it was an easy gesture. "You look grouchy, Miss Princess,"

Martha did not answer him. She just ripped her hand free and ran all the way home.



FIRST SUMMER LOVE (continued)

he said. "Somebody make you mad:

He was impossible, too. He still treated her as if she was about four years old. That was the dreadful part of being the youngest in the family. You were always the baby.

"Put me down," she said tearfully.

"Your mother's got some new English cookies in the kitchen," he said. "Better get some before they're all gone."

She could not resist his good humor. Besides, she loved English cookies. She shuffled into the kitchen and found her mother unpacking groceries.

"I'm hungry," she said, expertly turning the simple statement into an accusation against her mother.

"Martha. At twelve o'clock you ate the biggest lunch I've ever seen a child eat."

"Don't call me a child! I want something to eat."

"Oh," her mother said, waving her hands despairingly. "Can't you see that I'm busy? Here's some of your favorite cookies."

Martha took the cookies without even a thank you and toiled up the dim hack stairway to her room. At her front window, she knelt and stared unblinkingly out at the beach, until sand, sea, umbrellas, and people swam into a hazy blur. She deliberately did not look anywhere near the lifeguard stand; she was afraid of what she might see. After a while she turned to the mirror and walked back and forth in front of it, studying her Happy Coat.

"You're a real idiot."

Her sister Edith's voice struck Martha like a slap. Clutching the Happy Coat about her, she moved quickly away from the mirror. Edith sauntered in, repeating the words, "a real idiot." The name did not bother Martha much. She knew Edith had just learned the word and was using it on everyone. Martha was more concerned about her Happy Coat. Edith always said she despised boys, but she was jealous of the coat.

"You'll see who's an idiot," she said, "when I'm married and you're not."

"Married." Edith said. "What makes you think he's going to marry you just because he gives you an old kimono?" In the same instant, she snatched at the beautiful, many-colored cloth. But Martha was too quick for her. She ducked away and scrambled across Edith's bed.

"He said he was going to marry me," Martha said.

"What does that mean?" Edith said. "You're only a baby. People say all kinds of things to babies."

Martha could feel her face growing hot, her eyes starting to swim. But she managed to reply: "Yes, but he gave me this coat, and he didn't give you or Marjorie anything." Then she sprang onto her bed and turned her face to the wall.

"You're an idiot," Edith walked over and stood beside Martha's bed. "I don't see what's so wonderful about this old kimono, anyway." She grabbed the Happy Coat by the sleeve and gave it a pull.

With a violence which surprised even herself, Martha whirled in the bed and her fist connected squarely with Edith's nose. Blood spurted out on the white chenille bedspread and Edith, crying loudly, fled downstairs.

With the speed of the hunted, Martha raced down the backstairs and out into the hot sun. In a moment she was on the beach, running, running, running until her breath felt like a hot wire in her chest and throat. By the time she stopped, the lifeguard stand had shrunk to a toy behind her and she was staring up at a long jetty of huge black rocks reaching out into the sea like a giant arm. At the very end was a steel pylon on which a red light blinked.

Martha was strictly forbidden to go anywhere near this inlet. Her brother had told her terrifying stories of what would happen to her if she ever fell off the rocks into the black, racing water.

With sullen carelessness, Martha scrambled up and down the sloping, crazily angled stones until she was out where the waves flung spray up on one side, and on the other side the outgoing tide hissed and bubbled and swirled as it met the open sea. For a long time she sat on a flat rock, her feet dangling above the rushing water, and watched the crowded fishing boats chug slowly home from the day's sport. Many of the men on the boats waved to her, but Martha did not wave back. Instead she used the pocket mirror she kept in her Happy Coat to flash the sun in their eyes. Some of the fishermen found this quite annoying and shook their fists angrily at her.

After a while, Martha used the mirror to study her round, freckled face. Her dark black hair was cut short with bangs in front; for over six months she had protested bitterly against this haircut and demanded the right to let her hair grow long. But her mother remained adamant. Now this haircut seemed to sum up and explain all the black unhappiness inside her. She saw with passionate hopelessness the contrast between herself and the gloriously blonde Evelyn.

It was late. The fishing boats were all in and there were no more umbrellas on the beach. Martha lay back on her flat rock, her arms around her Happy Coat, and thought about the funny way Dick smiled, wide and crooked at the very corner of his mouth, how he could make her laugh by saying things like "Piter Peper piked a pick of peckled pippers," and making her repeat it after him faster and faster until it all ran together into one big silly word.

"Marth! This is no place to take a snooze."

It was Dick, standing above her on the tumbled rocks, a smile on his face.

Martha sat up. "How did you know I was here?" she said. Her lips were dry and each word was painful.

"I saw you through my field glasses. You can't miss that coat against these black rocks."

Martha blushed and pulled up a drooping corner of the coat. "Is it late?"

"It's ten minutes to six."

Martha did not speak while they negotiated the hundred treacherous yards back to the beach. Nor did she speak on the long walk across the sand to the house. Only in the doorway did she say, with her eyes down, "Thank you for coming out to get me, Dick."

Dick laughed and rumbled her hair. "That's the least I can do for my best girl."

Martha floated into the house and did not even raise her voice while Edith rubbed her swollen nose and screamed denunciations of her. She pleaded self-defense in a manner so mild and gentle that her mother was startled into believing her. She did not really become conscious of the rest of the family until supper.

It was a dull dinner until dessert. Her mother and father discussed the cost of a new car. Her sister Marjorie and her brother Billy disagreed caustically about the acting ability of Rock Hudson, while Edith glared across the table at Martha and, with great facial contortions, mouthed the revenge she was going to take when they were alone in their room that night. Then, as their mother served the banana cream pie, Marjorie said to Billy: "I hear the beach is hotter at night than it is in the daytime since Evelyn came down."

"You jealous?" Billy said.

"No, but I'm a little disgusted," Marjorie said. "I thought Dick had better taste than that."

The creamy pie seemed to turn sour in Martha's mouth. She put down her fork and listened numbly.

"Maybe he's tired of girls like you," Billy said. "You're so coy, a fellow doesn't know where he stands."

Marjorie glowered. "Do you think it's better to be a tramp like her?"

"No. But there must be a happy medium."

"I think you both ought to drop this subject here and now," their father said.

"It's a ridiculous argument, anyway," Billy said. "Every girl on the beach has been trying to land Dick all summer. Now he starts going with someone outside the crowd, so they start a lot of dirty gossip. That's all there is to it."

"That's all, eh?" Marjorie said. "Well:

Stella Baker saw them last night. Right out here in front of the house, down by the lifeboat."

To Martha's horror, Billy had no answer to this lie, yet it could not be true. Martha knew Stella Baker, a scrawny, mean-faced girl who had a little sister she was always bullying.

"Is Dick really serious about this girl?" their mother said.

"Who knows?" Billy said. "She's not exactly the kind of girl I'd pick for him. But then, love is a mystery or something, isn't it?"

"You're a liar," Martha screamed. "You're all liars. He loves me and he's going to marry me."

For a moment, there was a total silence. Then Marjorie, her mother and father, and Billy burst out laughing.

"It's not funny!" Martha screamed, flinging back her chair. "It's true. He promised me, and I'm going to marry him and go away from here and never come back. I hate you!"

Martha spent the evening in her room. She lay on the bed, wearing her Happy Coat.

She fell asleep and was awakened by a burst of laughter from a group of people going by on the boardwalk. Once more her eyes moved across the beach, and there was nothing. Then she felt her heart stop. There were two figures moving past the lifeguard stand.

She was halfway down the back stairs, when the kitchen door opened and her father stepped out into the hall and picked a bottle of ginger ale from a shelf. He left the door open, and Martha heard him say to her mother: "Did you talk to our marrying daughter?"

"No, I just thought it was best to ignore the whole thing."

"She's only a baby."

"She doesn't think so."

In a moment the midnight beach was cold beneath Martha's feet. Her heart was not beating now.

She ran in a wide semicircle and approached the lifeboat from the opposite side, crawling the last few yards. Then she crept around the rear of the boat and saw them kissing. They kissed for a long time. Then Dick held Evelyn close to him and said, "It's hard to believe something like this could happen so fast."

"That's the way it always happens, doesn't it?" Evelyn said.

A wave of fire swept across Martha's face. She took off her Happy Coat, rolled it up, and with her other hand she picked up a fistful of sand and charged around the stern of the lifeboat and flung it in their faces.

"You liar!" she screamed. "You liar!" She kicked more sand at them.

"Hey," Dick said, rolling away from the shower of sand. Evelyn screamed.

"Liar! Liar!" Martha kept crying, and flung the coat at Dick. "Take your old kimono. I don't want it."

"Martha, wait—" Dick said, trying to get the sand out of his eyes.

"Why, you little brat," Evelyn snarled. She sprang to her feet, grabbed Martha by the shoulders, and shook her so hard that Martha was certain her head was going to fly right off her shoulders. "Who—do—you—think—"

Dick was on his feet now, and he grabbed Evelyn. "Take your hands off her," he said.

"Take my hands off her? You gonna let some kid . . ."

"Shut up!" Dick said.

It was too horrible. She had ruined everything. And she knew exactly what she would do to make up for it. She knew exactly what would make everyone feel sorry for her and wish they had treated her differently. Martha turned and ran across the empty moonlit beach. Behind her, she heard Dick calling her name. But she did not look back. She just let the words plunge through her mind with every step: *You'll be sorry, you'll all be sorry.*

Then there was only the crash of the surf and her feet crunching into the sand, until the jetty's rocks loomed blackly in front of her and she began to cry.

The rocks were cold and wet and sharp and she fell among them repeatedly in the moonlight. But finally she was at the top. Below her, in the black inlet, raced the last of the outgoing tide. Martha looked around at the beach she loved so much, at the jetty light blinking on and off, on and off. How often she had counted their reflections on her bedroom wall until she fell asleep. She thought of Edith lying smugly in her bed, telling herself Martha was an idiot; of her mother who did not care enough about her to get her a decent haircut; of her father with his baby talk; of Dick with that girl. Then she began to climb slowly down the other side of the jetty toward the wet, mossy rocks near the water.

Soon she was on the bottom and the black tide slushed icily around her toes. For a moment she became terribly afraid of what she was going to do. But it was too late to turn back. She took a deep breath.

"Martha! For God's sake!"

It was Dick.

"Go away," Martha cried fiercely. "Go away."

"No, Martha," was Dick's soft reply. "I'm not going away. And if you jump, I'm going after you." He sat down and a black stone seemed to swallow him.

"Then what will happen?" Martha said.

Dick's voice came steadily out of the darkness. "We'll both drown. That would be pretty silly, wouldn't it—two people

drowning because they love each other?"

"You don't love me," Martha said. "You love her. I saw you kissing her."

Dick's voice remained low and very serious. "A fellow doesn't love everyone he kisses, Marth. Sometimes he gets mixed up. He forgets . . . the kind of girl he should marry."

A fishing boat plowed past in mid-channel, her running lights a ghostly glow. The wake swelled across the rock where Martha stood, and almost swept her off. Dick sprang up, but Martha caught the jutting tip of the rock just above her.

"Don't come near me!" she cried. The water gushed back into the channel and she did not speak until she was sure she had regained her balance.

"What do you mean, the kind of girl you should marry?"

Dick sank down again into darkness. "Marth, when you're twenty-one, I'll be thirty years old. Maybe I won't be married. You can't tell about those things. But if I am married—it's going to be a girl like you. I know that for sure. And I'm proud that you want to marry someone like me. We're both really lucky, knowing the kind of person we want to marry. That's the hardest part of all."

Suddenly Martha realized Dick was much closer to her. She looked up and he was kneeling on the outjutting rock just above her. While he talked, he had been sliding slowly down toward her in the darkness. She was not sure, but he seemed to be smiling.

"Give me your hand, Marth, and let me help you up."

Martha did not move. The current gurgled and moaned around her feet. She could almost feel the cold, dark depths of the channel a step away. But in the same instant she felt something even more mysterious within herself. Her heart was beating again.

Slowly, she held out her hand.

Walking home across the beach, they did not speak. Not even when they circled the lifeboat. Dick just picked up the Happy Coat, folded it carefully, and handed it to her.

At the back door of the house, Dick bent down and kissed her. "Let's not tell anyone what happened tonight, Marth," he said. "Let's keep it our secret."

"Our secret." She was suddenly very sleepy.

But up in her room she could not resist one last delightful impulse. She prodded Edith until her sister sat up in bed, staring with sleepy bewilderment.

"You're a real idiot," Martha said. "You don't even know the kind of person you're going to marry."

Then she put on her Happy Coat and climbed into her bed and she fell fast asleep.

THE END

THE PORTOBELLO ROAD

Looking for an adventure in the world of fantasy and the unreal? Read this chilling little story, guaranteed to set your spine atingle and your imagination reeling.

BY MURIEL SPARK PAINTING BY MORTON ROBERTS

One day in my young youth at high summer, lolling with my lovely companions upon a haystack, I found a needle. Already and privately for some years I had been guessing that I was set apart from the common run, but this of the needle attested the fact to my whole public, George, Kathleen, and Skinny. I sucked my thumb, for when I had thrust my idle hand deep into the hay, the thumb was where the needle had stuck.

When everyone had recovered, George said, "She put in her thumb and pulled out a plum." Then we were into our merciless hacking-hecking laughter again.

The needle had gone fairly deep into the thumby cushion and a small red river flowed and spread from this tiny puncture. So that nothing of our joy should lag, George put in quickly, "Mind your bloody thumb on my shirt."

Then hac-hec-hoo, we shrieked into the hot Borderland afternoon. Really I should not care to be so young of heart again. That is my thought every time I turn over my old papers and come across the photograph. Skinny, Kathleen, and myself are in the photo atop the haystack. Skinny had just finished analyzing the inwards of my find.

"It couldn't have been done by brains. You haven't much brains, but you're a lucky wee thing."

Everyone agreed that the needle betokened extraordinary luck. As it was becoming a serious conversation, George said, "I'll take a photo."

I wrapped my hanky round my thumb and got myself organized. George pointed up from his camera and shouted, "Look, there's a mouse!"

Kathleen screamed and I screamed, although I think we knew there was no mouse. But this gave us an extra session of squalling hee-hoo's. Finally we three composed ourselves for George's picture. We look lovely and it was a great day at the time, but I would not care for it all over again. From that day, I was known as Needle.

One Saturday in recent years, I was mooching down the Portobello Road, threading among the crowds of marketers on the narrow pavement, when I saw a woman. She had a haggard, careworn, wealthy look, thin but for the breasts forced up high like a pigeon's. I had not seen her for nearly five years. How changed she was! But I recognized Kathleen, my friend; her features had already begun to sink and protrude in the way that mouths and noses do in people destined always to be old for their years. When I had last seen her, nearly five years ago, Kathleen, barely thirty, had said, "I've lost all my looks; it's in the family. All the women are handsome as girls, but we go off early, we go brown and nosey."

I stood silently among the people, watching. As you will see, I wasn't in a position to speak to Kathleen. I saw her shoving in her avid manner from stall to stall. She was always fond of antique jewelry and of bargains. I wondered that

I had not seen her before on the Portobello Road on my Saturday morning ambles. Her long, stiff-crooked fingers pounced to select a jade ring from amongst the jumble of brooches and pendants, onyx, moonstone, and gold, set out on the stall.

"What d'you think of this?" she said.

I saw then who was with her. I had been half-conscious of the huge man following several paces behind her, and now I noticed him.

"It looks all right," he said. "How much is it?"

"How much is it?" Kathleen asked the vendor.

I took a good look at this man accompanying Kathleen. It was her husband. The beard was unfamiliar, but I recognized beneath it his enormous mouth, the bright, sensuous lips, the large brown eyes forever brimming with pathos.

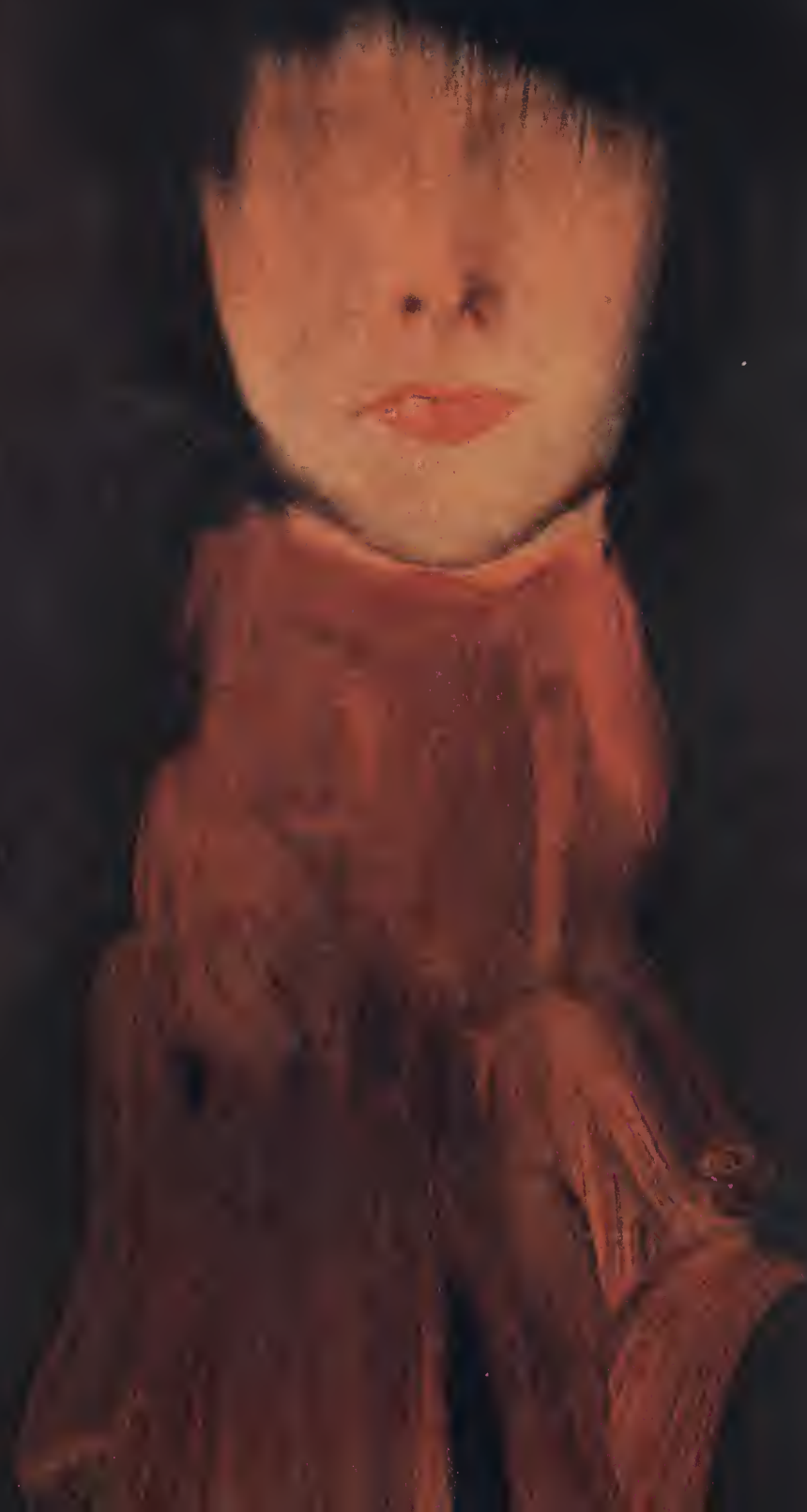
It was not for me to speak to Kathleen, but I had a sudden inspiration which caused me to say quietly, "Hallo, George."

The giant of a man turned round to face the direction of my voice. There were so many people—but at length he saw me.

"Hallo, George," I said again.

Kathleen had started to haggle with the stall owner, in her old way, over the price of the jade ring. George continued to stare at me, his big mouth slightly parted so that I could see a wide slit of

Though I departed this life nearly five years ago, I did not altogether depart this world.



THE PORTOBELLO ROAD (continued)

red lips and white teeth between the fair, grassy growths of beard and mustache.

"My God," he said.

"What's the matter?" said Kathleen.

"Hallo, George!" I said again, quite loud this time, and cheerfully.

"Look!" said George. "Look who's standing there, over beside the fruit stall."

Kathleen looked but didn't see. "Who is it?" she said impatiently.

"It's Needle," he said. "She said, 'Hallo George.'"

"Needle," said Kathleen. "Who do you mean? You don't mean our old friend Needle who—"

"Yes. There she is. My God!" He looked very ill, although when I had said, "Hallo, George," I had spoken friendly enough.

"I don't see anyone faintly resembling poor Needle," said Kathleen, looking at him. She was worried.

George pointed straight at me. "Look there. I tell you that is Needle."

"You're ill, George. Heavens, you must be seeing things. Come on home. Needle isn't there. You know as well as I do, Needle is dead."

I must explain that I departed this life nearly five years ago. But I did not altogether depart this world. There were those odd things still to be done which one's executors can never do properly. Papers to be looked over, even after the executors have torn them up. Lots of business except, of course, on Sundays and Holy Days of Obligation, plenty to take an interest in for the time being. I take my recreation on Saturday mornings. If it is a wet Saturday, I wander up and down the substantial lanes of Woolworth's as I did when I was young and visible. There is a pleasurable spread of objects on the counters which I now perceive and exploit with a certain detachment, since it suits with my condition of life. Creams, toothpastes, combs and hankies, cotton gloves, flimsy flowering scarves, writing-paper and crayons, ice-cream cones and orangeade, screwdrivers, boxes of tacks, tins of paint, of glue, of marmalade; I always liked them but far more now that I have no need of any. When Saturdays are fine, I go instead to the Portobello Road where formerly I would jaunt with Kathleen in our grown-up days. The barrow-loads do not change much, of apples and rayon vests in common blues and low-taste mauve, of silver plate, trays and teapots long since changed hands from the bygone citizens to dealers, from shops to the new flats and breakable homes, and then over to the barrow-stalls and the dealers again: Georgian spoons, rings, earrings of turquoise and opal set in the butterfly pattern of true-lovers' knot, patch-boxes with miniature paint-

ings of ladies on ivory, snuff-boxes of silver with Scotch pebbles inset.

Sometimes as occasion arises on a Saturday morning, my friend Kathleen, who is a Catholic, has a Mass said for my soul, and then I am in attendance, as it were, at the church. But most Saturdays I take my delight among the solemn crowds with their aimless purposes, their eternal life not far away, who push past the counters and stalls, who handle, buy, steal, touch, desire, and ogle the merchandise. I hear the tinkling tills, I hear the jangle of loose change and tongues and children wanting to hold and have.

That is how I came to be on the Portobello Road that Saturday morning when I saw George and Kathleen. I would not have spoken had I not been inspired to it. Indeed it's one of the things I can't do now—to speak out unless inspired. And most extraordinary, on that morning as I spoke, a degree of visibility set in. I suppose from poor George's point of view it was like seeing a ghost when he saw me standing by the fruit barrow, repeating in so friendly a manner, "Hallo, George!"

We were bound for the south. When our education, what we could get of it from the north, was thought to be finished, one by one we were sent or sent for to London. John Skinner, whom we called Skinny, went to study more archaeology, George to join his uncle's tobacco farm, Kathleen to stay with her rich connections and to potter intermittently in the Mayfair hat shop which one of them owned. A little later I also went to London to see life, for it was my ambition to write about life, which first I had to see.

"We four must stick together," George said very often in that yearning way of his. He was always desperately afraid of neglect. We four looked likely to shift off in different directions and George did not trust the other three of us not to forget all about him. More and more as the time came for him to depart for his uncle's tobacco farm in Africa, he said, "We four must keep in touch."

Before he left, he told each of us anxiously, "I'll write regularly, once a month. We must keep together for the sake of the old times." He had three prints taken from the negative of that photo on the haystack, wrote on the back of them. "George took this the day that Needle found the needle," and gave us a copy each. I think we all wished he could become a bit more callous.

During my lifetime I was a drifter, nothing organized. It was difficult for my friends to follow the logic of my life. By the normal reckonings I should have come to starvation and ruin, which I never did. Of course, I did not live to write about life as I wanted to do. Possibly that

is why I am inspired to do so now in these peculiar circumstances.

I taught in a private school in Kensington for almost three months, very small children. I didn't know what to do with them but I was kept fairly busy escorting incontinent little boys to the lavatory and telling the little girls to use their handkerchiefs. After that I lived a winter holiday in London on my small capital, and when that had run out I found a diamond bracelet in the cinema for which I received a reward of fifty pounds. When it was used up, I got a job with a publicity man, writing speeches for absorbed industrialists, in which the dictionary of quotations came in very useful. So it went on. I got engaged to Skinny, but shortly after that I was left a small legacy, enough to keep me going for six months. This somehow decided me that I didn't love Skinny, so I gave him back the ring.

But it was through Skinny that I went to Africa. He was engaged with a party of researchers to investigate King Solomon's mines, that series of ancient workings ranging from the ancient port of Ophir, now called Beira, across Portuguese East Africa and Southern Rhodesia to the mighty jungle city of Zimbabwe, whose temple walls still stand by the approach to an ancient and sacred mountain, where the rubble of that civilization scatters itself over the surrounding Rhodesian waste. I accompanied the party as a sort of secretary. Skinny vouched for me, he paid my fare, he sympathized by his action with my inconsequential life although, when he spoke of it, he disapproved.

A life like mine annoys most people; they go to their jobs every day, attend to things, give orders, pummel typewriters, and get two or three weeks off every year, and it vexes them to see someone else not bothering to do these things and yet getting away with it, not starving, being lucky as they call it. Skinny, when I had broken off our engagement, lectured me about this, but still he took me to Africa knowing I should probably leave his unit within a few months.

We were there a few weeks before we began enquiring for George who was farming about four hundred miles away to the north. We had not told him of our plans.

"If we tell George to expect us in his part of the world, he'll come rushing to pester us the first week. After all, we're going on business," Skinny had said.

Before we left, Kathleen told us, "Give George my love and tell him not to send frantic cables every time I don't answer his letters right away. Tell him I'm busy in the hat shop and being presented.

You would think he hadn't another friend in the world, the way he carries on."

We had settled first at Fort Victoria, our nearest place of access to the Zimbabwe ruins. There we made enquiries about George. It was clear he hadn't many friends. The older settlers were the most tolerant about the half-caste woman he was living with, as we found, but they were furious about his methods of raising tobacco which we learned were most unprofessional and in some mysterious way disloyal to the whites. We could never discover how it was that George's style of tobacco farming gave the blacks opinions about themselves, but that's what the older settlers claimed. The newer immigrants thought he was unsociable and, of course, his living with that woman made visiting impossible.

I was myself a bit put off by this news about the brown woman. I was brought up in a university town to which came Indian, African, and Asiatic students in a variety of tints and hues. I was brought up to avoid them for reasons connected with local reputation and God's ordinances. You cannot easily go against what you were brought up to do unless you are a rebel by nature.

Anyhow, we visited George eventually, taking advantage of the offer of transport from some people bound north in search of game. He had heard of our arrival in Rhodesia and though he was glad—almost relieved—to see us, he pursued a policy of sullenness for the first hour.

"We wanted to give you a surprise, George."

"How were we to know that you'd get to hear of our arrival, George? News here must travel faster than light, George."

"We did hope to give you a surprise, George."

We flattered and "Georged" him until at last he said, "Well, I must say it's good to see you. All we need now is Kathleen. We four simply must stick together. You find, when you're in a place like this, there's nothing like old friends."

He showed us his drying sheds. He showed us a paddock where he was experimenting with a horse and a zebra mare, attempting to mate them. They were frolicking happily, but not together. They passed each other in their private play time and again, but without acknowledgement and without resentment.

"It's been done before," George said. "It makes a fine, strong beast, more intelligent than a mule and sturdier than a horse. But I'm not having any success with this pair; they won't look at each other."

After a while he said, "Come in for a drink and meet Matilda."

She was dark brown, with a subservient hollow chest and round shoulders, a gawky woman, very snappy with the houseboys. We said pleasant things as we drank on the porch before dinner, but we found George difficult. For some reason he began to rail at me for breaking off my engagement to Skinny, saying what a dirty trick it was after all those good times in the old days. I diverted attention to Matilda. I supposed, I said, that she knew this part of the country very well?

"No," said she, "I been a-shelliterated my life. I not put out to working. Me nothing to go from place to place is allowed like dirty girls does." In her speech she gave every syllable equal stress.

George explained, "Her father was a white magistrate in Natal. She had a sheltered upbringing, different from the other coloreds, you realize."

"Man, me no black-eyed Susan," said Matilda, "no, no."

On the whole, George treated her as a servant. She was about four months advanced in pregnancy, but he made her get up and fetch for him, many times. Soap: that was one of the things Matilda had to fetch. George made his own bath soap, showed it proudly, gave us the recipe which I did not trouble to remember; I was fond of nice soaps during my lifetime and George's smelled of brilliantine and looked likely to soil one's skin.

"D'yo brahn?" Matilda asked me.

George said, "She is asking if you go brown in the sun."

"No, I go freckled."

"I got sister-in-law go freckles."

She never spoke another word to Skinny nor to me, and we never saw her again.

Some months later, I said to Skinny, "I'm fed up with being a camp follower."

He was not surprised that I was leaving his unit, but he hated my way of expressing it. He gave me a Presbyterian look. "Don't talk like that. Are you going back to England or staying?"

"Staying, for a while."

"Well, don't wander too far off." I was able to live on the fee I got for writing a gossip column in a local weekly, which wasn't my idea of writing about life, of course. I made friends, more than I could cope with, after I left Skinny's exclusive little band of archaeologists. I had the attractions of being newly out from England and of wanting to see life. Of the countless young men and go-ahead families who purred me along the Rhodesian roads, hundred after hundred miles, I only kept up with one family when I returned to my native land. I think that was because they were the most representative, they stood for all

the rest: people in those parts are very typical of each other, as one group of standing stones in that wilderness is like the next.

I met George once more in a hotel in Bulawayo. We drank highballs and spoke of war. Skinny's party were just then deciding whether to remain in the country or return home. They had reached an exciting part of their research, and whenever I got a chance to visit Zimbabwe, he would take me for a moonlight walk in the ruined temple and try to make me see phantom Phoenicians flitting ahead of us, or along the walls. I had half a mind to marry Skinny; perhaps, I thought, when his studies were finished. The impending war was in our bones: so I remarked to George as we sat drinking highballs on the hotel veranda in the hard, bright, sunny July winter of that year.

George was inquisitive about my relations with Skinny. He tried to pump me for about half an hour and when at last I said, "You are becoming aggressive, George," he stopped. He became quite pathetic. He said, "War or no war, I'm clearing out of this."

"It's the heat does it," I said.

"I'm clearing out in any case. I've lost a fortune in tobacco. My uncle is making a fuss. It's the other bloody planters; once you get the wrong side of them, you're finished in this wide land."

"What about Matilda?" I asked.

He said, "She'll be all right. She's got hundreds of relatives."

I had already heard about the baby girl. Coal black, by repute, with George's features. And another on the way, they said.

"What about the child?"

He didn't say anything to that. He ordered more highballs and when they arrived, he swizzled his for a long time with a stick. "Why didn't you ask me to your twenty-first?" he said then.

"I didn't have anything special, no party, George. We had a quiet drink among ourselves, George, just Skinny and the old professors and two of the wives and me, George."

"You didn't ask me to your twenty-first," he said. "Kathleen writes to me regularly."

This wasn't true. Kathleen sent me letters fairly often in which she said, "Don't tell George I wrote to you as he will be expecting word from me and I can't be bothered actually."

"But you," said George, "don't seem to have any sense of old friendships, you and Skinny."

"Oh, George!" I said.

"Remember the times we had," George said. "We used to have times." His large brown eyes began to water.

THE PORTOBELLO ROAD (continued)

"I'll have to be getting along," I said. "Please don't go. Don't leave me just yet. I've something to tell you."

"Something nice?" I laid on an eager smile. All responses to George had to be overdone.

"You don't know how lucky you are," George said.

"How?" I said. Sometimes I got tired of being called lucky by everybody. There were times when, privately practicing my writings about life, I knew the bitter side of my fortune. When I failed again and again to reproduce life in some satisfactory and perfect form, I was the more imprisoned, for all my carefree living, within my craving for this satisfaction. Sometimes, in my impotence and need I secreted a venom which infected all my life for days on end and which spurted out indiscriminately on Skinny or on anyone who crossed my path.

"You aren't bound by anyone," George said. "You come and go as you please. Something always turns up for you. You're free, and you don't know your luck."

"You're a damn sight more free than I am," I said sharply. "You've got your rich uncle."

"He's losing interest in me," George said. "He's had enough."

"Oh well, you're young yet. What was it you wanted to tell me?"

"A secret," George said. "Remember we used to have those secrets?"

"Oh, yes we did."

"Did you ever tell any of mine?"

"Oh no, George." In reality, I couldn't remember any particular secret out of the dozens we must have exchanged from our schooldays onward.

"Well, this is a secret, mind. Promise not to tell."

"Promise."

"I'm married."

"Married, George! Oh, who to?"

"Matilda."

"How dreadful!" I spoke before I could think, but he agreed with me.

"Yes, it's awful, but what could I do?"

"You might have asked my advice," I said pompously.

"I'm two years older than you are. I don't ask advice from you, Needle, little beast."

"Don't ask for sympathy then."

"A nice friend you are," he said. "I must say, after all these years."

"Poor George!" I said.

"There are three white men to one white woman in this country," said George. "An isolated planter doesn't see a white woman and, if he sees one, she doesn't see him. What could I do? I needed the woman."

I was nearly sick. One, because of my Scottish upbringing. Two, because of my horror of corny phrases like, "I needed

the woman," which George repeated twice again.

"And Matilda got tough," said George, "after you and Skinny came to visit us. She had some friends at the Mission, and she packed up and went to them."

"You should have let her go," I said.

"I went after her," George said. "She insisted on being married, so I married her."

"That's not a proper secret, then," I said. "The news of a mixed marriage soon gets about."

"I took care of that," George said. "Crazy as I was, I took her to the Congo and married her there. She promised to keep quiet about it."

"Well, you can't clear off and leave her now, surely," I said.

"I'm going to get out of this place. I can't stand the woman and I can't stand the country. I didn't realize what it would be like. Two years of the country and three months of my wife have been enough."

"Will you get a divorce?"

"No. Matilda's Catholic. She won't divorce."

George was fairly getting through the highballs, and I wasn't far behind him. His brown eyes floated shiny and liquid as he told me how he had written to tell his uncle of his plight, "Except, of course, I didn't say we were married. That would have been too much for him. He's a prejudiced, hardened old Colonial. I only said I'd had a child by a colored woman and was expecting another, and he perfectly understood. He came at once by plane a few weeks ago. He's made a settlement on her, providing she keeps her mouth shut about her association with me."

"Will she do that?"

"Oh, yes, or she won't be able to get the money."

"But as your wife she has a claim on you, in any case."

"If she claimed as my wife, she'd get far less. Matilda knows what she's doing, greedy bitch that she is. She'll keep her mouth shut."

"Only, you won't be able to marry again, will you, George?"

"Not unless she dies," he said.

"And she's as strong as an ox."

"Well, I'm sorry, George," I said.

"Good of you to say so," he said. "But I can see by your chin that you disapprove of me. Even my old uncle understood."

"Oh, George, I quite understand. You were lonely, I suppose."

"You didn't even ask me to your twenty-first. If you and Skinny had been nicer to me. I would never have lost my head and married the woman, never."

"You didn't ask me to your wedding," I said.

"You're a catty bisson, Needle, not like what you were in the old times when you used to tell us your stories."

"I'll have to be getting along," I said.

"Mind you keep the secret," George said.

"Can't I tell Skinny? He would be very sorry for you, George."

"You mustn't tell anyone. Keep it a secret. Promise?"

"Promise," I said. I understood that he wished to enforce some sort of bond between us with this secret, and I thought, "Oh well, I suppose he's lonely. Keeping his secret won't do any harm."

I returned to England with Skinny's party just before the war.

I did not see George again till just before my death, five years ago.

After the war, Skinny returned to his studies. He had two more exams, over a period of eighteen months, and I thought I might marry him when the exams were over.

"You might do worse than Skinny," Kathleen used to say to me on our Saturday morning excursions to the antique shops and the junk stalls.

She too was getting on in years. The remainder of our families in Scotland were hinting that it was time we settled down with husbands. Kathleen was a little younger than I, but looked much older. She knew her chances were diminishing but at that time I did not think she cared very much. As for myself, the main attraction of marrying Skinny was his prospective expeditions to Mesopotamia. My desire to marry him had to be stimulated by the continual reading of books about Babylon and Assyria; perhaps Skinny felt this, because he supplied the books and even started instructing me in the art of deciphering cuneiform tables.

Kathleen was more interested in marriage than I thought. Like me, she had racketed around a good deal during the war; she had actually been engaged to an officer in the U. S. Navy, who was killed. Now she kept an antique shop near Lambeth, was doing very nicely, lived in a Chelsea square, but for all that she must have wanted to be married and have children. She would stop and look into all the prams which the mothers had left outside shops or area gates. "The poet Swinburne used to do that," I told her once.

"Really? Did he want children of his own?"

"I shouldn't think so. He simply liked babies."

Before Skinny's final exam, he fell ill and was sent to a sanatorium in Switzerland.

"You're fortunate after all not to be married to him," Kathleen said. "You might have caught T.B."

I was fortunate, I was lucky . . . so ev-

everyone kept telling me on different occasions. Although it annoyed me to hear, I knew they were right, but in a way that was different from what they meant. It took me a small effort to make a living; book reviews, odd jobs for Kathleen, a few months with the publicity man again, still getting up speeches about literature, art, and life for industrial tycoons. I was waiting to write about life and it seemed to me that the good fortune lay in this, whenever it should be. And until then I was assured of my charmed life, the necessities of existence always coming my way and I with far more leisure than anyone else. I thought of my type of luck after I became a Catholic and was being confirmed. The Bishop touches the candidate on the cheek, a symbolic reminder of the sufferings a Christian is supposed to undertake. I thought, how lucky, what a feathery symbol to stand for the hellish violence of its true meaning.

I visited Skinny twice in the two years that he was in the sanatorium. He was almost cured, and expected to be home within a few months. I told Kathleen after my last visit.

"Maybe I'll marry Skinny when he's well again."

"Make it definite, Needle, and not so much of the maybe. You don't know when you're well off," she said.

This was five years ago, in the last year of my life. Kathleen and I had become very close friends. We met several times each week, and after our Saturday morning excursions on the Portobello Road very often I would accompany Kathleen to her aunt's house in Kent for a long weekend.

One day in June of that year, I met Kathleen specially for lunch because she had phoned me to say she had news.

"Guess who came into the shop this afternoon," she said.

"Who?"

"George."

We had half imagined George was dead. We had received no letters in the past ten years. Early in the war we had heard rumors of his keeping a night club in Durban, but nothing after that. We could have made inquiries if we had felt moved to do so.

At one time, when we discussed him, Kathleen had said, "I ought to get in touch with poor George. But then I think he would write back. He would demand a regular correspondence again."

"We four must stick together," I mimicked.

"I can visualize his reproachful limpid orbs," Kathleen said.

Skinny said, "He's probably gone native. With his coffee concubine and a dozen mahogany kids."

"Perhaps he's dead," Kathleen said.

I did not speak of George's marriage, nor of any of his confidences in the hotel at Bulawayo. As the years passed, we ceased to mention him except in passing, as someone more or less dead so far as we were concerned.

Kathleen was excited about George's turning up. She had forgotten her impatience with him in former days; she said, "It was so wonderful to see old George. He seems to need a friend, feels neglected, out of touch with things."

"He needs mothering, I suppose."

Kathleen didn't notice the malice. She declared, "That's exactly the case with George. It always has been, I can see it now."

She seemed ready to come to any rapid new and happy conclusion about George.

In the course of the morning, he had told her of his wartime night club in Durban, his game-shooting expeditions since. It was clear he had not mentioned Matilda. He had put on weight, Kathleen told me, but he could carry it.

I was curious to see this version of George, but I was leaving for Scotland next day and did not see him till September of that year just before my death.

While I was in Scotland I gathered from Kathleen's letters that she was seeing George very frequently, finding enjoyable company in him, looking after him. "You'll be surprised to see how he has developed." Apparently he would hang 'round Kathleen in her shop most days. "It makes him feel useful," as she maternally expressed it. He had an old relative in Kent whom he visited at weekends; this old lady lived a few miles from Kathleen's aunt, which made it easy for them to travel down together on Saturdays, and go for long country walks.

"You'll see such a difference in George," Kathleen said on my return to London in September. I was to meet him that night, a Saturday. Kathleen's aunt was abroad, the maid on holiday, and I was to keep Kathleen company in the empty house.

George had left London for Kent a few days earlier. "He's actually helping with the harvest down there!" Kathleen told me lovingly.

Kathleen and I planned to travel down together, but on that Saturday she was unexpectedly delayed in London on some business. It was arranged that I should go ahead of her in the early afternoon to see to the provisions for our party; Kathleen had invited George to dinner at her aunt's house that night.

"I should be with you by seven," she

SPECIAL DECEMBER ISSUE, ON NEWSSTANDS NOVEMBER 28

MARRIAGE IN A CHANGING WORLD

GRACE OF MONACO: BEHIND THE MYTH *From movie queen to storybook princess, her public image does not reveal the true woman. Here's the untold story of what she is really like as a wife, mother, and "sovereign."*

THE REAL MEANING OF YOUR MARRIAGE *What husbands and wives don't realize, says a psychiatrist, is that "the ability to be truly dependent is the best measure of love."*

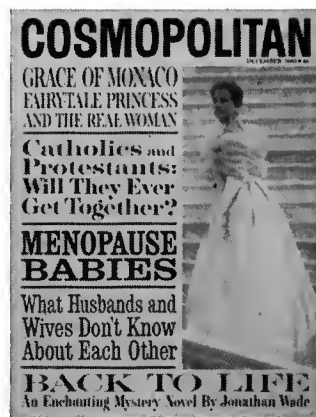
I'M FORTY-FIVE YEARS OLDER THAN MY SON *A mother tells of early doubts and fears about her "menopause baby" . . . and of the unexpected joy it has brought her.*

WHAT TOYS DO CHILDREN REALLY LIKE? *A look at the fabulous toys ready for Christmas, plus a humorous analysis of what your offspring honestly prefer.*

Plus a Special Report:

CAN PROTESTANTS AND CATHOLICS EVER GET TOGETHER?

Outnumbered three to one by other religions, Christians around the world are beginning to realize that a spirit of unity is essential for their faith to survive.



Princess Grace of Monaco.

THE PORTOBELLO ROAD (continued)

said. "Sure you won't mind the empty house? I hate arriving at empty houses, myself."

I said no, I liked an empty house.

So I did, when I got there. I had never found the house more likable. It was a large Georgian vicarage in about eight acres, most of the rooms shut and sheeted, there being only one servant. I discovered that I wouldn't need to go shopping; Kathleen's aunt had left many and delicate supplies with notes attached to them: "Eat this up please do, see also fridge" and "A treat for three hungry people see also 2 bottles beaune for yr party on back kn table." It was like a treasure hunt as I followed clue after clue through the cool, silent, domestic quarters.

A house in which there are no people—but with all the signs of tenancy—can be a most tranquil good place. People take up space in a house out of proportion to their size. On my previous visits I had seen the rooms overflowing, as it seemed, with Kathleen, her aunt, and the little fat maidservant; they were always on the move. As I wandered through that part of the house which was in use, opening windows to let in the pale yellow air of September, I was not conscious that I, Needle, was taking up any space at all. I felt I might have been a ghost.

The only thing to be fetched was the milk. I waited till after four when the milking should be done, then set off for the farm which lay across two fields at the back of the orchard. There, when the byreman was handing me the bottle, I saw George.

"Hallo, George," I said.

"Needle! What are you doing here?" he said.

"Fetching milk," I said.

"So am I. Well, it's good to see you, I must say."

As we paid the farmhand, George said, "I'll walk back with you part of the way. But I mustn't stop; my old cousin's

without any milk for her tea. How's Kathleen?"

"She was kept in London. She's coming on later, about seven, she expects."

We had reached the end of the first field. George's way led to the left and on to the main road.

"We'll see you tonight, then, George?" I said.

"Yes, and talk about old times."

"Grand," I said.

But George got over the stile with me. "Look here," he said. "I'd like to talk to you, Needle."

"We'll talk tonight, George. Better not keep your cousin waiting for the milk." I found myself speaking to him almost as if he were a child.

"No, I want to talk to you alone. This is a good opportunity."

We began to cross the second field. I had been hoping to have the house to myself for a couple more hours and I was rather petulant.

"See," he said suddenly, "that haystack."

"Yes," I said absently.

"Let's sit there and talk. I'd like to see you up on a haystack again. I still keep that photo. Remember that time when—"

"I found the needle," I said very quickly. to get it over.

But I was glad to rest. The stack had been broken up, but we managed to find a nest in it. I buried my bottle of milk in the hay for coolness. George placed his carefully at the foot of the stack.

"My old cousin is terribly vague, poor soul. A bit hazy in her head. She hasn't the least sense of time. If I tell her that I've only been gone ten minutes, she'll believe it."

I giggled, and looked at him. His face had grown much larger, his lips full, wide, and with a ripe color that appears strange in a man. His brown eyes were abounding as before with some inarticulate plea.

So you're going to marry Skinny after all these years?"

"I really don't know, George."

"You played him up properly."

"It isn't for you to judge. I have my own reasons for what I do."

"Don't get sharp," he said. "I was only funning." To prove it, he lifted a tuft of hay and brushed my face with it.

"D'you know," he said next, "I didn't think you and Skinny treated me very decently in Rhodesia."

"Well, we were busy, George. And we were younger then; we had a lot to do and see. After all, we could see you any other time, George."

"A touch of selfishness," he said.

"I'll have to be getting along, George."

I made to get down from the stack.

He pulled me back. "Wait, I've got something to tell you."

"O.K., George, tell me."

"First promise not to tell Kathleen. She wants it kept a secret, so that she can tell you herself."

"All right. Promise."

"I'm going to marry Kathleen."

"But you're already married."

Sometimes I heard news of Matilda from the one Rhodesian family with whom I still kept up. They referred to her as "George's Dark Lady" and of course they did not know he was married to her. She had apparently made a good thing out of George, they said, for she minced around all tarted up, never did a stroke of work, and was always unsettling the respectable colored girls in the neighborhood. According to accounts, she was a living example of the folly of behaving as George did.

"I married Matilda in the Congo," George was saying.

"It would still be bigamy," I said.

He was furious when I used that word bigamy. He lifted a handful of hay as if he would throw it in my face, but controlling himself meanwhile he fanned it at me playfully. "I'm not sure that the Congo marriage was valid," he continued. "Anyway, as far as I'm concerned, it isn't."

"You can't do a thing like that," I said.

"I need Kathleen. She's been decent to me. I think we were always meant for each other, me and Kathleen."

"I'll have to be going," I said.

But he put his knee over my ankles, so that I couldn't move. I sat still and gazed into space.

He tickled my face with a wisp of hay.

"Smile up, Needle," he said. "Let's talk like old times."

"Well?"

"No one knows about my marriage to Matilda except you and me."

"And Matilda," I said.

"She'll keep still so long as she gets her payments. My uncle left an annuity for the purpose, his lawyers see to it."

"Let me go, George."

"You promised to keep it a secret," he said. "You promised."

"Yes, I promised."

"And now that you're going to marry Skinny, we'll be properly coupled off as we should have been years ago. We should have been—but youth!—our youth got in the way. didn't it?"

"Life got in the way," I said.

"But everything's going to be all right now. You'll keep my secret, won't you? You promised." He had released my feet. I edged a little further from him.

I said, "If Kathleen intends to marry you, I shall tell her you're married."

"You wouldn't do a dirty trick like

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that, Needle. You're going to be happy with Skinny, you wouldn't—"

"I must. Kathleen's my best friend," I said swiftly.

He looked as if he would murder me and he did. He stuffed hay into my mouth until it could hold no more, kneeling on my body to keep it still, holding both my wrists tight in his huge left hand. I saw the red, full lines of his mouth and the white slit of his teeth last thing on earth. Not another soul passed by as he pressed my body into the stack, as he made a deep nest for me, tearing up the hay to make a groove the length of my corpse, and finally pulling the warm, dry stuff in a mound over this concealment, so natural-looking in a broken haystack. Then George climbed down, took up his bottle of milk, and went his way. I suppose that was why he looked so unwell when I stood, nearly five years later, by the barrow on the Portobello Road and said in easy tones, "Hallo, George!"

The Haystack Murder was one of the notorious crimes of that year. My friends said, "A girl who had everything to live for." After a search that lasted twenty hours, when my body was found, the evening papers said, "'Needle' is found: in haystack!"

Kathleen, speaking from that Catholic point of view which takes some getting used to, said, "She was at Confession only the day before she died—wasn't she lucky?"

The poor byrehand who sold us the milk was grilled for hour after hour by the local police, and later by Scotland Yard. So was George. He admitted walking as far as the haystack with me, but he denied lingering there.

"You hadn't seen your friend for ten years?" the Inspector asked him.

"That's right," said George.

"And you didn't stop to have a chat?"

"No. We'd arranged to meet later at dinner. My cousin was waiting for the milk; I couldn't stop."

The old soul, his cousin, swore that he hadn't been gone more than ten minutes in all, and she believed it to the day of her death a few months later. There was the microscopic evidence of hay on George's jacket, of course, but the same evidence was on every man's jacket in the district that fine harvest year. Unfortunately, the byreman's hands were even brawnier and mightier than George's. The marks on my wrists had been done by such hands, so the laboratory charts indicated when my post-mortem was all completed. But the wrist marks weren't enough to pin down the crime to either man. If I hadn't been wearing my long-sleeved cardigan, it was said, the bruises might have matched up properly with someone's fingers.

Kathleen, to prove that George had absolutely no motive, told the police that she was engaged to him. George thought this a little foolish. They checked up on his life in Africa, right back to his living with Matilda. But the marriage didn't come out—who would think of looking up registers in the Congo? Not that this would have proved a motive.

Just the same, George was relieved when the inquiries were over without the marriage to Matilda being disclosed. He was able to have his nervous breakdown at the same time Kathleen had hers, and they recovered together and got married, long after the police had shifted their inquiries to an Air Force camp five miles from Kathleen's aunt's home. Only a lot of excitement and drinks came of those investigations. The Haystack Murder was one of the unsolved crimes that year.

Shortly afterwards, the byrehand emigrated to Canada to start afresh, with the help of Skinny who felt sorry for him.

After seeing George taken away home by Kathleen that Saturday on the Portobello Road, I thought that perhaps I might be seeing more of him in similar circumstances. The next Saturday I looked out for him, and at last there he was, without Kathleen, half-worried, half-hopeful.

I dashed his hopes. I said, "Hallo, George!"

He looked in my direction, rooted in the midst of the flowing market-mongers in that convivial street. I thought to myself, "He looks as if he had a mouthful of hay." It was the new, bristly, maize-colored beard and mustache surrounding his great mouth which suggested the thought, gay and lyrical as life.

"Hallo, George!" I said again.

I might have been inspired to say more on that agreeable morning, but he didn't wait. He was away down a side street along another street and down one more, zig-zag, as far and as devious as he could take himself from the Portobello Road.

Nevertheless he was back again next week. Poor Kathleen had brought him in her car. She left it at the top of the street, and got out with him, holding him tight by the arm.

George was haggard. His eyes seemed to have got smaller as if he had been recently in pain. He advanced up the road with Kathleen on his arm, letting himself lurch from side to side with his wife bobbing beside him, as the crowds asserted their rights of way.

"Oh, George!" I said. "You don't look at all well, George."

"Look!" said George. "Over there by the hardware barrow. That's Needle."

Kathleen was crying. "Come back home, dear," she said.

"Oh, you don't look well, George!" I said.

They took him to a nursing home. He was fairly quiet, except on Saturday mornings when they had a hard time of it to keep him indoors and away from the Portobello Road.

But a couple of months later, he did escape. It was a Monday.

They searched for him on the Portobello Road, but actually he had gone off to Kent to the village near the scene of the Haystack Murder. There he went to the police and gave himself up, but they could tell from the way he was talking that there was something wrong with him.

"I saw Needle on the Portobello Road three Saturdays running," he explained, "and they put me in a private ward but I got away while the nurses were seeing to the new patient. You remember the murder of Needle—well, I did it. Now you know the truth, and that will keep bloody Needle's mouth shut."

Dozens of poor mad fellows confess to every murder. The police obtained an ambulance to take him back to the nursing home. He wasn't there long. Kathleen gave up her shop and devoted herself to looking after him at home. But she found that the Saturday mornings were a strain. He insisted on going to see me on the Portobello Road and would come back to insist that he'd murdered Needle. Once he tried to tell her something about Matilda, but Kathleen was so kind and solicitous, I don't think he had the courage to remember what he had to say.

Skinny had always been rather reserved with George since the murder. But he was kind to Kathleen. It was he who persuaded them to emigrate to Canada so that George should be well out of reach of the Portobello Road.

George has recovered somewhat in Canada but of course he will never be the old George again, as Kathleen writes to Skinny. "That Haystack tragedy did for George," she writes. "I feel sorrier for George sometimes than I am for poor Needle. But I do often have Masses said for Needle's soul."

I doubt if George will ever see me again on the Portobello Road. He broods much over the crumpled snapshot he took of us on the haystack. Kathleen does not like the photograph, I don't wonder. For my part, I consider it quite a jolly snap, but I don't think we were any of us so lovely as we look in it, gazing blatantly over the ripe cornfields. Skinny with his humorous expression, I secure in my difference from the rest, Kathleen with her head prettily perched on her hand, each reflecting fearlessly in the face of George's camera the glory of the world, as if it would never pass. THE END

It's Always Four A.M.

For Valerie, life had lost all joy and meaning. Somehow, she would have to find a way out of her pit of loneliness. She wanted one more crack at happiness.

BY JIM BISHOP ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL LAMBERT

She awakened suddenly, like a bubble of air coming up to the surface of the sea. She popped up in bed, the features frightened in the dark, the fingers braced behind her hips. For a part of one second—but no longer—Valerie tried to remember. Then the emotional carousel began its hurdy-gurdy grind and her brain told her all the bad things.

I am me; I never feel well; Harry died three years ago; my hands shake all the time; I'm afraid; I can't eat; I can't sleep; the pills are no good; the doctor is no good; my life is no good; now the only good thing I have is gone—sleep.

Sleep. The friend of the unloved; the protector of the childish mind; the first cousin to death. Sleep. She swung her feet over the edge of the bed and, in the dark, her feet found the mules. Across the foot of the bed, she felt for the robe and found it.

In the bathroom, she flipped the light on. She was afraid to look in the medicine-chest mirror. She didn't want to, but she was irresistibly drawn to it. She had to see. Valerie looked. The face was skinny and frightened and sick; the little mouth pouted; the gray eyes darted from the stringy, mousy hair to the horizontal furrows across the forehead to the puffy lids and down the cavernous cheeks to the vertical columns, standing in the neck.

A pointless gesture. She cupped her face in her hands and drew the skin back. Some of the puffiness around the eyes disappeared and the lines in the face faded. It was no good. She had to let go sometime. Valerie opened the medicine chest. She shook the bottle of tranquilizers.

No. Better not. There were too few

left. Dr. Waters would say that she was showing no improvement and should go away for treatment. Valerie was having none of that. That was the damn trouble—nobody understood her. Just nobody. Except Harry. And Harry was gone three years. He had said, "So long, doll," out of the car window and had backed out of the drive. That was all he'd said: "So long, doll." What he left Valerie was a great love, twenty-five thousand dollars in insurance, a ranch house, no children, no relatives, and lot of velvet dreams which became nightmares only when she awakened.

Valerie poured a drink. No more pills tonight. Tonight? It was 4:00 A.M. She knew that without looking at the kitchen clock. It was always four o'clock. She took the drink out on the porch and sat in the wicker chair. The hands couldn't shake this drink loose. She had two ounces in an eight-ounce glass.

She stared diagonally upward through the screen. The stars were out. She and they remained awake until dawn. They would die together—all of them and little her. She sat, one knee over the other, sipping the drink and listening to the night sounds. Down the street was a street light brazen in its lonesomeness.

A few fireflies skipped low across the grass. Somewhere nearby, a frog croaked. Far off, she heard the whine of a police car. She listened too long and, by the time she tilted the last sip out of the glass, her tears fell in.

She tried not to think of Harry. She tried not to think of the men she had dated since then. She tried not to think of her worn face and all that had happened to it in forty-five years. Valerie was

watching herself. That's what she was doing; standing apart from herself and watching for symptoms of nerves.

She rubbed her face lightly and the skin felt hot. She felt her pulse in a bony wrist. It was fast. She could hear her own breathing in the dark. She wanted desperately to live; she wanted one more crack at happiness. Just one more. But no man was interested. No one.

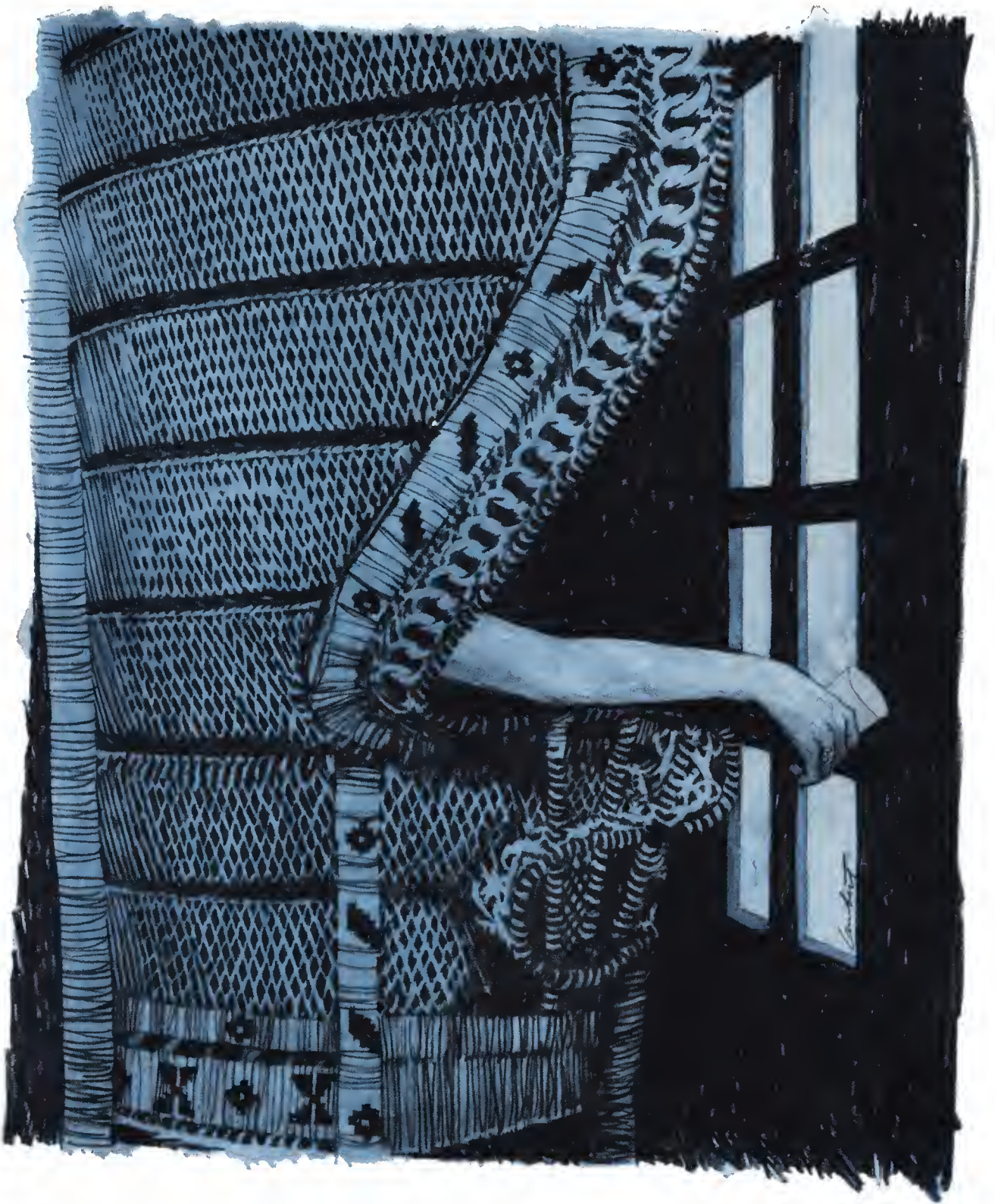
Valerie set the glass down and went through her nice home. She put all the lights on in all the rooms and admired the furniture and the flower arrangements. She admired the two spare bedrooms and the figured spreads which matched the violet curtains. Then she put all the lights out.

She went out and sat on the porch. She fingered her throat and caught herself doing it and stopped. Sleep. All right then—she was willing to give up on happiness. She would settle for sleep. She looked at the kitchen clock. It was eight minutes after four.

Valerie knew what would happen. When the advance agents of the sun—the pastel-green rays and the pinks and yellows—suffused the sky, she would get up and go inside and crawl into bed, whimpering, and then, before she knew it, sleep would come and she would lie on her side with her knees up tight.

It was always the same. At 10:00, the phone would ring and she would bounce with fright. She would clear her throat and force the cheerfulness into her voice. "Yes? . . . Oh it's you, nurse. . . . I'm just fine, couldn't be better. . . . Tell the doctor that I'm thinking of discontinuing the pills. . . . After all, who needs them?"

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She tried not to think of Harry. She tried not to think of the men she had dated since then.



Another Man's Wife

**Bill's whole life had changed suddenly.
...The facts were simple enough: he
had made love to his best friend's wife
and now he wanted to marry her.**

BY STUART CLOETE ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE BOMBERGER

There is no more horrible sound than a woman's scream. It rang through the dark gloom of the rubber trees, cutting the silence like a knife, stabbing it like a kris.

Fernley, who had been riding quietly between the rows of trees, lost in a dream, drove his heels into his horse's flanks and galloped toward the sound. In a clearing bright with sunlight, where the plantation was going to be extended between the last rubber trees and the heavy jungle, he saw two horses tied and a woman struggling in a man's arms. He was off his horse and onto them before he recognized Trasker and Mrs. Cummings. Moira Cummings. As he ran toward them, part of his mind was occupied with his horse. He won't run away, he thought, with two horses tied nearby. Moira, his best friend's young wife. He had been thinking about her as he rode. He thought too much about her.

He caught Trasker by the shoulder and spun him around. "You!" he shouted. "You . . ." Then he hit him, hard—with his open hand—across the face. Trasker drove his left into Fernley's stomach, but did not get home. Fernley's right fist met Trasker's chin with an uppercut that made his teeth click, and brought him to his knees. Fernley slapped him again, knocking him sideways to the ground. "Now get up," he said, "and get out." He followed him to the horses, caught his own and tied him to a branch beside Moira's chestnut mare. As Trasker mounted, Fernley said. "And keep away from Moira, Trasker. Next time, I'll really work you over."

Turning in his saddle, Trasker shouted, "I'm to leave her for you, I suppose? You fool!" he said. "An old man's wife. Your best friend's wife. As if everybody

didn't know you went up there every day."

When he'd gone, Fernley turned to Moira. "What happened?"

"I was riding," she said. "I met him and we rode together for a bit. Then we stopped to rest the horses after a gallop. As we dismounted, he got hold of me . . ." She did not say any more. There was no need to say more. Her tumbled hair, dirty face, and torn blouse were enough.

An overwhelming desire to take her in his arms swept over Fernley. His friend's wife. More than a friend, Cummings had been like a father to him. He had taught him all he knew about estate work and helped him to get a place of his own.

She moved closer to him and put her hand on his arm. "Thank you," she said, looking at him with wide gray eyes. Her lips were trembling.

She's going to cry, he thought. Her perfume was in his nostrils, a smell of woman, of sweat, of horse, all mixed with the warm, fecund odor of the jungle. A big butterfly swept past them.

Nothing was real any more. Not Cummings, not the estate, not the rubber trees with their beggar cups hanging to the trunks. This was an atavistic dream of a man and woman alone in a Garden of Eden, perfumed, flecked with butterflies. A red petal fell from the African tulip tree under which they stood, and lay like a gout of blood at their feet.

He had been right. She was going to cry. Tears round as dewdrops formed in the corners of her eyes and ran down the sides of her nose. Her whole body was trembling as he took her in his arms.

"Oh, Bill," she whispered, half-choking. Her sobs came in gasps like those of a child. Then he kissed her. Her lips were like orchids—crumpled, soft, cool, moist.

They clung to his. Her arms were around his neck. . . .

They rode back in silence, side by side, the horses snapping halfheartedly at each other.

"I'll say I had a fall," Moira said.

A fall, he thought. That was the right word. A fall in the Garden of Eden on a bed of scarlet petals with his conscience the Angel Gabriel driving them forth. Out and into what? My best friend, he thought. How often he had read about it in the papers. How many men had betrayed their best friends? Adultery was the word. Yet she did not seem disturbed.

"We'll have to tell him," he said.

"Yes, Bill," she said. "We'll tell him, but not today."

"I love you," he said. "I want to—"

"Don't say it," she said. "You might be sorry." She was smiling at him sadly, as if he were a little boy, as if she knew something he did not know.

Where the track branched off to the Cummings place, she pulled up. "I'll go alone now," she said. "Come to dinner tomorrow."

"An affair," he said. "I don't want an affair. I want to tell John; I want—"

"Don't say it," she said. "and don't kiss me again. I couldn't stand it. Tomorrow at eight, Bill." She rode off at a canter, her chestnut's hoofs throwing up gobs of black mold behind her.

Nothing was easy for him any more. His whole life had changed suddenly. It had a new focus. He tried to sort it out in his mind, but the facts were simple enough! He had made love to his best friend's wife; now he wanted to marry her.

Cummings' marriage had always been a mystery. There had been a lot of talk about it at the Kumpor Club. Cummings

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"I can't go on with this," Bill thought. "I must tell him."

was nearly sixty, Moira twenty-four at most. And he never brought her down to the club. Didn't show her off the way you'd expect. Jealous, no doubt. Afraid of the young chaps. The "creepers"—the young men without women.

Bill Baraclough had said once, some years ago, soon after he had come out: "It's not easy for young chaps here. Not many choices. There are native girls; but if you take up with one, the women here play hell. And there's drink. That's no real consolation, and you're likely to lose your job if it gets too bad. Then there are other men's wives. Most of them are bored and ready enough, but they are a poor lot, taking them all around, and they don't really like it. It's just that they hate their husbands and want a change—a messy business. Just messy. Then of course there are the second-hand ones, as I call them—the girls who missed out at home and came out here to get what they can. Ugly, a lot of them. Like horses," he said. "You know, Bill, never buy a horse that has changed hands too often. If a man gets a good horse or a good woman, he sticks to her. They'll marry you all right. That's what they want. Then they have a baby and their health goes. 'Got to go home,' they say—'the climate.' And there you are, with all the expense of a

wife and kid at home, and all alone again out here. Funny creatures, women," he said. "Besides, women are really tougher than we are. Shipwrecks, sieges, anything you like, they can take it. Got reserves, and so on. They don't really have to go home. It's just that they want to—once they have a man to keep them.

"Then, of course," he went on, "you can give up the whole business. Give up women—become a misogynist. But it's hard under thirty. Hard under forty, too. Some men can, but I don't think they ever really liked women to begin with. They take up Oriental languages, or botany, or collect butterflies.

"You'll see," he said. "It's hard."

And it had been hard. He'd done none of those things. Just flung himself into planting. He was regarded as something of a rubber-tree expert. His trees were among the most heavy producing in the area.

Without knowing it, he had been building up a head of steam for ten years—except for an occasional lapse on leave. He knew suddenly that it had been bound to happen. It had been simply a matter of the time, place, and opportunity, and suddenly today they had coincided, not just for him but for Moira, too. Why had

she married John Cummings? And the talk . . . the gossip he had hardly known he was listening to at the club came back to him. "A dark horse. . . . No one knows who she is. . . . Why does she never come down? . . . Something wrong with a woman who never wants to talk to other women. . . . And then look at the way she dresses up for that old man. Why, I've heard she wears Chinese clothes—*cheong-sams* split to the top of her thighs—satin. . . . He spends a fortune on her, old Cummings does."

But none of this helped. He'd done it. He was in love and there was no going back. Not even for John Cummings.

But tomorrow wasn't going to be easy. He was not the kind of man who took such things lightly; he was not dashing, not debonair. Everyone thought him a bit of a stick, a bit serious, and certainly the last man in the world to distrust.

Cummings greeted him happily. "A stinger, my boy?" he said. "I'm one up on you, so drink fast. Moira'll be down in a minute. She's making a special effort for you. Knock your eyes out if she does. Never seen her dressed up, have you?"

"I thought . . ." Bill said.

"Oh yes, pretty enough," Cummings said, "but generally she only dresses for

me. Not like most girls who dress up for strangers. I don't know what you've done to her. You'll see when she comes down."

He gave Fernley a drink and went on: "You know," he said, "she's a lovely girl, but being married to an old codger like me, she doesn't want to give the young chaps ideas. That's why she dresses down, never goes to the club, and so on. You'll see," he said.

And he did. He had hardly raised his glass to his lips when he saw her coming downstairs in a black *cheong-sam* split to just above the knee. Her red-gold hair was ornamented with two carved tortoise-shell combs.

She looked taller and slimmer than he remembered. The girl in the cotton dresses who was generally his hostess was gone. The girl in the jodhpurs had gone. Here was a woman unbelievably beautiful; sleek, poured into a dress that fitted her the way a bottle fits the wine.

He took her hand and looked into her eyes. They were beautiful blue-gray saucers without a hint of anything in them. Only when he took her hand did he feel anything. She was telling him without words that this was not the time. She was also telling him she loved him. His left hand trembled so that the ice in the glass rattled against the rim.

Then she smiled. "Drink some before you spill it, Bill," she said.

The dinner went off better than he had expected. It was a good dinner with good wine, and she was a charming hostess: gracious, entertaining, leading the conversation when it lagged.

When dinner ended, Moira said, "I'll leave you gentlemen to your port. We'll have coffee on the veranda."

When the door closed, they sat down. Cummings poured himself a glass of port and passed the decanter. The glasses were reflected on the mahogany table that shone like a mirror. From the open window came the sweet scent of the flowers. Frangipani, tuberose, and the rich odors of the forest that brought the scene under the tulip tree to Fernley's mind. *I can't go on with it*, he thought. *I must tell him.*

"There's something . . ." he said.

But Cummings interrupted him, picking up his glass and holding it to the light. "Port's a lovely color," he said.

"I want to tell you something, John," Fernley started again. Before he could go on, a shot rang out and a bullet smacked into the wall by Cummings' head.

"Terrorists," he said.

Quickly, before Fernley had really understood what was up, Cummings reached under the table and stood up with a grenade in each hand. He pulled out the pins and lobbed one into the garden. Then, seizing Fernley's arm, he pulled

him into the alcove by the door. "Get the guns, my boy," he said. "They're loaded. While I throw this other one."

One minute all was quiet as they drank their after-dinner port, and the next saw a terrorist attack, and his host, clad in a dinner jacket, lobbing grenades into his garden, as if he was back in the war—and enjoying it, too.

Before Fernley got back with the guns—a shotgun, shells, a Mauser—there was a shot.

"That's Moira," Cummings said. "We keep two guns upstairs in the bedroom."

Taking the rifle from Fernley, he fired a few shots. "That's over," he said. "Just a tryout, to see if we were ready."

He picked up his glass again. "Lovely color, port, isn't it?" he said. "But you were going to tell me something when we were interrupted, weren't you Bill?"

"I was, John, but it's difficult."

"Shall I do it for you? I've seen a lot of life. I know people. Particularly young men and women." Then he said, "You've been like a son to me, Bill. More than a son in some ways. Because, though everyone wants a son, few people ever seem to breed a good one. A lot of genes and chromosomes," he said, "a lot of mix-ups. The average might be good if you had a hundred children, but . . ."

"You're making it harder for me."

Cummings raised his head. You were going to tell me you're in love with Moira, weren't you?" he said. "And that she's in love with you. I don't know how far it's gone, but pretty far, I'd imagine. You're both young and good looking. And then there's the boredom of the jungle, and the climate, and the moonlight, and the scent of the flowers, and the feeling that life's going on all around you. . . . Butterflies, monkeys, snakes, the lot all happier than you, all fulfilling themselves. . . . Everything's a bit out of kilter here, Bill."

"I . . ." Bill began again, and again he was stopped.

"You want to know what to do, don't you?"

"What am I to do? You're my best friend."

"It's always the best friend's wife who gets seduced, Bill. You see, it's friendship that creates the opportunity." The old man began to chuckle. "Do?" he said, when he'd done laughing. "I'll tell you what to do Bill. Run away with the girl. Elope. Nothing like starting in double harness with a romantic elopement."

"Do you mean you want me to?"

"That's my advice. What I'd do if I were you."

"We want to get married," Bill said. "Will you"—he paused—"will you divorce her?"

Now Cummings laughed. "No."

"Then what do we do?"

"Get married, boy. She was never married to me. Moira's a widow, Bill. And Moira's not her name."

"Then what is her name? What's the mystery? Do you mean you've been living with her and you're tired of her?"

"You'll know her name when I tell you, but be ready for a shock."

"A shock?"

"Moira's real name is Fiona McLeod, who two years ago was accused of murdering her husband at Auchterarder in Perthshire. She was not acquitted, Bill. The case ended, as it can in Scotland, with a verdict of not proven."

"But where do you come into it?"

"I was in England then, on leave, and I got to thinking about it. I was once in love with Fiona's mother and from the photos in the papers, Fiona was like her. So I went to see her lawyers in Perth and I met her. She was broken, Bill. No money—the case had taken all she had—and she was notorious. So I said, 'Come back with me.' She said, 'How can I? How would it look?' 'We'll say we're married,' I said. 'You want me to live with you?' she asked. And I believe she'd have done it. After all, she was desperate."

"I said, 'No, dear. Just live in my house in Malaya. We'll change your appearance a bit.' She was a blonde, so we made her red and changed her hairdo. 'You'll just live in my house till something happens.'"

"What'll happen?" she asked. 'A man,' I said. 'That's what happens to girls, especially pretty girls, and I've got my eye on one for you.'"

The whole case came back to Bill then. There had been a lot of publicity, chiefly because the accused had been a young and pretty woman. McLeod had been poisoned, but no one ever found out by whom. But there had been no motive. No other man, and McLeod was not rich.

"She's a possible murderess, boy. Do you still want to go through with it?"

"You had me in mind all the time?"

"You're the chap I had my eye on. She didn't do it, Bill. But I wanted to make sure of you. You see, I love the girl. She's so like her mother. Spitting image of her. And I want her to have a good home." He laughed again. "But she didn't do it. Three months ago, the cook confessed. She had poisoned four people and is in an asylum now. There wasn't much about it in the papers. Just a little piece in the *Times* and nothing over here. So you never saw it and even if you had, it wouldn't have meant anything to you."

"You're quite clever, aren't you?"

"You know, Bill," he said. "This is too good. The story of how young Bill Fernley ran off with his best friend's wife. That will keep 'em busy at the club for weeks."

THE END



ONE MONDAY WE KILLED THEM ALL

A convicted killer was free, living
under their own roof, threatening their
home, their marriage, their lives....

BY JOHN D. MACDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY THORNTON UTZ

I made that same trip my wife had made, once a month, for five long years, that eighty-mile trip to the State Prison at Harpersburg to see her brother on visiting day, that trip which always left her gray and sad and silent. But I made the trip alone, to get him and bring him back, when the five long years were over.

For five years I had tried to pretend they would never let Dwight McArán out. When the time came, and the pretending was over, he wanted me to come alone to get him. I could not guess why. With a man like McArán, guesses are futile.

At headquarters they knew I was going to drive up and get him. It made a nice item of gossip. Detective-Lieutenant Fenn Hillyer is going up to Harpersburg to get his brother-in-law.

Dwight McArán had served five years, with no time off, for killing Mildred Hanaman, the only daughter of one of the most prominent families in Brook City. And the Hanaman family didn't want him coming back.

But my wife wanted him back, because that was part of her beautiful, carefully constructed dream. Meg felt her half-brother could come back to Brook City and somehow turn into a respected and reliable citizen.

The day before I drove up to Harpersburg, Chief of Police Larry Brint stopped me in the corridor. He is sixty, a mild, worn man with a schoolteacher look, but with an abiding toughness many people have never detected until it was too late. He has made it known to me, indirectly, that I am the man he hopes will take his desk when he retires.

"Fenn," he said, "does Meg understand I'm leaning over backward on this thing?"

"I've been trying to explain it to her."

"There's been all kinds of pressure on me to roust that fellow on his way, and if he wasn't your brother-in-law, boy, that's exactly the way I would handle it. But I've given orders there's to be no harassment in any form."

"You know I appreciate that."

He frowned at me, his head tilted, "But the thing your Meg has to understand is that if he makes one cute move, I can't show an ounce of mercy. I'm taking a risk I don't like, letting him come back here. I can't give him any chance to make me look bad."

We walked out the rear door and stood in the shelter of the entrance roof. It had begun to rain again. Chief Brint said, "With men like McArán, prison either breaks them or turns them into a bomb ready to go off in your face. And I happen to know they didn't break him at Harpersburg. They tried hard enough." He sighed and started out into the rain and turned back. "Fenn, on the way back, you try to get through to him and tell him how it's going to be around here. He's doing Meg no favor by coming back."

"Do you think that would matter to him?"

"Guess not," he said, and sighed. "Most men are both good and bad, all



I snapped the padded lead against her skull, just behind her right ear, striking through the cushion of hair.

ONE MONDAY WE KILLED THEM ALL

(continued)

mixed up together, and the law should give them equal rights and equal justice. But in my life I've run across a few who shouldn't come under the rules, Fenn. You should be able to take them out back and kill them like you would a snake."

And so, on the next morning, I left early and drove through a pale, dreary rain to get Dwight McArán. I drove on narrow highways through the hills where the mines used to be, where now are only the scrubby farms, the poverty, the boredom, the secretive, violent ways of life. It's a stale land, clannish and bitter. Dwight and Meg came out of the steeper hills, more to the south of Brook City, came originally from a hill village named Keepsafe, a small place now abandoned, with the road washed out and gone. I was born and raised in Brook City, and have the flatlander's feeling that the hills are alien, the hill people incomprehensible. All of them except my Meg.

I spent an hour in the prison before I could walk out with Dwight McArán. I was glad to get out of there. I was glad to get away from Deputy Warden Boo Hudson, a fat, smirking man who used to be the sheriff of Brook County until he began running a 'shine operation too boldly. He is a cruel, greedy, ignorant man, and it is a mistake to think he can do less damage in his present position than as county sheriff. He made the mechanics of release as difficult as he could, not only for the sake of tantalizing McArán, but as an exercise of small authority over me.

I was shocked by my first look at Dwight McArán in five years. He had not wanted me to accompany Meg on her visits. At thirty, any last trace of boyishness was long gone. There was a brutal thickening of the tissues of his face, and a pale webbing of scars against the dulled gray of prison flesh. His cropped, coppery hair was thinning on top and graying at the temples. He wore the expensive suit which had fitted him well at the time he was admitted, but was now too tight across the span of shoulders, too slack at the waist. He stood with the beast patience of a draft animal and endured Boo Hudson's taunts and threats.

Finally he was free. We went through the gates and walked to the parking lot, toward my six-year-old car.

"Hudson made it rough," I said as I started the car.

"For five years he made it rough. Those were his orders."

As I headed east out of Harpersburg, I glanced at Dwight from time to time. The silence was not awkward, merely because he was totally indifferent to what kind of impression he might be making on me. In an almost hidden line of the thickened brow, in the weight and placement of his

pale green eyes, in the curving of that broken mouth, I could see a remote echo of the contours of the face of my wife.

Dwight McArán is a big man, but it is not until you notice the details—the astonishing thickness of his wrists, or the thigh which strains the fabric of his trousers, or the neck too large for ready-made dress shirts—that he begins to look almost mythologically massive and indestructible. Men scout our hills, searching out this mercilessly tough breed, bidding against each other to give them the best scholarship deal. McArán played six years of schoolboy fullback, five years of offensive guard at State, and one NFL season as a rookie linebacker before he killed Mildred Hanaman.

"Why did you want me to come alone to pick you up, Dwight?"

"Maybe, in front of Meg, you couldn't tell me the official cop attitude."

"You shouldn't come back to Brook City. That's the official attitude."

"I need a nice visit with my loving sister."

"For how long?"

"What difference does that make, Lieutenant?"

"You killed the only daughter of a prominent family."

"Killing somebody less important would have been okay?"

"Come off it! You know what I mean. Paul Hanaman is still the publisher of the *Daily Press*, and he's still a director of the Merchant's Bank and Trust, and he's still got a lot of weight in the party. None of that has changed, and neither he nor young Paul want you around town, reminding them of what happened to Mildred. Nobody will dare give you a job."

"Who needs a job? I've got some money stashed."

I had to tell myself it would do no good to yell at him, so when I could speak in a reasonable tone, I said, "Isn't it a little childish to make this kind of gesture, Dwight?"

"Brook City took something away from me. I want it back."

"How? I can tell you this about the cop attitude, McArán. One half step out of line and the roof falls in on you. Maybe you think it's very tough and daring to come back to Brook City. But you're trading on me, on my job. If I wasn't married to Meg, you wouldn't stay free inside the city limits over twenty minutes."

He turned and grinned at me, and it was the first change of expression I'd seen on his face. "That's just how I figured it. My sweet sister is married to a dedicated cop. You're my front man, Hillyer. Why should I feel guilty about using that?"

I was coming down a winding grade, and in my anger I pushed the car up to seventy. I could have saved a lot of people a lot of agony then and there if

I'd yanked the wheel hard right and taken us over the edge.

After a long time of silence between us, I came down around the shoulder of West Hill where Dwight could see, for the first time in five years, the murky jumble of Brook City spreading across the flatland six miles away. We came down the grade and joined the heavy truck traffic on Route 60 and followed it into town, past the junk yards, block plants, and taverns. As I drove through the business section, McArán sat forward, turning his big head from side to side, his eyes quick and busy.

I drove home to the small frame house on Cedar Street. It was half past noon as I turned into my driveway. I knew the neighbors were peering out at the car, though I saw no one. This was enough drama to take them away from daytime television. The cop and the killer.

I parked short of the detached garage. Lulu came prancing, whining and grinning to offer greetings. She is a portly white dog, so full of humble love and emotional insecurity that she needs constant reassurance of her merit and is hysterical in demanding it. When I dodged the muddy front paws, she tried to jump at McArán. He met the leap with a quick, hard lift of his knee. It hit her so solidly in the chest, she landed asprawl six feet away. She rolled to her feet and stood crouched, ears back, tail tucked under, then gave a shrill keen of spinster despair and fled around the corner of the garage.

I don't want to read too much into the incident. I could have understood anger or even deliberate brutality. But McArán wasn't irritated or even interested. He did it the way I would wave a fly away from my face.

Meg came hurrying out onto the small back porch and down the steps and across the yard toward us, making sounds of welcome. For a nightmare instant I imagined another hard lift of that knee, sufficient to send her tumbling across the sodden lawn.

They embraced, and then went toward the house, arm in arm, with Meg asking questions so rapidly, Dwight had no chance to answer them. I followed along behind them into the kitchen aromas of the lunch which Meg had fixed with special loving care. . . .

At the time I met Margaret McArán, I had begun to think I would never marry anyone. I never had much luck with girls. I could never talk easily to them, or think of things to make them laugh. I'm one of those gangling, somber men with a lean, sad, and sallow face, coarse, straight, brown hair. My only confidence was in knowing I was a good cop. I was born of mill people in a mill town, and perhaps I have always taken life a little too seriously.

I was on assignment to Special Traffic one winter day, making an investigation

of a school-crossing accident. It was at the Hall Palmer Elementary School, and a first-grade teacher named Margaret McArán had been an eyewitness. I arranged to talk to her at the school, right after classes let out. She waited for me in one of the administration offices. There was a pearly winter light in that room, and a weak desk lamp, but she seemed to have her own light—as if she had some trick of collecting and focusing all the light around her and reflecting it back at you, so that it seemed to take a special effort and a special boldness to look right at her. She had such a richness of bright, coppery hair that it looked tousled and unkempt even when most carefully brushed and fixed. Her pale skin glowed with her abundant health. Her eyes were very green and very direct. She was a big girl, and moved with that protective dignity big girls have, yet looked capable of quick, explosive grace. Her voice was low and slow and slightly harsh, almost concealing the intonations and elisions of the hill country behind the grammar of her education. I found out later that on that first day I met her, she was one day past her twenty-second birthday.

I cannot properly describe her impact upon me. She dried my mouth. I bungled the questions I asked, and forgot her answers while I was writing them down. I felt, in my uniform, like a fool kid dressed up for a costume party. I sensed that behind her impenetrable calm, she was amused at me.

When I left, I knew a few things about her—that it was her first year of teaching, that she was living in a boarding house at 26 Crown Street where several teachers lived, that she was the sister of Dwight McArán, the football player.

Any fool could have told me I stood no chance with her. I knew it, and kept telling it to myself. I could not stay away from her. I became a great burden to her. I arranged my time so that she could seldom walk to or from school without the scarecrow cop falling in step with her and making his stilted small talk. She would not go out with me. But she did not forbid me to walk with her, and she would answer direct questions. Her friends kidded her about me. My fellow cops gave me a similar ride. One of them made it a little too rough, and I had to fight him, and won when nobody believed I would, including me.

I learned everything I could about her. I had an incurable thirst to know everything there was to know, and I learned things from many sources. She'd been born thirty miles back in the hills, in the tiny settlement of Kcepsafe, the only daughter of Red McArán, a big, wild, reckless, brawling man who had not lived long enough to have other daughters. Meg's mother had died when Meg was three months old, and the tragedy had made her father more violent and unpredictable than before. He had come down

to Brook City, married a dull-minded Division Street chippy, and taken her back up into the hard hill-country life. The second wife had given birth to Dwight when Meg was two. Not long after that, Red McArán was knifed to death. The second wife left the two small children with Red's uncle and disappeared.

Had Meg not been such a bright, industrious, likable child, her history might have been quite different. But when her great-uncle died when she was ten, and her great-aunt was institutionalized, Meg and her brother were taken in by one of her teachers rather than becoming wards of the county. After she began to win awards and scholarships, Dwight began to achieve local fame as an athlete. She decided on normal school and a teaching career so that she could more quickly begin to help Dwight through college.

I found one old man who could tell me how it had been for the McArán children. "I seen them go by lots of times, them two raggedy kids with the same bright-color hair, her holding his hand fierce and proud and strong. They was the two of them against the world, and she was the one knowing it best, making sure his belly got filled first, staring a hole through any sorry person tried to trouble them. Later on, of course, it got different when he sort of pulled away from her and was making himself known as an athlete and getting in scrapes, but never getting put onto the road gang the way they should have done him. But what I remember best is her hauling him along, those two heads shining in the sun, her chin up like a queen, coming barefoot down the dusty road there with a nickel for stale bread."

On a May evening, I stopped to check a carelessly parked car, and I was less cautious than I perhaps would have been if I hadn't had her so much on my mind. The drunk who had stolen the car bent a tire iron over my skull, and I was in a coma for sixty hours, while the drunk waited in a cell to find out if it was going to be a felony or murder charge. I woke up on a Thursday and was permitted visitors that Saturday.

Meg came in to see me. She sat beside my bed. For once she seemed as shy as I was. We made wooden conversation.

At long last, with all the courage I could muster, I said, "I thought it would probably be a nice change for you . . . I mean, to have nobody hanging around all the time."

She looked at me and looked away and looked back. She moistened her lips. "I thought it would. The girls kidded me. But . . . Fenn, I missed you. I kept looking around. I . . . I plain missed you."

She touched my hand and fled.

So the great good luck of Margaret McArán came into my life, and I found it difficult to believe. I felt miserably unworthy of her. I tried to tell her, that

summer, what a fool she was to let herself go for such a price. By then I had learned to talk to her, more easily than I could have ever thought possible. I got a ringing slap, a fierce kiss, a look of tears, and a demand that I never say such an idiot thing again. She told me I was her man, her luck, her importance in the world, and she felt grateful she was what I seemed to want.

We had an August honeymoon in the hills, with a borrowed station wagon and food and camping gear and her knowledge of forgotten roads and lovely, hidden places. And came back to a life smaller than what I would have wished for her.

When we were first married, her brother was such a small cloud on our horizon, I seldom noticed it. I had met him for the first time at the wedding. He had taken time off from a summer job in a construction company to come to Brook City to give the bride away.

Even amid the tension of the bridegroom, I felt wary of him. Any professional policeman will tell you there is no such thing as a criminal countenance, but most any cop will admit he sometimes can detect a telltale strangeness about a man who has the capacity for lawless violence.

He will say he has a hunch, and it is the amalgam of many small impressions, most of which would be meaningless taken alone.

I saw a husky young man of obvious vitality, dressed with considerable care and expense. I talked to him and found he had no opinions about abstract things—politics, religion. I knew from Meg that he had always avoided anything requiring persistent effort. He was enthusiastic about the next moment, but ignored next week. He had considerable surface charm and attractiveness, seemed impulsive and unreliable, and enjoyed leading an active, eventful life. I learned he liked to exaggerate and dramatize. He lied about money, made promises he had no intention of keeping, had no specific goal in life, and seemed prone to overindulge himself in anything that struck his fancy. I sensed how he had used Meg and would use anybody who loved him, and could charm them into forgiveness.

When we got back from the honeymoon, we found Dwight had talked his way into Meg's room, had walked out with her radio and typewriter and pawned them for twenty dollars. I got them back. Meg forgave him.

So now I had brought a much older McArán back from Harpersburg and reunited him with his loving sister and watched him kick our dog.

Meg took him to the bedroom she'd fixed up for him. It was a two-bedroom house when we bought it. On nights and on days off, I'd turned a side porch into another bedroom so Bobby and Judy could each have a room of their own. It

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(continued)

had been Bobby's room for three years, and he hadn't been gracious about giving it up to his uncle and moving back in with his sister, back into a revolting welter of dolls and tiny dishes.

Meg had gotten all of Dwight's things out of storage and had unpacked them and put everything in order, all his clothes and gear. She even had his trophies on the shelf where Bohhy had kept his models of racing cars, all the cups and plaques freshly polished and shining.

I stood in the doorway as she showed him the room. He looked at everything too quickly, too indifferently. He sat on the bed and said, "Nice, Sis."

Looking crestfallen, she said, "I wanted it to be nice."

He reached over and turned Bobby's radio on. He found some cheap, rackety music and turned it too high. Meg took the savings account book from the bureau, sat beside him on the bed, and explained the figures, speaking loudly to be heard above the music. "And this is what I got for the car. I had them figure the interest on it last week, so this is what you've got right now."

"How do I get it out?"

"We have to go to the Savings and Loan so you can make out a signature card. Then you can take out as much as you want, any time."

"Can you take it out?"

"Yes, dear."

"So go take it out."

"But that would be a lot of cash to carry around. . . ."

He snapped the radio off. "Is it hard to understand, Meg? Take the money out. Bring it home. Give me the money."

I didn't wait around to hear any more of it. I went out back and looked for Lulu. She was under the garage, as far back as she could get, muzzle on her paws, staring out at me. I told her she was the world's most satisfactory dog, but she was unmoved.

When I went back into the kitchen, Meg was peering at something in the oven. "What I really liked," I said, "was the way he kept jumping up and down and saying, 'Whee.'"

She straightened up, turning to face me, her eyes as green as glacial ice. "After five years of being a playboy in all the fun places of the world, he's got so he says 'Whee' at every little thing."

"But he could have at least—"

"I'm not doing anything for thanks, Fenn, and I didn't expect any of this to be easy. But if we both try real hard, maybe we can—make it im-impossible."

I went to her quickly and held her close. I could hear the shower running and knew Dwight was scrubbing away the prison stench. "I'm sorry, honey," I told her. "I want him to be nicer to you."

She moved out of my arms and sighed and said, "He'll be better in a little while." She looked at me with eyes full of woe. "Did they have to change him so much? What good does that do?"

"Five years changes anybody, inside or outside prison."

"Did he tell you what he wants to do?"

"No. He thinks Brook City gave him a raw deal."

"He's right, isn't he?"

"Maybe. But he's wrong if he thinks there's anything he can do about it." There was no point in my trying to explain to her he had been lucky to get off with five years. Even after hearing the testimony at the trial, Meg had never believed Dwight had hit that girl hard enough to kill her. When the shower sound stopped, Meg began to set the table. I went out and sat on the back steps. Maybe if, instead of Mildred Hanaman, it had been a B girl in one of the Division Street bars, he might have gone free. There was an element of doubt.

After his first full season of pro ball, McAran had come to Brook City in January with the idea of setting up some sort of business connection which would support him during the off season, and provide some kicks. He rented a bachelor apartment, gave interviews to the sports reporters, talked to luncheon clubs, and hunted for work. He tried selling insurance and didn't care for it. He clerked in a sporting goods store for a little while. He began to get too many moving-vehicle violations in his blue convertible, and the tickets got heavier. He got in with a fast, rough crowd, and was seen often at the joints in the Division Street area. I didn't attach any particular significance to that until Chief Larry Brint called me in one day and told me that an informer had tipped off one of our officers to the fact that McAran was on Jeff Kermer's payroll at about two hundred a week.

"Doing what?" I asked blankly.

"Enforcing, apparently. Some of the people down there were getting out of line. McAran is the muscle Jeff is using to bring them back into the fold. You heard about Davie Morissa."

I knew about Davie, the owner-manager of the Brass Ring on the corner of Division and Third. He'd recently checked into the hospital with two snapped wrists, a dislocated shoulder, some minor internal bleeding, and a tale of having fallen down his own cellar stairs. We had wasted official time interrogating him.

"McAran did that?" I asked.

"And Kermer liked the job, so I heard. So I'll go talk to Kermer and you have a little chat with the hero."

I caught McAran at his apartment at the Brookway at eleven in the morning. He was full of injured indignation. Sure, he'd heard that Jeff Kermer was a big man in Brook City, but he didn't work for him. Yes, he did a lot of his drinking in

Kermer's place, the Holiday Lounge, but that was because Jeff gave him a little discount on the bar tab, because Jeff had the idea that he helped attract business to the joint.

By the time I was certain he was lying and would keep on lying, Mildred Hanaman came strolling out of the bathroom and registered surprise that was a little too elaborate.

She wore a sweater and skirt. She was a lean, blonde girl, random as the March wind, spuriously elegant, with beauty marred by a mouth too slack, too mobile, too given to framing every word with such exaggerated care, she seemed to be addressing a world of lip readers. Dwight, in robe and beard-stubble, remained seated, gestured toward her, and asked me if I knew her.

I knew Mildred from one of the times when she had racked up a car. Her father's paper killed the stories of her difficulties. She had been thrown out of too many schools, had emptied too many bottles, known too many men, had had too much money from a trust her grandmother had left her. She was twenty-two, and seemed to believe all members of the Brook City Police worked for her father. Paul, Junior, her brother, was four years older—an owlish, predictable fellow who had seemed middle-aged all the way through childhood.

McAran reached out a brawny arm and pulled Mildred close. She sat on the arm of his chair and they looked at me with a kindred mockery.

"The Sergeant thinks I work for Jeff," Dwight said.

"How exciting!" Mildred said, "I wish you did, sweetie. Then you could take your turn picking up our tabs hither and yon. Sergeant, we just hang around the Holiday Lounge because it's a fun place. Aren't we keeping you from putting tickets on cars or something?"

As I walked toward the elevator, I could hear her distant laughter. There was an inevitability about their relationship. It had to happen, but I guessed it wouldn't last long. Neither of them wanted anything to last very long.

Larry Brint had made no headway with Jeff Kermer. The reform element in Brook City is forever agitating to have us put Kermer out of business. But we have a realistic relationship, an unwritten power pact, with him. We keep hands off all the Kermer operations, and in turn he keeps the area immune from organized narcotics, certain categories of vice, and big-time crimes of theft and violence. As a result, our FBI statistics run low, and it is reasonably safe to walk our streets at night. Kermer is a reasonable man, struggling for a precarious respectability. We deal with the devil we know, and keep our channels of information open.

It is curious to note that Dwight McAran might not have been sentenced to Harpersburg were it not for Kermer's

yen for respectability. Jeff had been expanding into legitimate enterprise for many years, and thus had allied himself with that commercial pressure group captained by Paul Hanaman, Senior.

McAran killed the girl six weeks after I talked to the two of them in McAran's apartment. By then McAran had broken off the relationship, and the girl was hurt and furious. She had a few drinks on a Saturday night and went looking for McAran and finally found him at midnight in one of the private rooms at the Holiday Lounge in a four-handed game of stud poker. They quarreled. She wandered out to the bar and came back with a drink and tried to renew the quarrel. He ignored her. She poured the drink over his head. In dodging his backhand blow, she fell down, and laughed at him. He got a towel and dried his hair and face and went back to the game, ignoring her again. She worked herself into a violent rage and sprang at him from behind, reaching around him to claw at his eyes. He jumped up, tipping his chair over, grasped her, and walked her back against the wall near the door, held her there with his left hand and punished her with his open right hand, backhand and forehand, until there was no resistance in her. He kept striking her until his companions pulled him away. She collapsed, semi-conscious. They continued the game. Perhaps five minutes later, she got to her feet and left. When she walked through the bar area, several people noted the puffed, discolored condition of her face. She left the Holiday Lounge at ten minutes to one. She arrived home forty minutes later. The drive would normally take fifteen minutes. The maid heard her drive in. She remained in bed most of Sunday, complaining of nausea, headache, and faulty vision. After the maid found her dead in her bed Monday noon, an autopsy was performed, and the cause of death was established. A traumatic rupture of a minor blood vessel in the left hemisphere of the brain had caused a slow build-up of pressure which finally blocked the blood supply to those deeper areas controlling respiration and heartbeat. No abnormality was noted in the area of the hemorrhage. Specialists concurred in the coroner's opinion that the facial bruises indicated blows of sufficient severity to have possibly caused the brain damage.

The charge was murder in the second degree. It was a weak case. There was room for reasonable doubt. The girl was drunk. She could have fallen before or after McAran worked her over. And what was she doing during the extra twenty-five minutes between the bar and her home?

But the prosecution, with all the Hanaman weight behind it, had made massive preparations. And the three other men in the poker game, all directly or indirectly on Kermer's payroll, made it sound

as if McAran had beaten the girl to death in front of them.

Before summations there was an adjournment, a conference, and a change of plea to guilty of manslaughter.

I visited Dwight McAran in his cell after he had been sentenced to five years and was waiting to be transported to Harpersburg. He was stunned, bitter, and outraged. He called me foul names and said I had helped frame him.

"They threw me away," McAran said, wonderingly. "Those guys could have testified the other way. But Jeff had to suck along with the Hanaman family. There's a dozen ways they could have got me out of it, but they wanted to pull me down."

"It won't last forever."

He looked at me. "Tell them that, Hillyer. Tell Jeff and the Hanamans I'm going to come back here some day."

"Don't talk like a punk kid." He flexed his meaty hand, looked down at it, and said in a wondering voice, "I wasn't even very sore. You know? I got kind of in the rhythm of it, popping her head back and forth, catching it just right, like a game with a ball." His voice rose to a whine of bitter complaint. "Why didn't they realize she wasn't worth it? What makes her worth five whole years? She didn't care what she did, what happened to her!"

"Meg wants to know what she can do for you."

He looked sullenly at me. "What can she do? Sew in name tapes? Pack a lunch? Get out of here, Hillyer."

I couldn't get another word out of him. He didn't look up when I left. I confess a certain guilty satisfaction which I couldn't let Meg see. He'd had the world his own way, and we all knew that Harpersburg would hammer him down to a condition of humble, anxious obedience. But we were all wrong. . . .

That first meal with the released prisoner was not what Meg had hoped it would be. She had prepared food he had always loved. She made spritely conversation, and I had to help her laugh at her own little jokes. McAran was in a yellow sweater, gray slacks, his cropped hair slightly damp from his shower.

Gone was all the easy charm and animation she remembered. I had tried to tell her in advance to expect the prison mark on him. They lose the knack for chatter. They lose the normal mobility of expression. They do not move suddenly or aimlessly, or move their lips when they talk. There is a deadness in their tone of voice, a restriction of normal eye movement. He kept trying to remember to eat slowly, to break that prison habit of gobbling the food. He kept his eyes down, answered when she spoke to him. The only comment he volunteered was to say he kept seeing the brightness of the sweater after the gray-twill years. Near the end of the meal he suddenly turned gray and the sweat stood out on his face.

He excused himself hastily. The food had been too rich. We heard the distant, wretched sounds of illness.

The tears ran down Meg's face. "He doesn't like anything," she said hopelessly. "I'm trying so hard, but I don't know what he wants."

My heart went out to her. I didn't want her to be so troubled and so hurt. It made me feel helpless, too. "You're doing all you can," I told her. "It will take time."

The phone rang. I took it. A girl wanted to speak to McAran. Her voice was young and uncertain. As I was saying he would call her back, he appeared beside me and took the phone. He seemed very tense as he answered. But suddenly the tension turned to indifference. "Oh, it's you. Yes, it's nice to be out. Sure. What? Later on. Let me get used to being on the outside first, kid. 'By."

He hung up and looked at me with lazy defiance. "That cop nose is quivering, Lieutenant."

"Dwight!" Meg said.

McAran ignored her. "Lieutenant, her name is Cathie Perkins and she was seventeen when they sent me up, and she has been writing me for five years. When I clerked in the Sport Spot, I sold her a pair of bowling shoes. A cute blonde, and her daddy is a teacher, and she thinks I was cruelly persecuted."

Meg said, "There's a Mr. Perkins at the high school. He's a widower with five daughters. He teaches history, Theodore Perkins."

"This is the middle one of the five," Dwight said. "Any more questions, Lieutenant?"

I studied him for a moment. "Just one, maybe. Who did you think was on the line—until you found out it was Cathie Perkins?"

The prison mask was unreadable. "I thought it was free dancing lessons," he said, and went back to his room.

Meg looked thoughtful and pleased. "That's a good family, dear," she said. "The Perkins girls are nice. A really decent girl would be very good for Dwight." Somehow I kept myself from making the obvious response.

I went back to work that afternoon. Police Headquarters occupies an ugly stone wing tacked onto the City Hall in the late twenties. The County Courthouse is half a block away. I parked behind the wing and went up to the squad room on the second floor. Eleven of the fifteen bullpen desks were empty. Three of the four men there were on the phone and a trio of scared-looking teen-agers were sitting on one of the wall benches. I walked through to my office. Detective-Sergeant Johnny Hooper was at my desk, talking on the phone. He started to get up, but I waved him back. I checked the duty roster. The shift was undermanned, as usual. The teletype sheets were on the spindle. I had finished going through them when Johnny hung up. "All junk," he said. "A

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(continued)

quiet day. Raglin checked out a suicide by gunshot, with note. Rossman nailed down the auto-parts theft thing. I've got everybody working on backlog stuff—until something breaks."

Johnny Hooper is one of the good ones. He looks like a big, clumsy, tow-headed, country boy, but the work has purged him of any lingering innocence, and he doesn't count his hours.

"How come you're still on? You came on at midnight, Johnny."

"Chuck's little girl is sick. He'll be in at four to take the desk, Fenn. How did it go with McArán?"

"Boo Hudson suggested I stop the car halfway home and kill him, just as soon as I crossed the county line. I may wish I had."

"The Chief wants to see you."

I walked down the corridor to Larry Brint's office and sat on his green leather couch and gave him my appraisal of Dwight McArán. He leaned back and listened, a mild and attentive expression on his schoolteacher face. When I had finished, he sighed and said, "One man out of every ten thousand, you hammer him hard enough and long enough, you create a new creature in the world—a saint, an idiot, or a monster. Skip Johnson bought me a four-dollar lunch today at the Downtown Club. He didn't have to say he was acting in behalf of both the Hanamans and Jeff Kermer. He's tied to both of them in business ways. He suggested, in a roundabout way, I should reconsider my decision to let McArán come back to town. He said it was shaking public confidence in me. He said the taxpayers might want me suspended while the Common Council investigates the operations of this department."

"Could they do that?"

"I don't think they'll try, Fenn. We kept smiling at each other. I said if the public had no confidence in me, I'd just elect to take my retirement right now instead of waiting five more years, and I'd get my best men relocated in some other city where the department didn't take orders from newspaper publishers or fancy hoodlums, and then they could do whatever they wanted about McArán. Then I thanked him for lunch."

"Chief, maybe we ought to just—"

"Shut up, Hillyer! We could plant a gun on him and frame him back into Harpersburg by tomorrow, or get his promise to move along and keep moving. But I won't be pressured into it. Not by the Hanamans. Not by Kermer. McArán has to make the first move. And I think he will. We'll take over from there. Then it will be something you can make Meg understand. If you had any hand in framing him, it could come between you and Meg. That would be tough on you both."

"But... suppose they try this suspension thing?"

"They won't. It was a bluff. But Kermer might come up with a simpler answer."

"What do you mean?"

"If the country club life hasn't softened Jeff up too much, he might bring in somebody to remove the threat. Then we'd all be in the clear. But I think Jeff feels too safe. He'll take precautions, so McArán can't get close to him. But he might be forgetting that McArán had five years to think about it."

"There's one thing about that, Larry. I can't see McArán going after Kermer or the Hanamans just to get even. That would be a little too emotional. He'd have to set it up so he'd make out well at the same time."

Larry nodded agreement. "So let's wait a while and see what happens."

When I went back to work, Chuok West had relieved Johnny Hooper. I worked on into the night, immersing myself in all the familiar details of the job, comforting myself with the known patterns of stealth and violence, investigation and arrest, the tensions and conflicts of the night. I had phoned Meg and told her I wouldn't be home for dinner, making my reasons sound plausible. I had a chance to go get something to eat at eight o'clock. I walked to Shilligan's Courthouse Café, sat alone in one of the mahogany booths, and ordered the beef stew.

Stu Dockerty slid into the booth and put his stein of draught beer on the scarred table and smiled at me. He is a reporter for the Hanaman paper, the *Brook City Daily Press*. He is a dapper man in his forties, so purposely elegant in dress, manner, and speech that too many people underestimate the shrewdness of him, the implacable curiosity, the tough, relentless mind. He covers city and county police work and the criminal courts. We are friends, in a guarded way, the only way possible for people who are willing to use each other for the sake of the job at hand. At times he has bucked Hanaman policy when he thought it unfair to the force.

"A dull day and a dull evening," he said. "The morning edition will be a dreary one. I could jazz it up a bit, Lieutenant, with a personal interview feature: how it feels to have a killer staying with you as a house guest."

"Isn't he getting enough editorial coverage?"

"That's not my doing, which I don't have to tell you. Seriously, Fenn, what's McArán's attitude? Not for publication."

Dockerty's word was inviolate. "Sour. More than sour, Stu. Bitter, smart, tough, dangerous, and too confident."

"So I'll have some kind of a story, sooner or later. For your sake, Fenn, I hope it's a small story. If he uses your home as a base for something big, Larry

Brint won't be able to cover you. You know that."

"Yes. I know. Larry knows. But Meg doesn't realize it."

There was a rare compassion in his expression. "She's never really had a good look at that animal, has she? I hope your luck runs good, Fenn. I hope she gets that one good look, so she'll know she's wrong about him. Then there'd be less hurt in it for her."

"When they put him away, Stu, it was as if all the sounds of life went out of my home. Meg was meant to be a joyful woman, humming and singing and whistling around the house, playing fool jokes on me and the kids, laughing at every small thing. Then it stopped, and it was six months before she began to be more like herself. I'd feel like whispering when I went home. She'd get up in the middle of the night and I'd find her in the living room, sitting in the dark all by herself, and there was nothing I could say to her that would help."

He looked at me gravely and said, "Speaking as a survivor of three tiresome marriages, Fenn, let me say that a woman who can't be saddened is a woman who can't feel a genuine joy either. Be glad of it."

"But it could be worse this time."

On my way home at ten o'clock, I thought of how frail was the chance Meg would ever see her half-brother in any objective light. She had such a great capacity for savage, defensive, unrelenting loyalty. Until the killing of Mildred Hanaman, she thought of all the unsavory trouble he had been in as mere boyish pranks, high-spirited fun. When I had tried to tell her he had been working for Kermer as an enforcer, she had absolutely refused to believe it. She would not even believe he had struck the Hanaman girl until she heard the courtroom testimony. He was her little brother, and she would stand between him and a world which neither understood nor appreciated him.

The kids were in bed. Meg sat on the couch, patching a pair of Bobby's khaki pants. Dwight was sprawled in my chair, watching a television western. He looked up and gave a grunt of surly greeting. I sat beside Meg and we made awkward, aimless talk until, at ten thirty, McArán stood up and yawned, said, "See you around," and went off to bed. I turned the set off and went back and sat beside Meg. She put her sewing aside and said in a low tone, "He had a long nap after lunch. Then he went out in the back yard for a little while. Except for when we ate, he's been sitting here and watching television ever since."

"You're upset about something."

She shrugged, made a face. "There were some sick, nasty phone calls. Four of them. And cars driving by, real slow, going around and around the block, staring at the house. Don't look so upset,

dear. There's a new rule. The kids don't answer the phone."

"I don't think that will keep up. How has Dwight acted?"

"Remote. sort of. He doesn't want to talk about it, I guess. Honey, he didn't realize that's your chair he was in."

"I don't have to sit in a particular chair. How did it go with the kids?"

"He didn't pay any particular attention to them. Bobby seemed very reserved around him. But you know how Judy is. She jabbered at him a mile a minute. She's certain everybody loves her. When I saw she was getting on Dwight's nerves, I broke it up. Oh, I forgot. That Cathie Perkins phoned again, and they talked quite a long time. While Dwight was napping, I called Betty Robling and asked her about Cathie. Betty says she's nice enough, but sort of strange and hard to control. She works in the business office at the phone company. It would be so good for Dwight if he could start dating a really nice girl."

Lulu came very cautiously into the living room, whined at me, and looked abashed. "Darn dog!" Meg said. "Every time she sees Dwight, she yowls and runs."

"Because he kicked her, I guess."

Meg looked at me uncertainly. "Is that some kind of joke, dear?"

"No. When we first got here, just before you came out, she started to jump up and he gave her one hell of a thump with his knee."

"But it was an accident!"

"Lulu doesn't think so. She landed on her back six feet away."

Meg frowned into space. "But . . . if he *did* kick her on purpose . . . I guess it was because he was just getting here and he was nervous and—"

I tried to take her in my arms, but she pulled away gently and stood up and said good night in a small voice and went off to bed. Lulu bumped her head against my leg and I scratched her behind the ears. She whined again. She did not like this new strangeness in her home. Nor did I. When I looked down into Lulu's brown, adoring eyes, I wondered if that was the shade of Cathie Perkins' eyes, too.

Two days later, I went to the high school and talked to Mr. Perkins in his office. He was a big, balding, gentle man, quite willing to talk about his concern over Cathie's infatuation with McArán. He told me she had been a dreamy, imaginative child, and he had thought this fantasy would end; he never realized it would last five years. I did not tell him how familiar a phenomenon it is in police work, how often women get the delusion they can patch up the broken lives of violent men. He said Cathie had been getting increasingly tense and absent-minded during the past few months. Then he asked me if there was any chance of it working out.

"None," I told him.

"But McArán is your brother-in-law, living right in your home!"

"Which has very little to do with the fact that he's a dangerous man."

It upset him to have his suspicions confirmed, and he begged me to talk to his daughter. Though I suspected it was a poor idea, I met her when she left the phone company at five o'clock. We had coffee in a lunchroom booth a half block away. She was a tall, brown-eyed blonde, with a round, pretty, somewhat immature face. She exuded martyred defiance. She told me her father made her promise to talk to me. I smiled and told her I knew I was meddling in something that was none of my business. It disarmed her slightly. Then I asked her why she had written to Dwight in the first place.

"Because everybody was against him!" she said hotly. "It wasn't fair. He needed to have someone to believe in him. And I remember him from the time I bought the bowling shoes. He was sweet and funny, and he made me laugh. He was nice to me. I didn't have enough money, so he found a lot of crazy, imaginary things wrong with the shoes and marked them down. It wasn't his fault, what happened to him. It was all because he got mixed up with that terrible Hanaman girl, and I don't think he killed her. He's written me the most beautiful letters. He couldn't kill anybody!"

"He's always been charming to pretty girls."

"His letters haven't been charming. They've been sincere."

"So what's the next step?"

She looked troubled. "I don't know. I want to help him any way I can. I want to see him."

"What if you should find out he isn't the kind of man you think he is, Cathie?"

"Oh, I *know* what he's like, Lieutenant Hillyer. He may act hurt and angry, but underneath he's very sweet."

"For two hundred sweet dollars a week, he sweetly beat up smaller men for Jeff Kermer. Hospitalized them."

"You're making that up, Lieutenant Hillyer. Did my father come to you and ask you to tell me lies about Dwight?"

"You're a nice girl, Cathie, I'm asking you to do one thing. Don't close your mind. Keep one little part of it open and wary. Look for the possibility that everything he's written and said to you is because he wants to use you in some way. If he lets you in on some plan which seems . . . wrong to you, I want you to let me know about it."

"You're asking me to . . . spy on him?"

"You think the relationship is good. If it is, a little wariness in the beginning isn't going to bankrupt it."

"You really don't know him at all, do you?"

"And you do?"

"I know I do."

"He's always been able to make women believe in him. My wife believes in him. I

think he's going to hurt her . . . badly. And you, too. But neither of you wants to listen. Please be careful, Cathie."

She looked at her watch. "I'm sorry. I can't help you. I trust him. He needs trust." She blushed slightly. "But you're nicer than I thought you'd be. He wrote about you once. I have to go now, Lieutenant."

"I could tell you some other things."

"I know. But I wouldn't believe them, would I?"

We left the lunchroom. She refused a ride. I watched her walk to the corner. The wind touched her blonde hair and tugged at the hem of her narrow skirt. She walked like a lady. I knew she was another victim. As long as McArán lived, he would never run out of victims.

My days were full of a restless, irritable impatience. I did not enjoy going home, and I felt guilty when I stayed away. Even when Dwight was in Bobby's room with the door closed, I could feel his presence in every part of the house. I had to have another serious talk with Bobby. I'd had a long talk with him before I went to Harpersburg to get McArán, at the time when the other kids in school had started to tease him about his jailbird uncle. Meg told me, and I had noticed, that he was acting strange and sullen. So on the first really pleasant Saturday morning of the year, I walked to the playground with him and we sat on a bench and talked.

Bobby said the kids were not giving him a hard time. He said nothing was wrong. He was too elaborately indifferent. I told him that this attitude was worrying his mother, and it was our job to make everything easier for her, not rougher. I said she loved us, but she loved her brother, too, and he would just have to try to accept that.

"I *hate* that dirty killer!" he said vehemently, surprisingly.

"Hey now! Steady, boy. What's he done to you?"

He tried to retreat back into indifference. "He hasn't done anything to me." After all the interrogation work I've done, I couldn't fail to note the faint emphasis on "me." I soon found out he had a secret he didn't want to keep. It was too much for him. It all came tumbling out.

He had come home from school and had walked into the kitchen just in time to see McArán strike Meg in the stomach with his fist and knock her back against the sink, then stride to his room and slam the door. He had heard his mother gasp and gag and weep, and he had wept with her because it was a thing he could not comprehend. In the telling he wept again, and I wanted to hold him, but he was eight years old, and in full view of his friends on the playground.

He looked up at me with wet eyes and said, "You'll put him back in jail, won't you, Dad?"

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(continued)

"That would only hurt your mother in a different way, Bobby."

"But he's spoiling . . . our house!"

I knew what he meant. It was so close to the way I felt. Some of his friends were calling him. He ignored them. I put my hand on his shoulder and gave him a little shake. "I wish I could say I'm going home and fix everything. A father should be able to say that. But I have to tell you to wait, Bobby. Try to act like yourself, so your mother won't worry. We both have to wait, and hope that pretty soon everything will be the way it used to be."

"I guess you can't even hit him back," he said moodily.

"I would like to, son. But it would just make things worse for her."

"I'm glad you made me tell. But don't tell Mom I told."

I watched the ball game for a while and then I walked home. Meg was marketing. Dwight was in his room, the radio blaring. When Meg drove in, I carried the groceries in, then sat on a counter top and watched her put things away. I will never tire of watching the way she moves. She had a deftness, a balance, a certainty about things. I indulged myself in a red, raw anger as I thought of the blow, and my voice was thick as I said, "How many times has your dear brother slugged you?"

She stopped with her hand on the refrigerator door, and did not turn. "Just that once. You pried it out of Bobby." She turned and looked at me accusingly.

"It's too big a secret for an eight-year-old, Meg. It's a dirty thing to see. He'll carry it around for a long, long time."

"Dwight didn't know he was anywhere around when . . ."

I went over to her. "What difference does that make? Honey, I can accept the fact that you're in the middle, between Dwight and me. But where do the kids come into the equation?"

She tried to smile. "I guess a lot of husbands have in-law trouble."

I held her by the arms when she tried to turn away from me. "It's more than that, and you know it. We can't house-break your brother at this late date. You can't turn it into an in-law joke. Maybe inside he's a sadly misunderstood man. But on the outside he's a cold, cruel, poisonous bastard, and it's the outside of him the kids see."

"Fenn! Please, darling. I know you're angry, but please don't try to make me choose between . . ."

"You gave him his money. Almost three thousand dollars. If you owed him anything more, he canceled it when he hit you."

"He didn't mean to. He was terribly sorry. If you caged an animal and beat it,

darling, it might snap at the people who try to feed it once you turn it loose."

I made her look at me as I said, "Has he ever hit you before?"

"A . . . a long time ago. Only when he was upset. It didn't really matter. He'd be impatient. Sometimes it seemed as if the whole world was against us, and he'd . . . strike out at me because I was handy."

"The whole world is still against him. And the next time Bobby or Judy might be handier than you."

"That's a vicious thing to say!"

"I love you, Meg. And these are rough days, and a rough time in this marriage. Until now I was content to wait. But now I'm taking over. What kind of man would I be if I didn't? He goes, Meg. He leaves this house."

She looked beyond me, and for a moment I thought I had won, but then I saw her mouth change to firmness. She looked at me with a grave directness. "I've never asked for very much. I've never made a lot of demands on you, Fenn. Now I'm asking for something. Dwight is waiting for something. I don't know what. He hit me when I tried too hard to find out. Whenever the phone rings or anybody comes to the door or the mail comes, he's full of tension. When a car or truck stops, he hurries to the window. He's marking time. Fenn. After being locked up, I'd think he'd want to get out, take long walks, drive a car, go to the movies, date a girl. When it happens, whatever he's waiting for, I'll know it has happened. And then, if he doesn't leave . . . I'll tell him you want him to go." She moved back and looked at me with something close to anger. "But I'll find him a place to live, and I'll visit him, and I'll care for him if he gets ill. I won't shut him out of my life."

"I wouldn't ask that of you."

"Can he stay until . . . he gets what he's waiting for?"

"Or until ten days from today, whichever comes first."

She thought it over, and then nodded agreement. It was more of a victory than I had expected. She kissed me and began to put away the rest of the groceries.

"I told Bobby I wouldn't let you know he told me, Meg."

She frowned for a moment. "There shouldn't be secrets in a family." She smiled. "I'll just tell him I decided to tell you about it."

I grinned at her, appreciating her, knowing that all of her trickery was born in a loving heart. She sat on her heels and began rearranging things in the freezer compartment. "Cathie Perkins was here yesterday. I shouldn't keep that kind of secret, either, I guess. She's a nice girl. She's concerned about Dwight."

"I talked to her. I should have told you that."

She turned toward me. "I know. She told Dwight and he told me."

Dwight spoke from the doorway. "My sweet little girl friend said you tried to get her to stooge for you, Hillyer. She tells me everything. She pours her little heart out to me."

"She's a nice girl," I said. "Young for her age. If I saw a child trying to make a pet of a rattlesnake, I'd have to warn the child."

"Fenn!" Meg said indignantly.

Dwight shrugged and grinned. "That's just the cop mind at work, Sis. You married it. You should be used to it by now. Everybody's business is his business. You should be ashamed of yourself, Lieutenant, trying to make that sweet girl believe I ever beat up anybody for money. She'd never believe I'd wait for a little guy like Davie Morissa right in his own garage until he came rolling home in his pink Cad. I couldn't have stood all that screaming and begging he'd do before I could stuff a rag in his mouth. I wouldn't be capable of pulling his shoulder loose when I snapped one wrist behind him, and then snapped the other, and waited for him to come out of his faint, then told him not to hold out any private percentage of Jeff's take, and kicked a couple of ribs loose and walked out of there. Why, Cathie wouldn't believe nonsense like that any more than Sis would. Cathie has the feeling you're hounding me. I told her the real story, Hillyer, how you're planning to frame me back into Harpersburg." He grinned, winked, and walked away.

In a few moments we heard the sound of a television commercial. I looked at Meg. Her color was bad, and her eyes looked lost.

"Was that enough for you?" I asked her.

"It was . . . some kind of joke."

"Just like hitting you was a joke."

"Please, Fenn. Please don't."

"Even when you get a good look at him, you try to convince yourself you didn't see anything."

She looked at me in a strained way and said, "I'm scared." I held her close. She shivered. "All of a sudden I'm scared for all of us. And for Dwight, too."

On the following Tuesday morning, Meg phoned me at the office a little before noon and said, "It happened, dear. Whatever he was waiting for, He just left a few minutes ago in a taxi."

"Did he get a phone call?"

"No. A special delivery letter. He signed for it and took it into his room. Ten minutes later he came out and called the taxi. He was excited, but he was trying to act normal. I looked in his room and there was a pile of paper ashes in that big glass ashtray I put in there for him."

"What cab company did he call?"

"Blue Line. I asked him where he was going and he said he was going shopping. Fenn, honey, maybe I shouldn't have told you. You know I don't want him hounded,

If he knows that you're checking up on every little . . ."

"Don't worry about it, darling. He won't be hounded."

I checked Blue Line. They're the largest in town. Their radio dispatcher said the fare had been dropped at the corner of West Boulevard and Andrews. West Boulevard was Route 60, and Andrews was out beyond the city line. She said the driver was taking his lunch break in that area. I requested that the driver phone me as soon as she was back in touch with him. When the driver phoned in, he told me that McArán had asked to be dropped off near the biggest used-car lot around. I phoned Motor Vehicles in the courthouse basement and told them to inform me at once if any dealer brought a transfer in for a new registration to Dwight McArán. I phoned our contact in the main post office, and told him what to look for. Then I waited. Most of police work is patience.

The post-office report came in first. It had been a bulky letter mailed in Pittsburgh the day before, with the return address a Thomas Roberts, General Delivery. Twenty minutes later, Motor Vehicles reported a transfer from Top Grade Autos to Dwight McArán. It was a two-year-old Pontiac station wagon. A salesman had brought the application in, and they had issued new plates numbered BC 18-822. I phoned Top Grade, concealing the fact of the origin of the call, and found out McArán had driven away twenty minutes before. I took Johnny Hooper off the desk and sent him to check it out.

I had lunch while he was gone. He returned fifteen minutes after I got back.

"Because they're outside the city limits," Johnny reported, "they had a bad attitude for a little while. But I got them over it fast, so they were standing at attention and saluting. He wanted a wagon, and he wanted a hot one. He got a dark blue one with the biggest power plant they made that year. Heavy-duty shocks and springs. No power assists. He tested it out and scared hell out of the salesman. The rubber on it wasn't too good, but otherwise it was a clean car. He paid twenty-three hundred, a cash deal, and paid it in one-hundred-dollar bills. They read the papers, so they knew the name, and they had the salesman check the cash out at the bank on the way to get the plates. They said he seemed to know exactly what he wanted, and he didn't want a lot of cheery conversation, too."

I thanked him for a thorough job, and then phoned Meg.

"He went and bought a car, honey."

"Is that against the law?"

"Of course not. He doesn't know we know, and he won't know you know, so be surprised when he brings it home. Okay?"

"Okay, dear. I didn't mean to snap."

"I've been wondering about something,

though. When you got his money from the bank and gave it to him, what denominations did you get?"

"Well, it was over twenty-eight hundred dollars. It was . . . why do you want to know?"

"Please, honey. It might be important."

"Well . . . he didn't say how he wanted it, so I got ten one-hundred-dollar bills and thirty fifty-dollar bills. I can't remember how the rest of it—"

"It doesn't matter. He paid for the car with hundred-dollar bills. Twenty-three of them."

There was a silence. I could hear her breathing. "What does that prove, Fenn? Maybe he stopped at a bank and changed the fifties. Cathie was here again last night after work. Maybe she brought him some money, or changed the fifties for him. And he's been alone here a lot of times. I can't prove he never went to a bank, or prove somebody didn't ever come here and pay him back a loan, or loan him some money."

"Meg, honey, why are you fighting the obvious? It came in the mail."

"So what if it *did* come in the mail? Is that a crime?"

"Then he burned the envelope."

"You're looking for the worst possible interpretation of everything, Fenn. I shouldn't have told you about the letter."

She hung up on me. She had never done that before.

Johnny Hooper came in and I talked it over with him. Johnny said what I was thinking. "Let's say he got orders along with the cash. Like burn the letter and buy a fast, inconspicuous station wagon. Anyhow, we can check out the Perkins girl's bank account, just on the off chance. How about covering that return receipt?"

"Through Pittsburgh? A waste of time, I'd say. Let's assume it's as pro as it smells, Johnny. The name is used once. So the sender phones General Delivery and asks if there's anything for him, and they say yes, a special delivery receipt, and that's all he has to know. And in spite of all the myths of television, it takes half a day to trace a dial call, provided the connection isn't broken."

Johnny's expression was troubled. "Why a station wagon? Who does he know in Pittsburgh? Fenn, I keep feeling he's too many jumps ahead of us."

I had that feeling, too. We couldn't wait for his next move. We had to make some of our own. I said, "We can make a good guess as to where he made his Pittsburgh friend. So you can plan on going to Harpersburg tomorrow. I'll clear it with the Chief. And we'll put McArán on twenty-four-hour surveillance

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from now on. I'll phone Boo Hudson and request his co-operation."

Johnny grinned at me. "Even if we're making the wrong moves, it feels good to be moving."

"So let's hope the town stays quiet, because if anything else breaks, we'll have to take the men off McArán."

When I arrived home at six, the dark blue station wagon was parked on the grass beside my driveway. I walked over to it. The tire marks in the soft lawn were deep and sharply defined. I saw that he had new tires all around, heavy duty with all-weather treads. I opened the door and looked at the speedometer. Fourteen thousand. The pedal wear indicated they had turned it back, perhaps ten thousand.

"Bought it today," McArán said, startling me.

I faced him. "Nice car."

There was an obvious change in him. The surliness was gone. He seemed keyed up, alert, full of amusement. "Runs a little rough, but it'll be okay when I get it tuned."

"It doesn't leave you with much money, does it?"

"I like to have you worry about me, Hillyer. It touches me. Now ask me about the license. I took a test and got one. I'm law abiding. I'm a careful man."

"I've noticed. Careful. but unchanged. You just can't afford any complications right now. Is that it? Isn't the Perkins girl a complication? Didn't they give you orders to stay away from women?"

He changed in a dangerous way. all the violence coming to the surface. "Nobody gives me orders. You've got a cop mouth, Hillyer. And a long, pointed, cop nose."

I smiled at him. "You know what I am, and I know what you are. The types are obvious."

He shifted into combat balance, poised and waiting. "You should try your luck."

I laughed at him and saw his face turn to a dull red. "Is this a school yard? Or a hillbilly picnic? You can whip Mildred and Meg and Cathie. And if I'd give you a chance, you'd probably whip me. But I won't play. You get no chance. None. Come at me right now and I'll back away and take the Special out and blow your knee to junk and kick your mouth off as you go down."

"Small time," he said in a soft, strained, sighing, dangerous voice. "Small-time cop."

"It's just that I don't have to prove anything to you or anybody else." I told him, and walked past him and into the house. I kissed Meg and she wanted to know what I was grinning at. I told her it wasn't a grin, just a fatuous, cowardly smile. I said her brother had himself a

very fine car. and went on into the living room inhabited by Lulu, Bobby, Judy and The Three Stooges. My daughter took time off from the flying pies to give me strenuous greetings. Soon Meg called the kids to dinner. It was a new routine with us, to have the kids eat alone. Neither of us liked it, but it avoided the tension of having the five of us at table at the same time.

When the three of us sat down to dinner, Meg was more startled than I was to discover she didn't have to fight Dwight's sullenness with her forlorn attempts to make it a festive occasion. From the moment he sat down, he was on-stage. He ignored me. He was charming, affectionate, amusing. Twice, recalling childhood events, he made her laugh until she wept. She kept glancing at me, as if to say, "See? See, darling?" Her face was flushed with pleasure, her eyes shiny. It gave me a twinge of jealousy to see how readily he could make her joyful. I had never been able to make her laugh as much as that.

At the end of the meal he put his empty coffee cup down and said. "You can tell Bobby he'll have his room back Thursday." He gave me a hard smile. "Now let's see you cry real tears, Loot."

"Where are you going?"

"People on probation, people on parole, they have to say please can I go, sir. I did full time. but you keep forgetting about that."

"Please!" Meg said. "Both of you. Where are you going, dear?"

"Up into the hills, Sis. The weather's getting mild now. I want to see what it feels like to be by myself. I'll pick up gear and grub and camp out. Maybe it'll help me decide what to do with my life." Both the smile and the tone of voice were so manifestly phony. I was almost certain Meg would laugh in his face.

But she clapped her hands and said, "Dwight, I think that's a wonderful idea!" Her eyes were warm and glowing.

"I never used to like to be alone," he said. "But it's the only way I'll be able to think things through."

"How long will you stay, dear?"

"I don't know. I've got enough money left to last through the summer. What I do then will depend on how I work things out. I don't think I ought to try to come back here. The cards are stacked against me here. No sense bucking it. Maybe Cathie will figure in my future . . . somehow."

"She's a fine girl!" Meg said. "This makes me so happy. Dwight. We were afraid you were too bitter about . . . everything, and you might try something foolish and get into trouble."

He stood up and turned the same bland, counterfeit smile on me. "I got the dirty end of the stick, but there's nothing I can do about it now. I know that having me here has been rough on you, Fenn. If it'll take any pressure off you

downtown, you can tell them you tossed me out."

He walked out of the room. I smothered the derision I wanted to express and looked over at Meg and saw, to my astonishment, that the luminous, happy expression had faded entirely away. She wore a distant frown.

"We have to give him the benefit of the doubt," she said gently.

"But you admit there is doubt?"

"Don't be so surprised. It's insulting. I love him, and I want him to have every chance. But he was working so hard to . . . sell me on this. And he just hasn't cared this much about what I think. Oh, I want to believe him. But he was waiting for something and it came, and now he's too excited and tense inside. He wouldn't be that way about going off by himself. He made his eyes too round."

"What?"

"All his life, he's always made his eyes too round when he lies."

"You are an endless astonishment to me, honey."

"I love him, but I'm not a complete idiot. All I want to do now is hope that . . . he won't get into trouble, and try to tell myself he does want to straighten himself out." She smiled sadly. "Tonight he was like he used to be." She stood up wearily and began to collect a stack of dishes. "Fenn, will you be able to leave him alone? If he knows he's being watched, it might . . ."

"He's leaving our jurisdiction."

I helped her carry dishes to the sink. She said. "I keep thinking of her as poor Cathie. Why should it be poor Cathie? It's unfair to Dwight to think of her that way. Golly, he made me lonesome for the hills. Dear, could we go camping this summer? Bobby and Judy have never had a chance to get to love it the way I do. I wish we could afford to buy one little piece of no-good land and put up a shack and plant a little garden patch."

I turned her away from the sink and held her close, and felt her sigh. "Maybe we can work it out."

Late Wednesday afternoon I sent Rossman to the Quality Garage to find out what work had been done on McArán's car. I had other men checking the other stops he was making. Rossman reported an eighty-eight-dollar job for racing plugs and points, new jets, and a manual control on the dash for altering the air intake. The garage said that with these alterations and the tune-up they gave it, it would take off like a bomb and probably do an honest one thirty if he let it out all the way. I had Rossman put the report in writing and put it in the new file I had set up for McArán on the day of his release. It was getting thicker. I'd had it set up with a Known Criminal designation and number. If things went bad, it would be some small indication of diligence.

When I told Johnny Hooper about the

job on the car, he said. "Maybe we could all get lucky, Fenn. Maybe he could drive that bomb into a tree."

I told Johnny about the car at eight o'clock that Wednesday evening, just after he had returned from Harpersburg and was trying to conceal his impatience to tell me what he had learned. But I wanted Chief Brint to hear it, too, and we waited for him in his office. As we waited, Johnny told me how Harpersburg had made him very uneasy.

"There's too many of them packed in there, Fenn. And they're all too damned quiet and orderly. That fat Boo Hudson seems to think everything is under control. But the food is slop and the screws are brutes and there just isn't enough for the prisoners to do—work or recreation. You get the feeling in there you don't want to turn your back on anybody. I was damn glad to leave."

Larry Brint came in, sat at his desk, and lit a cigar, and we got down to it quickly.

"Here's my candidate," Johnny said, handing us a photofax copy of a prison ID card. "Morgan Miller. He headed up a little group of hard-nose loners. They took McArane in after McArane had proved he wouldn't yell for water if Hudson had

him set on fire. McArane made it a quintet. All this information came from Boo's collection of prison rats."

I looked over Morgan Miller's record. The pattern was armed robbery, and he had been serving fifteen years at Harpersburg for a bank job in Kinderville, up in the northwest corner of the state.

"A pro," Johnny said. "Nothing impulsive. Everything planned down to the second. The Kinderville job was fast and rough and clean, but when they were on their way out, a country cop shot one of them dead, and it gave the FBI enough to work on so they unraveled it all, extradited Miller from Oregon, and made recovery on fifty of the ninety thousand they took."

"This little group in Harpersburg," Larry asked, "had any of them worked with Miller before?"

Johnny checked his notes. "No. The names are Deitwaller, Kostinak, and Kelly. Kelly has thirty to go. The other two are lifers. They're all still in there, but Miller was released two months ago, and he went back to Youngstown, Ohio . . . which is not far from Pittsburgh."

"When we get through here, let's check it out with Youngstown," Larry said. "Do both you boys agree that it's a good guess Miller sent money to McArane?"

I said, "It fits the old pro pattern, Chief. You always stash the funds to finance the next adventure, or you have to start cheap again, and the risk is too high for the gain."

"So why would he hook up with an amateur like McArane?"

Johnny said, "Miller's pattern is to enlist and train a new crew each time, then split up for keeps after the job. With McArane, he gets a tough, bitter, intelligent man, a man who can't be broken."

"And," Larry said softly, "a man with a good knowledge of this city, and a yen to use it, and a good knowledge of the hills. And we all know McArane is heading for the hills tomorrow. Let's take it one more step. Miller will join him there. They have a use for that fast car. I feel a little bit better about this, boys. If our guessing is good, we know more than they think we know. Our problem is how to use it."

Meg was asleep when I got home, and it was a measure of her exhaustion that I was able to get to bed without awakening her. I looked up into darkness and I was conscious of McArane sleeping nearby. I wondered if he was also in Meg's dreams, being led down a dusty road, his hand in hers. It



Mildred sat on the arm of his chair and they looked at me with a kindred mockery. "Aren't we keeping you from putting tickets on cars or something?" she said.

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took me a long time to get to sleep. I kept thinking about banks. Miller liked them, and the Hanamans owned one.

Meg phoned me a little before five o'clock on Thursday afternoon to tell me Dwight had said good-by to her and driven away in his heavily laden wagon. Minutes later, I got the surveillance report that he had crossed the city line, heading south into the hills on Route 882. By then I had an almost complete list of what was in the wagon.

Just as I was leaving the office at six o'clock, Mr. Perkins phoned me. He sounded troubled and hesitant. He told me he was grateful to me for talking to Cathie about McArán, even though it had done no apparent good. He started to tell me that McArán had seen Cathie earlier that day. I interrupted to tell him we knew where and when he had seen her and how long they had talked.

"Ever since she got home an hour ago, Lieutenant, she's been packing, and giving a lot of things away to her sisters. All she'll say is she might go away."

I agreed to talk to her again. I told Detective Raglin to phone Meg and tell her I'd be a little late. When I got to the Perkins house, Mr. Perkins went up to Cathie's room and brought her down to the living room and left us alone. She was hostile.

"Does your wife know you're meddling again? Dwight says she was angry the last time."

"I'm doing my job, Cathie. Responsible police officers have the opinion McArán is planning a crime. It's our job to learn enough so we can stop him."

"It's just like Dwight said."

"What do you mean?"

"Mr. Hanaman wants him framed back into prison. And you take orders from the Hanaman family. He told me he had to leave before you could set it up." She looked stern, indignant, and vulnerable.

"Cathie, that's not true!"

"He had to go where you can't find him. But if you go ahead and fake something anyway and issue a warrant for him, he's going to get word to me somehow and we're going to go away together. He didn't take me with him today because he doesn't want to get me mixed up in it unless he has to. He even gave me a message for you, Lieutenant Hillyer. Here are his exact words. 'Tell Hillyer he can poison everybody else's mind, but he won't get anywhere with my sister or my girl.' So you see, whatever you're trying to do by coming here, it won't work."

"Cathie, will you come downtown with me, voluntarily, and talk to Chief Brint?"

"Hah! And what would he say? That won't work either. You see, I know the story of what really happened."

"You've lost me somewhere."

"You're a good actor, Lieutenant. Congratulations. I happen to know that Mildred Hanaman died as the result of being beaten up by the police. You were trying to get her to help you frame Dwight, and she wouldn't do it. Someday, the truth will come out and Dwight will be cleared. If he has to send for me, I'll go to him proudly and gladly."

She marched out of the room. In a few moments I heard a door slam upstairs.

Before I went home I stopped back at the office and looked over the completed list of McArán's purchases. Chief Brint came into my office and I handed him an original of the list to look at while I studied one of the carbons.

Larry sighed and said, "Most of it is the obvious stuff a crew of punks would need for outdoor living. Grub, sleeping bags, playing cards, bourbon. And normal camp equipment—axe, grill, buckets, flashlights. So that leaves us the offbeat items. Transistor radio, and from the price it's a good one. Not so far off the beat, I suppose. Jap binoculars, ten power. One pair. One lookout post? Maybe. But what the hell is the point of all the carpenter tools and nails and screws and angle irons and all this plywood and two by fours?"

"Maybe he knows of some shack he can patch up."

Brint nodded. "That could be it, Fenn. Sure enough. Wish Sheriff Buh Fisher could be of some use to us. The hills are part of his county jurisdiction. The biggest part. Think there's any point in seeing him tomorrow?"

I shook my head. "Bub hasn't been back in those hills since he was elected, and he hasn't got a single deputy who could go up in there and find out the right time. Aside from the daylight State Police patrol on 882, they take care of their own law. Laurel Valley, Stone Ridge, and Ironville are big enough to have one full-time man each, and a lock-up for drunks. It's a constable system in the other hamlets. They might package a stranger and send him on down to Bub Fisher, but they wouldn't send one of their own people down. And McArán is one of them."

"Fisher is a sorry excuse for a sheriff."

I told him about my talk with the Perkins girl. Larry Brint rarely looks astonished, but this time his mouth sagged. "The bigger the lie, the easier it gets swallowed."

Late as I was, Meg had kept the kids unfed, so we could go back into the familiar pattern, and it seemed a very festive time for us. A family is a unit which functions best by itself. Meg seemed so happy, I was worried about how she would take what I had to say to her.

After the kids were in bed, she finished the dishes and came into the living room. She moved a hassock close to my chair and sat by me and looked at me with a

sweet gravity and said, "So what is it?"

"Was I that obvious?"

"Not to anyone but me, Fenn, darling. But I know all the signs."

"It isn't easy."

"Nothing seems to be very easy lately, dear."

"I was late tonight because I had to go talk to Cathie again."

Her face became quite still. She stood up suddenly and went over and sat on the couch, her face in shadow. "A girl like that might make all the difference to Dwight. But you don't really want him to have any kind of chance, do you?"

"That isn't quite fair of you. This is police business now."

"Which excuses anything, of course."

"I want to report the talk with Cathie first." I reported it accurately, beginning with her father's phone call to me. When I finished, there was a long silence. I could not read her expression in the shadows.

"There's no plot to frame him?"

"There couldn't be, without my knowing about it."

"Such silly lies," she said. "He's always lied, even when the truth would be easier. He can't seem to help it. Poor Cathie . . . there I go again. But if he's just . . . messing around with her, why didn't he take her along with him? She said she would have gone."

"Maybe the others would have disappeared."

"The others?"

I took a carbon of the list of his purchases over and handed it to her, and turned on the lamp beside her. "I don't think he was planning to be alone up there."

She studied the list and looked up at me. "You're terribly diligent, aren't you? Terribly thorough."

"We have to be careful, Meg. The slightest oversight might cost everybody too much. The whole city is watching how we handle it. Now what I'm asking you to do is not police work. Cathie trusts you. Go see her. If we let Dwight turn her into another victim, we'll both share the blame."

"Talk to her? Is that what you mean? Turn her against my brother?"

"Did I say that? No. Talk to her and give her a little healthy doubt, so she won't run to him too eagerly when he calls, so he won't be able to use her by feeding her more crazy lies. Maybe if she could begin to really understand him, she could be more help to him."

She phoned Cathie Perkins. I kissed her before she drove away. Her lips were unresponsive, and she would not look directly at me. It was a little before midnight when she came back. I had planned to tell her the rest of it, the rest of our structure of guess and assumption, but when I saw her leaden look of emotional exhaustion, I knew it would have to wait for some other time.

"Mission accomplished," she said in a dead voice. "She won't run when he calls. She never wants to see him again."

"Why?"

She studied me for a moment. "You really do not know very much about people and about love, Fenn. A woman's trust is not a divisible thing. It is there, or it isn't there. Once I convinced her of one lie, the rest of the structure tumbled. You can't take one leg off a three-legged stool." I tried to hold her, but she turned away. "It was a nasty job, Fenn. I felt sick and tired. I had to tell her some things I thought I'd safely forgotten. After a while I felt as if I was talking to myself as well as her, killing something in myself as I murdered something in her. I don't want to talk about it."

The days and the nights went by, and I cautiously eased myself back into the old familiar routines, and found it easier to tell myself nothing was going to happen. Meg's depressed mood did not last long. With the resilience of faith, she began to resell herself a dream. Dwight would summer in the hills and cure his bitterness and decide to make himself a brave new life, and Cathie would help him. Everyone would forgive him. She tested fragments of her dream on me, verbalizing her wishes, and I made unremarkable answers in the proper tone of voice. She wondered when we would hear from Dwight. So did Chief Brint; so did I; but not in the same way.

The Youngstown report was not heartening. Morgan Miller had come back to that city, had registered as a known criminal and moved into a cheap apartment with the woman who had been with him in Oregon at the time he was picked up fifteen years before—when she had been seventeen and he had been thirty. Miller had not sought employment. The woman had been working for the past five years as a hostess in a large restaurant. Prior to that time she had been arrested on minor counts, but had escaped conviction. They sent a five-year-old picture of her—a heavy-featured, handsome, earthy-looking blonde, staring into the lens with a bold, contemptuous amusement. Since Miller's release, he had been tailed by honing company agents who hoped to make recovery of the forty thousand dollars still unrecovered from the Kinderville robbery. Two days after McArar's release, Miller and the woman had disappeared, completely. They had apparently left town in the woman's car, a new gray Ford sedan. Her name was Angela Frankel, and she called herself Angel France.

"So let's say there's three of them and two cars up in the hills some place," Larry Brint said. "At least three. Miller could have done some recruiting. Old Paul Hanaman stopped me on the street yesterday. He congratulated me on getting McArar out of town."

"What did you say?"

"I kept myself from calling him a damn fool. He was better off when we knew where McArar was every minute. I tightened the patrol out in his neighborhood, but there's no point in telling him that. Kermer is smarter. I don't know what he knows, or how he knows it, or how much he guesses, but he does know how easy it would be for McArar to slip back into town. So he's packed up and taken his wife and daughters on a trip. They flew out of here yesterday."

"Johnny Hooper found out that while McArar was in Harpersburg, Kermer made some kind of contact with him, maybe to set up some sort of deal for when McArar got out, to make up for not being able to keep the wolves off him, but McArar would have no part of it. They say he sent back a very ugly message."

Larry sighed. "No luck yet on finding out where McArar has holed up?"

"Nothing. We can't develop any contacts up there that'll do us any good."

He gave me a very odd look. "I keep thinking this, Fenn, so I better say it. If we had to find him, his sister would stand the best chance of locating him."

"But I couldn't possibly ask . . ."

"And nobody is asking you to ask. Okay? We'll sit and wait and stay ready. I should be glad he took the pressure off me by leaving town. Off both of us."


As I left his office to go to lunch, I

realized his idea about Meg hadn't startled me as much as it should have. I knew I had been carrying it around in my subconscious, unwilling to admit it to myself.


On the following Tuesday, the State Prison at Harpersburg erupted into planned violence. It happened at ten minutes before noon, the time of day when the maximum number of prisoners could be expected to be outside their cells. The weather co-operated with an intense, localized thunderstorm which knocked the lights out and impeded guard routines on turrets and catwalks. The break took advantage of the single weak point in prison security. The experts had somehow overlooked the possibility that anyone would try to take a truck through an old railroad gate. The truck gates were well protected against such a scheme, and the pedestrian gate was too narrow.

Only a select group were acquainted with the actual escape scheme. The main body of prisoners were incited to a noisy rebellion to provide a maximum diversion while the actual escape took place. In the first vicious scufflings, three guards and two prisoners were killed. Eleven hostages were herded into D Block. The laundry, stamping mill, and paint-storage shed were set on fire. Under cover of the storm, the confusion, and

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(continued)

the black choking smoke, a prisoner jumped the ignition on a heavy truck parked at the loading dock, pulled out, and picked up speed all the way to the railroad gate, and ducked down against the fire wall at the last instant. The truck smashed the inner gate of riveted steel plates and plunged partway through the outer gate before becoming wedged. Thirty-one men followed it to the railroad gate, running at top speed, and escaped by crawling out under the front axle. By the time more men had discovered the escape route, the smashed truck burst into flames and the heat drove them back. By that time, the great siren was bellowing against the noise of thunder, and all area law installations were moving quickly to seal off the Harpersburg area in accord with the escape drill so frequently practiced.

By one o'clock, the guard force had been reinforced and all prisoners had been driven back into the cell-block area. Fire-fighting equipment had been brought in, but the fires were still not under control. Warden Boo Hudson was found lying half under his desk, semi-conscious, but dying of multiple knife wounds. By one o'clock, camera crews were racing to the scene, radio programs were interrupted by special bulletins, wire services were arranging coverage, roadblocks had been in operation for almost forty minutes, a National Guard contingent was being assembled, and progress reports were coming over the police teletype.

By two thirty, only D Block, where the hostages were being held, remained unsubdued. One more prisoner had been killed and seven injured. Eleven of the thirty-one who had escaped had been recaptured, but because it was not yet possible to get a head count, the number at large was not yet known, nor could the identity of the escapees be established. Early reports said a hundred were at large. The State Superintendent of Prisons and Reformatories arrived and began the familiar routine of negotiating for the release of the hostages. The fires were out. The National Guard alert was canceled.

At three o'clock, Johnny Hooper joined me in Communications and we read the current status report as it came over the teletype. As we walked back toward the squad room, Johnny said, "Give me the names of three guys who got out."

"Deitwaller, Kostinak, and Kelly," I said without hesitation.

"You don't like coincidences any more than I do," he said. "It would be a good use for that wagon, all ready and waiting for them in a prearranged place."

He followed me into my office. I had put a map of the Harpersburg area on my desk and marked in the roadblocks,

the five of them that sealed off the valley. I pointed them out to Johnny and said, "These go up fast, Johnny. Too fast for even that wagon to have gotten through before they went up. And even if McArane had a change of clothes ready, and identification for them, those four men traveling together would look wrong to any cop. And there's only those five roads out of the area."

So he dressed like a farmer and stashed them under a load of carrots. Sorry, Fenn. I'm talking nonsense. The men on the roadblocks would check every kind of load."

I looked at the map for a little while and said, slowly, "If he could bring them back into the hills he knows best, the sensible route would be through Polksburg. The other way would be longer, and it would bring him practically into Brook City before he could turn south on Route 882. So if he was headed for Polksburg, he'd go through this roadblock, the one at Melton, which is . . . eighteen miles, about, from the prison. If they were in the car and rolling by noon, and he stayed within the speed limits, he'd hit there about twelve thirty, and the roadblock would have been in operation for about twenty minutes."

"So what, Fenn?"

"I don't know if it would help us in any way, but when you work a roadblock, you remember the cars pretty well, the ones that come along after you're first set up. After an hour or so they don't leave as much of an impression on you. It gets to be much more of a routine."

"But they couldn't have gone through the roadblock, could they?"

It was a question I couldn't try to answer. By seven thirty that evening, the prisoners had capitulated, the hostages had been released, and nine more escapees had been rounded up. By nine o'clock the head count was complete, three more prisoners were en route back to their cells, and they were able to announce that eight men were still at large.

At ten o'clock, Johnny Hooper came in with a curious expression on his face and put the list in front of me. He leaned over my desk and drew a line through the name of one William Fogg. "They just now got this one. He tried to run a roadblock in a stolen car and they killed him."

I looked at the remaining seven names. I put a little check mark beside three names. Kelly, Kostinak, and Deitwaller.

I looked angrily up at Hooper and said, "The moment we knew of the break, we should have recommended two roadblocks, one just west of Polksburg, and one on 882 just south of town here, with the description of that Pontiac wagon given to all officers."

"We didn't know enough then," Johnny said.

"We were afraid of looking foolish,

you mean. When a cop starts to be afraid of how he's going to look, he'd better get out of the business."

"We didn't have enough to go on," Johnny said stubbornly. "I think you ought to go get some sleep, Lieutenant."

I slept heavily, but awakened before the sun. I got up without awakening Meg, and got the six o'clock news on the kitchen radio with the volume turned low. They'd picked up two more. Five were still at large. A man named Price, a man named Seckler, and the three friends of Morgan Miller. By the time I went down to headquarters, I'd had too much coffee. I killed time in ineffectual ways, waiting for Chief Brint to come in. As soon as he arrived, I asked him if I could go over to Melton on official business. He wanted to know my reasons.

"Fifty to one it's a waste of time. I'd rather wait and tell you about it if it works out."

He looked dubious for a moment, then nodded and said, "The way we're sitting under the gun, maybe fifty to one is worth taking."

I made the sixty-five miles to the Melton Barracks of the State Police in one hour. It was the usual cinderblock structure with flagpole, radio tower, and clipped green lawn. The duty sergeant was a florid man with cold blue eyes, Sergeant Boscatt. He was the ranking man at the station at the moment. He was massively unimpressed by the gold badge. Our troopers are carefully selected, superbly trained, and seem to feel that all city police officers are the pallid, grafting, untrained nephews of politicians. When I said I was on official business, he remarked that I was a little far from my city line. I said I was sixty-five miles from my city line. I said I wanted to ask questions about the Melton roadblock.

"We took it off about an hour ago . . . sir."

"Aren't there five men still loose?"

Four. And we take the roadblock down when it's time to take it down . . . sir."

"That must sound like a sensible statement, or you wouldn't make it, Sergeant. I'm sure some other roadblock expert would understand what you mean, but I don't. Who was recaptured? Price or Seckler?"

"Kelly . . . sir."

I lost 99 per cent of my fragile assurance. I saw my half-baked investigation rendered pointless.

"It's one reason we took the block down, Lieutenant. A farmer found Kelly's body in a ditch thirty miles east of here, fifty yards off the main road to Polksburg. The farmer went to see what his dog was barking at. There was one guard on a tower fired a high-angle burst when they were running away from the walls, almost out of range, and he claimed he saw one fall and get up and

keep running, so maybe it was Kelly he saw. A slug had hit him from behind and smashed his shoulder. He'd lost a lot of blood, but what killed him was being strangled. He'd been dead since sometime yesterday afternoon, they think. He wasn't in any shape to be driving, so he got through somehow, and maybe some of the others did, too, so they gave orders to take the block off so traffic can move normal."

"I've got the idea he came through your roadblock, Sergeant. He and Kostinak and Deitwaller."

"Around it or over it or under it, sir, but not through it."

"I'd like to talk to the troopers who manned it during the first hour you had it set up, Sergeant."

He shook his head. "Sorry. We know our business. I can't pull men in off patrol just so you can make sure we did a good job."

"You're just forcing me to do it another way. I bring in my superiors. They contact yours. Then a lot of people are in on it, and the end result is the same. I still get to talk to those men. And what if your people did somehow let those men through?" As I saw him looking increasingly uncertain, I said, "After all, Kelly wasn't in any shape to walk around your roadblock, was he?"

He made a few token objections and then asked the dispatcher to call the two men in. Their names were McKeen and Golden. They were on single patrol and arrived within minutes of each other. They were big, tanned, husky men, moving with creak of leather and purr of whipcord, muted jingle of equipment. They were as skeptical of me as Boscatt was.

"I'm interested in a dark blue Pontiac station wagon, two years old, local license BC 18-822."

McKeen said, "We were on until ten last night, Lieutenant. We kept no record of tag numbers. There were a hell of a lot of wagons."

"This one would have come along soon after you were set up, probably in the first half-hour, when the people you were stopping were having to ask why they were being stopped."

"But if it was a station wagon," Golden said, "there's no chance Kelly could have..."

I put an edge in my voice. "I'm not interested in being told how well you people operate a roadblock. I'm asking about a particular car."

Boscatt flushed and said, "Answer the question, fellows."

McKeen said, "Right after we opened the store, huh? Goldy, that broad was in a wagon, wasn't she? Or did you get your eyes off her sweater long enough to notice?"

Golden snapped his fingers. "It was a Pontiac, a dark one, and a Brook County tag. Not long after we opened up. The

rain had just stopped. But she was all alone."

"And the wagon was empty?" Boscatt asked in a very mild voice.

The troopers glanced uneasily at each other. "Not exactly," said Golden.

"A load of lumber," McKeen said. "A full load of two by fours, right up to the roof and out onto the tailgate."

"Solid two by fours?" Boscatt asked in the same soft tone.

McKeen licked his lips and swallowed. "Hell, Bill, I saw the butt ends of them, in back of her and on the tail gate. I suppose... it could have been a faked-up load, but..."

"But you didn't check it!" Boscatt yelled. "Because a broad was driving, and it *looked* solid! And I've been bragging to the Lieutenant about what a job we do!"

After he told them, in unmistakable terms, what their immediate and long-range future was going to be, we got the pertinent details from them. She had been a blonde, buxom, jocular woman in her early thirties, who talked with a cigarette in the corner of her mouth, and had a fresh sunburn on her nose and forehead. She wore a green sweater, jeans, and an unbuttoned jacket. There were some small wrapped packages on the seat beside her. She wanted to know why she was being stopped, but did not seem annoyed. She jokingly said her husband

was turning her into a truck driver, that he was a Polksburg contractor and had sent her to Harpersburg to pick up the lumber. Boscatt left us alone in the lounge for ten minutes. He came back and, with vicious emphasis, said that not one of the three lumber dealers in Harpersburg had sold any two by fours to a blonde with a station wagon the previous morning.

"So while you idiots were goofing around with the blonde," Boscatt said, "one of Kelly's buddies was probably strangling him inside that fake load of lumber because he started to moan or thrash around." He turned indignantly toward me. "And how did you get to figure it out... sir?"

They listened intently as I told them the reasoning behind my trip. I told them I had no idea of how it had been done until I heard about the lumber. "We better keep it quiet," I said, "because we don't want them to know we know how it was done. Then there's a better chance they'll use the same gimmick again. It looks as if they're planning to hit Brook City, and Miller likes banks, and it would be a good getaway method."

"We're sure as hell not going to advertise it," Boscatt said, "but I'll have to make a confidential report that'll probably go all the way up to Major Rice. And I know what he's going to want. We

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(continued)

goofed, so he's going to want to be in on the next act. That's the way he is."

We parted with great cordiality. Their contempt for city police was intact, but they had classified me as an exception. I went back to Brook City at high speed, to report to Larry Brint. With his concurrence, I brought my three best people in on it: Hooper, Rossman, and West.

Chief Brint called me back to his office late that afternoon, after he'd had a long telephone conversation with Major Rice at State Police Headquarters.

Larry acted troubled. "Rice agrees on no news leaks, but he wants to set up a joint operation and close in on that hill country with everything we have, even National Guard contingents—seal the roads, set up an air search, and narrow the perimeter until we grab them."

I shook my head slowly. "It's forty miles by sixty miles of the most rugged country east of the Rockies, Larry. Twenty-four hundred square miles. Just as soon as they see anything like that shaping up, they'll skip out. There's a hundred ways to leave. And all that muscle would just be a challenge to the hill people to give McArane and his friends all the help possible."

"I agree. I wouldn't buy his idea, and he wouldn't buy mine. He says it's assuming too much to set up a complicated trap here to grab them when they come down out of the hills. There could be more than four men and the woman up there, more than two vehicles, and if we give them the initiative somebody will get hurt. He has a point."

"But—"

"Hold it, Fenn. Get it in perspective. This was one of the worst prison riots and jail breaks in the history of the state. A lot of men are dead, including three guards and the Deputy Warden.

There's a big stink about this, and it is going to get worse. So suppose we try to trap them here, and it doesn't work. It will come out that we *knew* they were up there, and we didn't go after them. What's that going to do to a few careers—Rice's, yours, and mine?"

"Already a shrewd reporter may be adding things up. Price and Seckler were recaptured an hour ago. Kostinak and Deitwaller are still at large. Suppose some reporter tries to find out, at the prison, who was able to give that pair outside help? Then suppose they check Youngstown. Then here. And find out about the car. And interview Meg. And, remember, Kelly's body was found about halfway between the prison and hill country. Can you see it, Fenn? We're forced to move on this thing. But we have to make a better move than the one Rice wants to make. If we know the specific area they're in, then we can move and nail them. And Meg is the person who can learn that specific area more readily than anybody else in the world. You've got to sell her on it."

"But you know I can't ask her to—"

"You have to get her cooperation, or you have to trick her into it."

"I wouldn't try to trick her, Larry."

"Then you better make her choose her loyalty, and you better do it right now and get the answer back to me fast, because I can't stall Rice very long. I have to give him an alternative he'll buy. Once we know the specific area, we can move in on them very carefully and quietly, with a good chance of taking every one alive. Tell her that."

It astonished Meg to have me come home before five. She started to joke about it and then she saw how serious I was.

"It's about Dwight!"

"Please give me a chance to tell you the whole thing. You know about the supplies he bought. You know about Cathie. Here's all the rest of it." She folded her hands and listened. I watched her carefully, and whenever I saw the beginnings of disbelief, I would go back over what I had just said, reinforcing it. When I was finished, she got up, slowly and poured more coffee for us.

"You take your little facts and turn them into a deadly thing, don't you?"

"A structure of logic. Golden and McKeen identified the Frankel woman from the Youngstown police photo."

"You deify all this cold logic, dear."

"It's my work."

"But don't you see the flaw? It's all so carefully planned, isn't it? And Dwight has never been a planner. He hasn't the patience for it."

"Miller did the planning. We think the break was planned while Miller was still inside. He got out of jail and waited for Dwight to get out, and by then Kostinak, Kelly, and Deitwaller knew how they were going to spring prison."

"Then will you admit this, Fenn. Dwight has always been easily influenced by people. He's under Miller's influence. Isn't it possible he could have done whatever Miller told him, without realizing what the car and the tools and lumber were going to be used for?"

"It's a possibility, but not plausible."

"But if it's true, then he hasn't done anything against the law, up until now?"

"It's true, Meg. But he's getting closer and closer."

"Because he's under that Miller person's influence. Fenn, if I should help you find him, will you promise he won't be hurt?"

"I can swear that we'll try to take them quietly. I can swear there will be no intent to hurt him."

"But men get so . . . excited when they're hunting some living thing. They'll all have guns."

"I'll be there, Meg. Can you find out where he is?"

She shrugged. "It shouldn't be hard. There're so many stills up there, they keep track of everybody who comes in. I'll go to Laurel Valley first. If I have to, I can phone friends in Stony Ridge and Ironville from there. I'll be eliminating areas where he's not, and then it'll be a case of narrowing it down, finding somebody who has seen them coming and going, or seen lights at night."

"We'll plan it carefully, Meg, so there won't be any slips. You won't go to where he is. We'll set up some system whereby you can communicate with some unmarked cars we'll send up there with you. As soon as you are sure you know where he is, you'll come back out of the hills and we'll move up in the dark and seal that area."

She gave me a strange, sad smile. "It seems a foul thing to do to my own brother, somehow. A treacherous thing. And my reason wouldn't make sense to your logical mind. If he hadn't lied so to Cathie, I wouldn't do this for you. I still think you'll find him alone up there."

That was Wednesday evening. By Thursday morning, Larry Brint had Rice's qualified approval of the plan, and word that he was on his way to Brook City for a preliminary planning session.

On that hot Thursday afternoon, Larry Brint came into my office and closed the door and said, "What does Meg think we'll do with McArane?"

"We didn't go into that. I guess she thinks we're keeping him from getting into trouble."

"Morgan Miller will know more about the law than your wife does, Fenn. By now he'll have informed that bunch they have nothing to lose. It's felony murder against all of them now—murder in the first. Kostinak and Deitwaller for the murder of the guards; Miller, McArane, and the Frankel woman for the murder of Kelly. The least McArane will get out of it is life."

ANSWERS TO "BIRTH OF A STAR" QUIZ (page 60)

1. Elizabeth Taylor
2. Doris Day
3. Greta Garbo
4. Jayne Mansfield
5. Cary Grant
6. Lucille Ball
7. Bing Crosby
8. Tallulah Bankhead
9. Judy Holliday
10. Joan Crawford
11. Frank Sinatra
12. Jane Wyman
13. Ava Gardner
14. John Wayne
15. Kim Novak

"I didn't bother to figure it out."
 "Now you feel obligated to tell her?"
 "I . . . I don't know."
 "If you do, she won't go through with it. If you don't, you're tricking her."
 "Why are you doing this to me?"
 "You're a cop, Hillyer. It's in your power to bitch the whole plan. And if you do, there's a good chance some innocent people will die at the hands of that group, one way or another." He stood up. "Rice thinks Sunday would be a good day to have her find them. More traffic on the roads, so we can give her better protection and still not be too conspicuous. I'll call you in after Rice gets here."

That evening, after the kids were in bed, I told Meg the details which had been decided on, thus far.

"So many people!" she exclaimed.

Be glad of that. The more people, the more chance we take them without any trouble."

She asked the question I'd been dreading. "What will happen to Dwight after you . . . capture him?"

"He'll have a chance to explain."

"What if he helped those people?"

"Then he will have to stand trial."

"But he couldn't get a fair trial here."

"If it comes to that, honey, we'll have his lawyer request a change of venue the minute charges are filed against him."

She looked sternly at me. "Make them fair to him. Don't let them hurt him." Then tears came into her green eyes, and she leaned sadly, heavily into my arms. "I love both of you," she said forlornly. "Both of you. I don't know whether I'm doing the right thing."

The following night, Friday, the midnight phone awakened me, summoning me to the hospital where Cathie Perkins' father had been given emergency treatment for a fractured cheekbone. Hooper and Rossman were getting the final details from him as the man fought to stay awake long enough to tell all that had happened. "Find her. Please find her."

When he drifted off into the sleep of heavy sedation, we walked out into the hospital parking lot. Johnny Hooper leaned on the fender of the patrol sedan and said, "Our hero came after his girl, but she didn't want to go. It was McArán for sure. The Perkinses' phone rang at eleven. It was for Cathie. After she hung up, she woke her father and told him McArán was on the way over to get her, and she didn't want to go with him. She said McArán was coming after her anyway. She said they should keep the doors locked and phone us, but he thought he could handle McArán. He let him in and tried to tell him Cathie had changed her mind. McArán laughed at him, and yelled to Cathie to come down or he'd come up and get her. Cathie came down in her pajamas and robe and told him to go away. She said she'd found out he'd told her a lot of lies. McArán laughed some more and grabbed her and wrestled her

out onto the porch. Perkins got into the scuffle. McArán hit him and knocked him down. When he raised his head he saw Cathie struggling and screaming and saw McArán belt her a good one. She went limp and he heaved her into the car, a pale-colored sedan. Perkins got up and went running to help her. The other daughters were on the porch, screaming and carrying on. McArán really belted Perkins the second time, and drove away in a hurry. The other two daughters wasted time fussing over daddy before they phoned it in. McArán had plenty of time to get clear."

Rossman said, "It makes it a little different, the way we try to take them. This makes a different problem."

"Maybe McArán has a new problem, too," I said. They looked puzzled. "With Morgan Miller. Let's say he told Miller he had a girl who'd join him. So Miller gave permission to go get her. But she wouldn't come, and he took her anyway. That maybe is too impulsive for Miller's taste. It may make him highly nervous."

"Nice little outing for a pretty kid," Johnny Hooper said tautly. "McArán, Miller, Kostinak, Deitwaller. Camping is good fun."

I didn't return home until well after two in the morning. Meg was awake. She got up when she heard me come in. When I told her what had happened, her eyes became strange and the color drained out of her face. "No," she whispered. "Oh, no!" She sat on a kitchen chair, her face in her hands. I knelt beside her and put my arm around her.

"He can't stay free now. It's kidnapping and assault. Even if he's started running, it's only a question of time."

"But if I hadn't talked to Cathie, she would have gone with him and—"

"Do you always have to try to find some twisted way to blame yourself? For God's sake, start blaming Dwight for some of this! Would you rather have Cathie sacrificed quietly or violently? Isn't that what it comes down to?"

She looked at me with anguished eyes. "Now he's ruined everything. There's no hope for him. He must be sick. What's going to happen now?"

"I've been talking to Chief Brint. He woke Rice at the hotel. It's Saturday morning now. They decided to stick to the same schedule rather than try to rush it and handle it carelessly. They'll listen to the radio news up there in the hills. They'll hear that Perkins is in a coma and the other daughters didn't get a good look at the man, but describe him as bald and stocky."

"But Cathie will be with him until . . ."

"Maybe they're on the run by now. We want to follow the plan and the schedule. I told Larry this wouldn't change your willingness to help us locate them."

She sighed. "Don't look so worried. I'll still do it. But now I'll be doing it . . . without hope. I wish he could

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ONE MONDAY WE KILLED THEM ALL

(continued)

understand, Fenn, that there's no chance for him, anywhere."

I made her take a sleeping capsule. I watched over her, and there was gray in the east when she finally slept. I stayed up and fixed breakfast for the kids, and left a note for Meg explaining I was leaving the kids off at Chuck West's place for the weekend, as had been previously arranged.

By the time I arrived home at nine on Saturday night, I was blurred with fatigue, but I knew everything was well planned for the following day. There had been no news leaks. The Sunday weather promised to be good—a hot, still day which would send throngs of flatlanders up into the hills. Sheriff Bub Fischer and his inept deputies had quietly been given leaves of absence, and one of the truly professional sheriffs in our state, D. D. Wheeler, had been brought in from a neighboring county along with his top people. Major Rice had brought in a cadre of troopers. Larry Brint had detailed our best people to the operation. The communications people had linked the three radio dispatch systems into a single net. Not only was special equipment available, but a light plane was standing by at the Brook County Airport, equipped with a big photo recon camera and an Air Reserve technician to operate it. Every road out of the hills was being watched for the appearance of the station wagon or gray Ford with Ohio plates.

The hill country had been divided into six basic areas, so that when we knew which our target area would be, we had already determined the best routes by which we could move in and seal that area. Larry came home with me, and we gave Meg her final briefing, showing her, on one of the master maps, where the unmarked cars would be stationed, and telling her how to proceed once she located the hideaway site. She was to leave at ten on Sunday morning. She seemed

reserved, attentive, matter-of-fact. When I walked Larry out to his car, he said he thought she would do a good job.

As we were talking there in the night, Larry Brint suddenly hushed me as he heard an emergency code call over the police circuit. He scrambled into the car and turned the volume up. Our dispatcher was alerting four patrol cars, all in the northeast section of the city, sending them to 18 Burnett Road.

"Run, grab your coat, boy," Larry said. "That's the Hanaman place."

Meg gave me a look of startled inquiry as I hurried into the house. "Emergency, honey. The old man invited me along."

I noticed how tense she was as I gave her a hasty kiss. "Is it . . . anything about Dwight?" she asked.

May God forgive me for that lie. I will never completely forgive myself. I was in a hurry. It just seemed easier to say, "Not this time, Meg. Go to bed. I'll get back when I can."

Larry was gunning the motor restlessly as I ran to the car and piled in. He hit the siren fifty yards before we came to the intersection at the end of our street. I saw the Saturday evening traffic, braced myself, closed my eyes, opened them again after we had made the screaming turn through the traffic. Our Chief has the earned reputation of being the worst driver on the force. Without bothering to check it out with him, I called in and ordered two more cars to be sent immediately to the junction of Route 60 and Route 882, with orders to intercept either or both of the two cars we knew were in the hands of McArane and company.

"Good idea," Chief Brint grunted, then hit the siren again and barreled through a red light.

I had seen the Hanaman home twice in my life, both times because of one of Mildred's driving mishaps. You couldn't see it from Burnett Road. In the winter, when the leaves were off, you could see the flattened top of the mansard roof. It was a big place, mercilessly ugly, on perhaps six acres of fenced grounds. I remembered that Meg, after looking at a

photograph of it, had called it Warren G. Harding Gothic. And we knew that the old man lived there, with Paul, Junior, Paul's dumpy wife and doughy children, and two or three servants.

A patrolman with a flashlight made as though to flag us down at the main gate, then stepped hastily back as he recognized the official car. Brint stopped and called him over.

"What's going on, Rodziki?"

"There's somebody kilt, sir, but I don't know who. Palmer dropped me off here to keep unauthorized—"

Larry accelerated up the long curve of the drive, cursing in a low and solemn tone. Two patrol cars were parked next to the house. The front door was open. Every light in the whole house seemed to be on, including the garden floodlights out in back, and on the west side of the house. As we walked swiftly toward the porch steps, I heard a siren coming closer, an ambulance siren, not one of ours.

As we entered the big hallway, I heard the flinty, unmistakable, authoritative voice of the senior Hanaman, ". . . and if any one of you glorified bellhops had the sense God gave grasshoppers, you'd know damn well I'm not going to answer your damn fool questions—"

He stopped abruptly as we walked into the library. It was a startling scene. Three uniformed patrolmen looked toward us with obvious relief. Hanaman sat in a straight chair beside his ornate desk, his face dark with anger. The right side of his shirt and undershirt had been ripped away, exposing his waxy old torso. Dr. Therman Whitlow was taping massive gauze pads to Hanaman's right shoulder, and there was a small stain where the blood was beginning to seep through. Whitlow was a lean old man, and he wore a frown of disapproval. Paul, Junior, was stretched out on a leather couch, inert, his wife whimpering over him and massaging his wrist.

Palmer said dispiritedly, "Honest to God, sir, I can't get anything out of anybody."

Hanaman said, "Larry Brint, I've had enough of you, and I'm going to chase you off the force and enjoin the city to keep them from giving you any pension. You're inept. You coddle murderers, Brint. You send them out to kill again."

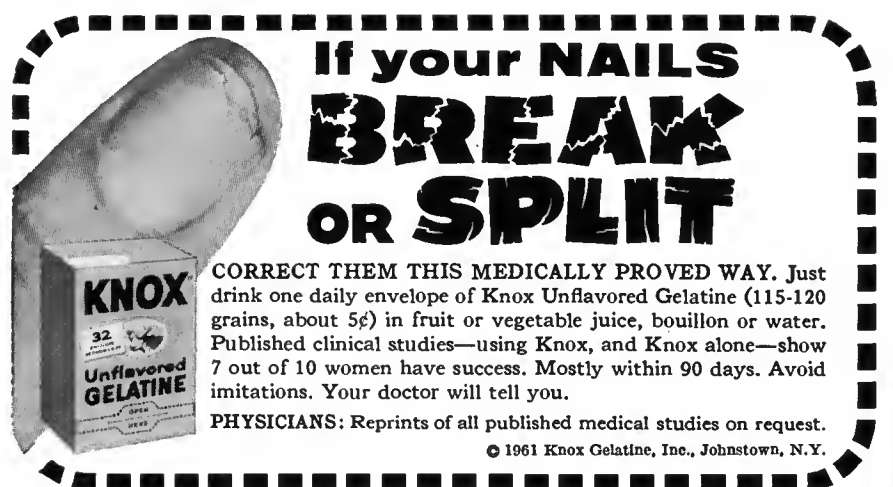
"Shut up, Paul," Larry said in a weary voice.

"I promise you, I'm going to—"

"Shut up!" Larry yelled. It even silenced the monotonous whimpering of Paul's wife. Larry gestured toward the couch. "He shot?"

"No," the old man said with immeasurable disgust. "He fainted when this place was like a shooting gallery, and when he came to and saw the blood on me, he fainted again."

"Now, without a lot of idiotic ranting and raving, Paul, suppose you tell me what happened."



The ambulance people came in. Larry shushed them. Hanaman said, "Therman here and his wife were dinner guests. We ate late. My son and Therman and I were in this room, drinking and talking. We heard a yell and a shot out at the side of the house. I hired a night watchman the day McAran came back here, one of your retired cops, Brint. You'll probably find him in the shrubbery. His name is, or was, Tim Grey. Like damn fools we ran to that window to look out. I saw a man running toward the window, a big man. I think it was McAran. The first or second shot hit me and knocked me down. You can see the holes in the screen. I crawled behind the desk and pulled the switch on the burglar alarm. The bell on that thing would wake the dead a mile away. He fired into the room. I don't know how many times. I thought he'd hit my son, but he hadn't. Therman was over there in the corner, trying to dig a hole in the floor with his fingernails. The women came running in here like idiots. I turned the alarm off and pulled the phone down and called the police."

In the middle of his recital, Larry had sent two of the men out to search the grounds.

"While he was phoning," Dr. Whitlow said, "I heard a car start up some distance away. It sounded as if it might be down near the gate. It left in a tremendous hurry. I rather imagine that alarm bell was . . . disconcerting. It sounded to me like the end of the world."

"Loudest one I could buy," Hanaman said smugly.

Palmer came and called Larry and me out to view what he had found. Once we got enough light on it, the pathetic little story was clear. Tim Grey had been struck heavily from behind, but it was his bad fortune the blow had not knocked him out. He had fallen into a patch of freshly turned earth where something had been recently planted. You could see where he had pushed himself up, leaving the prints of his hands in the dirt. Evidently he had yelled. His pistol was still holstered. Somebody had put the muzzle of a gun against his head. The compressed explosion had blown his gray head out of shape. He had been a small man, oddly gentle in manner for a police officer, the sort of man you use at school crossings.

"Hanaman got what he paid for," Chief Brint said in a weary and bitter tone of voice.

"What do you mean, Chief?"

"Tim queered it for McAran. He gave a warning. If he hadn't, McAran could have moved up to that window and taken his time and nailed both Hanamans."

"Just McAran, you think?"

"Just him. Yes. A private deal. The other boys are professionals. Why should they help him on a private matter that might queer their main chance, whatever that is going to be, or they hope it's go-

ing to be? There's a good chance they don't even know about this little game." He sighed. "Tim was one terrible bore, but he was a good, decent man."

When we went back in, old Paul Hanaman was fighting and winning his battle against being taken to the hospital. The shoulder wound was apparently clean. And it did not seem to reduce the old man's savage energies even slightly. But he made the mistake of trying to chew Chief Brint some more. And the picture of Tim Grey was too fresh in Larry's mind. My boss was magnificent. He took the lid off things which had festered within him for years. There was no school-master look about him as he carefully, explicitly, and completely demolished the senior Hanaman. When he finished, there was a long silence. Old Paul looked white and sweaty and shocked. He licked his lips and said faintly, "Nobody talks to me . . . like that."

"I do, Paul. I do. Now do any fool thing you can think of."

Hanaman stood up. They'd brought him a robe, and his right arm was in a sling. He walked directly to Larry, glowered at him, then stuck his left hand out and said, "I think I'll surprise hell out of you, Chief. I think I'll keep my mouth shut."

Larry turned to me. "You take this one personally, Fenn. Mr. Hanaman and I are going to go have a nightcap in his bedroom. The best brandy he has."

It wasn't a chore I wanted, but he'd charged me with it. And I think it was a lot more work than Larry realized. We had a murder on our hands, and no positive identification. It wasn't good enough to merely think it could have been McAran. We had to go at it as though we had no basis for any belief. That meant a careful, floodlighted search of the grounds, recovery of all slugs in the library, ballistic identification of the ones not too seriously malformed, plaster casts of footprints in the soft planting areas, an attempt to find out where the car had been parked, statements from all persons concerned.

I must confess, also, that perhaps I made more work of it than was absolutely necessary. I was dreading having to go home and tell Meg that her brother had tried to make good on his courtroom threat to kill the Hanamans, father and son. I wasted time at headquarters, checking other matters, pushing my night people too hard, until I had no more excuses left.

When a patrol car dropped me off in front of my house on Sunday morning, the sun was not up, but the sky was brightening in the east. Meg was not in bed. The kitchen light was on, and there was a note for me on the kitchen table. I picked the note up and looked out and saw our car was gone.

"Darling: I couldn't sleep because I knew that what I promised you is not

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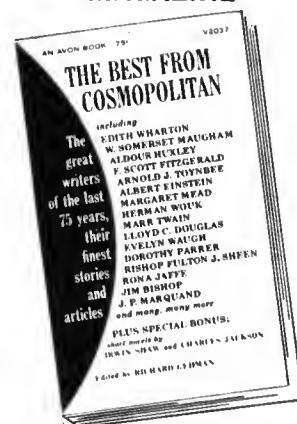
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ONE MONDAY WE KILLED THEM ALL

(continued)

right. If it is done your way, with all those people sneaking up on him, I am afraid they will have to kill him, because in his anger he will not listen to anything. He will not be reasonable.

"I took care of him for a lot of the years of my life, and I cannot stop now. I cannot be a Judas goat. If I were to point him out and he was killed, what would it do to me? What would it do to us?"

"I have to find him and talk to him. I want to ask him to come back out with me. I think he is scared, Fenn. I think he knows he is sick, and he will not admit it.

"Perhaps he is there alone, with Cathie. If he is not, I don't think he would let those other people hurt me. If he will not come out with me and give himself up, maybe they won't want to let me go. Once I've found out just about where he is, I'll leave a message for you with an old man named Jamie Lincoln who lives on the Chickenhawk road. If he has moved away or died, I'll leave a note at his place where you'll see it.

"I hope this doesn't get you into trouble, Fenn. I want you to understand why I have to do this. If I gave up on him now—then all the other years would not mean very much. I will be as careful as I can, and you be careful, too. I love you."

I phoned the word to headquarters and asked to be picked up. By the time I got there, Larry and D. D. Wheeler were there in Larry's office, and Major Rice was on the way. They read the note simultaneously, Larry reading over Wheeler's shoulder.

Wheeler wasted no time in complaint. "She's got a hell of a start, but let's see if we can keep her from killing herself." He looked at the map. "Here's the Chickenhawk road she must mean. The best place to hope to intercept her is the Lincoln place, somewhere along this road. Larry, let's move those cars into that area, get them rolling out of here as soon as we can." He turned to me. "If we're too late, Hillyer, she's probably set it up so Lincoln won't talk to anybody but you, so you and me are leaving right now and go find that old boy."

There was an early heat in the rising sun as I made the turn off Route 60 onto 882 and headed up into the hills. We had a green sedan equipped with short wave. Wheeler sat beside me as I drove. He looked like one of those men who run concessions in cheap carnivals, a sallow, drab little man with a look of cynical bitterness. He had no gift for idle conversation.

I pushed the car hard and fast. In order to reach the obscure Chickenhawk road, we had to go all the way to Laurel Valley, and then double back on the old Laurel Valley-Ironville road, potholed macadam with blind, unbanked corners,

where the ancient hills seemed to close in around us. When Wheeler remarked on the ruggedness of the terrain, I said, "I've driven back into a lot of worse places with Meg. There's roads back in here that are passable only four or five months of the year." I recalled the secret valleys she had shown me, gloomy even at midday—the icy ponds, the black pine shadows, the jumbles of gray boulders looking like the ruins of temples built before man walked the earth.

I punished the car on that winding road, and we counted the dirt roads that branched off it to the right, and stopped when we came to the fourth one. The radio had turned bad, and I explained to Wheeler that the iron in the hills spoiled reception. I inquired at a crossroads shack, and a fat woman told me we could get to Chickenhawk, ten miles distant, by taking that road. She told me reluctantly. She did not care to tell me where Jamie Lincoln lived, until at last I convinced her I was married to a McArane, and I wanted to see Jamie on a family matter.

The directions were accurate. I found the place, pulled over, left Wheeler in the car, and walked a narrow, shadowy path to a clearing where a shack stood. I walked in the clearing and called his name out.

"Lordy be, you're one noisy man," a voice said directly behind me. I whirled and looked into the withered, shrunken face of an old, old man, spare and dusty as a dried grasshopper. "She described you pretty good, but you look more sorrowful than she said, more like a circuit preacher we had once around here."

"She was here?"

"Noisy and not too bright, I'd say. Who'd I be talking of?" He stood an old bolt action rifle against a tree. "Well past an hour back, a real troubled woman, almost pretty as her ma, who died younger, and too much in a rush to talk to an old man the way she'd do when she was a little one. She give me a mysterious message for you. You're to remember a time she'd tried to take you on a back road to a place she knew well and wanted to show you, but it was too growed up with brush." Sudden wild laughter, like the cawing of a bird, doubled him over.

"Thought she had me fooled. I figured it out right away. She'd want to take her man to see where she was born, and the only way left to get to Keepsafe is over that old logging road, just two miles more along this road and turn left. Been cleared recent. I had a look at it a week or so back. So much traffic along here I had to find out where it was coming from and going to. I could have told her a lot if she'd just asked old Jamie. Other night I circled over and clumb Fall Hill and see the auto lamps winding slow through the woods, and hear the motor grinding until it was too far off, then see the lights again come out way over there just this side of Bur-

den Mountain, onto the old road that used to get you to Keepsafe afore the bridge was carried off." He laughed again. "Could even have told her one of the people over there is that mean, sorry half-brother of hers. A week ago yesterday I walked into Chickenhawk for salt and tobacco, and Bone Archer said him and his brother been over in there to take a look in case it was the alcohol tax folks, but said it was the mean McArane fella, back from state prison, camping in there with a bald city man and a fancy city woman, camping in those busted houses where nobody has lived for years."

"Thanks, Mr. Lincoln. Thanks very much. But I have to . . ."

"You're in a big rush like she was. One time, you and she come on back here and set and tell me what the hell this is all about."

I ran back to the car. As I drove the next two miles I told Wheeler what I'd learned from the old man. I watched the shoulder on the left. When we came to the place where cars had turned off, we did not dare stop. We were too close to Burden Mountain. It has an elevation of forty-four hundred feet. The crest looks down on every small road in the area. Meg had told me of a trail from Keepsafe to the top of the mountain. McArane had purchased binoculars. They would be particularly interested in any vehicle stopped at the entrance to the old logging road McArane had cleared. We drove another mile through the hamlet of Chickenhawk, and a little beyond it the road curved around a hill which hid the view of Burden Mountain.

I stopped the car. Wheeler got on the radio and, in spite of the roar of background noise, transmitted the co-ordinates of the hideout and received confirmation.

He hung the phone back on the dashboard hook and studied the map. "Fifteen minutes from now, Hillyer, we'll have the area sealed tight. Then we'll be ready to get some aerial photos."

"What if they've left?"

"Let's say they're still there. Or your wife would have come back out."

"Sheriff, I could go back in there. That old man would show me the way. You could leave me here and I could go back into those woods."

He looked at me in a measured way. "She found her brother an hour ago. If she's alive now, she'll probably be alive at dawn. Maybe they're so alarmed by now, they'll try to leave as soon as it becomes dark. We'll be ready to take them if they do."

"She's my wife."

"And you're a cop and she's a cop's wife. You're not an amateur, Hillyer. You're not going to try to make yourself feel better by some stupid heroics which might blow the whole thing. And before I'd let you mess it up, I'd put a hole in your leg. So steady down and start the car. Straight ahead. We'll go the long

way around, to keep traffic off that dirt road."

We passed a road block long before we came to the paved road. It was manned by some of Rice's people. D. D. Wheeler became more talkative. I guess he was trying to help. He could guess how disturbed I was.

"Your wife is too smart to let them know what we're planning. She sounds like a lot of woman, Hillyer. Does she know we'll hit them at dawn?"

"Yes."

"If they stay put, that knowledge may give her a better chance. In the first tenth of a second we've got to hit them so hard, they'll freeze. They'll feel as exposed as bugs in a bathtub. They won't get a chance to use the two women as hostages. Every time a holed-up man kills an officer of the law, it means the show wasn't run right. It means somebody had to prove how gutsy he was, or somebody got bored and careless. We're running this thing right, and we'll get your wife and the girl out in one piece."

"If they're alive when we get there."

"And if you went in alone and got her killed, how would you feel?"

Meg didn't come back out of the hills. All that Sunday the news people kept gathering. By good luck, and the most savage of threats, we managed to maintain precarious security. By dusk I was unable to sustain the sharp edge of my concern for my wife. I'd used myself up with the intensity of my worry. I felt numbed, heavy, and lost. The situation no longer seemed real to me.

After dusk the command staff moved five patrol cars into new positions. The unmarked cars were brought down out of the hills. Two teams took their position at the mouth of the old logging road after Wheeler had guided them to it in person. They confirmed the fact the road had been recently cleared. They examined the tracks with a hooded light and reported that at least three cars had been over it, and one had left the distinctive tread marks of the new tires McArane had purchased. They drove one car into the road, without lights, and parked it just short of the first sharp curve. They rigged flares which could be readily set off, and took up position in the woods on either side of the logging road. Other possible exits were covered with the same thoroughness.

The aerial photographs of the Keep-safe area were superb. There had once been, as Meg had told me, a general store, a small church, a one-room schoolhouse, and four homes in the village itself. The store, the church, and one of the homes had all been destroyed in the same fire.

Studying the photographs was like being suspended a hundred feet in the air over the grassy plateau where the village had been. Of the remaining houses, one had collapsed into a weedy clutter of

weathered lumber. Another sagged on the edge of collapse. Some rickety sheds and barns were still standing. Weeds obscured the foundations of the burned buildings. Shade trees stood in abandoned yards. There had been a hundred acres of open field around Keepsafe. Now this land was thick with alder, scrub maple, young evergreens, and big berry thickets. The plateau was tilted slightly toward the south. To the north was the mass of Burden Mountain. At the south the land dropped off steeply into a wooded valley. There was old forest to the east and west.


Major Rice pointed out the meaningful details. "All these fresh vehicle tracks come out of these woods here at the west, and turn onto the old road and come into the village. No mystery about the building they're using. The cars are obviously in this shed. Here's footprints in the mud by the creek. They've had fires here and here. And see all the paths through the tall grass from the house to the creek? They're being careful. No laundry hanging out. No trash thrown around. But there's more than enough to go by. Gentlemen, I'll say they're still in residence. If they were going to make their move, they would have made it before now. They have the false confidence of having had good luck up until now. I believe they risk detaining Mrs. Hillyer because they are just about ready for

whatever adventure they've been planning. Perhaps they hope to work her and the Perkins girl into it, as potential hostages in case things do not work out perfectly for them."

Using an overlay and a grease pencil, the assault positions were marked in for the three groups of ten men each. I demanded and received permission to be in the group which would be spotted closest to the house when the sun came up.

At midnight I avoided the night watch of reporters by going down some back stairs and out a side door. I walked across the dark lawn behind City Hall and sat on the marble base of one of the war memorials. I lit a cigarette and looked south toward the invisible hills. She had told me once how she had often climbed to the top of Burden Mountain on clear days to sit and look toward the industrial haze of Brook City, and dream the small-girl dreams of what her life would be like. She said she kept treasures up there, in a tin box, under the twisty roots of a mountain pine.

Suddenly Stu Dockerty appeared before me. I had not seen or heard him approach. "Saw you over here when you lit that cigarette," he said. He sat on the weathered black marble beside me and leaned back against the bronze names of the long dead. "And don't bother saying no comment, because Chief



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ONE MONDAY WE KILLED THEM ALL

(continued)

Larry Brint gave it to me off the record."

"That's an old trick, Stu."

"And it wouldn't work on you, and I wouldn't try it on you. I'll be one of the favored few at the entrance to that road when you go in, Fenn. And I'll be praying for Meg and for the Perkins girl."

"Does everybody know? Has he told everybody?"

"Just a favored few, like I said. I think I can understand how rough this is on you, Fenn."

I folded my hands into fists. "I was sitting here thinking about her. She has so much more warmth than I do. I've let her be the warm one. I've never said the things I should have said, Stu. My folks weren't very demonstrative. I keep wishing I hadn't been so reserved."

"So when you get her back, turn over a new leaf."

"That's pretty damn easy to say."

"Old friend, are you feeling a little too sorry for yourself?"

"That's a hell of a thing to—"

"There's damned little communication, Lieutenant. None of us ever says the things which should be said until suddenly, for most of us, it's too late. 'If only.' Those are the most sorrowful words in the language. But it isn't just you, Fenn. It would be Meg, too, if last month some punk had blown your head off. She'd feel the same guilt. Be glad you may get a chance to tell her, even if it is an outside chance."

I was attached to Rice's group of state troopers. We squatted near the black bulk of a truck parked beside the grassy ditch on the Chickenhawk road. I sat a little apart from the others. They talked in soft tones and hid the glow of cigarettes in big cupped fists.

"Moving out," Major Rice said suddenly. "On your feet." I looked up and found I could see the treetops silhouetted against the sky, even though it seemed as dark as ever at ground level. D. D. Wheeler took his people down the black mouth of the logging road first. After a measured interval, Chief Brint took our people in. The troopers were the third group.

We had estimated the distance at three miles. There was too much blundering and stumbling, too much crashing of brush during the first mile. Sounds carried far in the dawn silence. The stub of a hacked branch gouged my cheek painfully. Once I tripped and went down onto my knees. But then enough of a faint grayness came filtering down through the leaves to make the going easier.

As we came to the end of the logging road, where it came out of the woods to join the old abandoned road to Keepsafe, we came upon my car. It is a strange experience to come upon so familiar an ob-

ject in such a place. Evidently she had been stopped by the trunk of a sapling which had been wedged across the road at waist height, and had gone on by foot. We edged by the car, stooped under the barricade, and stopped at the edge of the woods. Visibility was less than a hundred feet. The tops of the scrub maple rose out of the ground mist in smudged silhouettes. Birds were making their first tentative sounds of the new day. I heard a faraway howl of a farm dog beyond some distant ridge, and, on the very edge of audibility, a tremolo of tree toads in a lowland swamp. Rice halted us, and as we waited I could detect a holiday excitement in our group as weapons were checked, laces retied, belts hitched. The hunt is an excitement, and man is the most stirring game.

Major Rice moved us out. We crossed the old road and moved into the fields where the fencing had rusted away, then turned and moved parallel to the road and about a hundred feet from it, in single file spaced a dozen feet apart. I was the fourth in line, counting the stocky, agile Major.

It seemed to be growing light with alarming speed. The trees and scrub began to be three-dimensional. The ground mist was dwindling. The dew in the tall grass soaked us to the knee. Finally Rice swung us away from the road and we moved at a crouch, keeping out of sight of the house behind a half acre tangle of raspberry thicket. Beyond the thicket, following Rice's example, we dropped and crawled on our bellies through the ripe, wet grass, avoiding the nettles which grew thickly in the old pasture land. The file stopped. Rice came crawling back, altered the spacing, and sent us off to the right, one at a time, to take positions of concealment as close to the house as we could get.

When it was my turn, I moved with utmost caution. Soon I could see the roof peak above the tops of the tall grass in front of me. Next I saw something ahead of me and to the right. I angled over toward it and found it was the carcass of an old farm wagon. I remembered its location on the aerial photos, and knew I was in line with the rear door of the house and perhaps eighty feet from it. I moved behind it to a point where I could peer cautiously around it. I saw the house clearly through a curtain of grass, saw the tumbling stoop, the sag of the half-collapsed roof over the shallow rear porch, saw the rear door and two downstairs windows and two upstairs windows. I pulled back and looked toward the eastern sky. It was streaked with lemon and rose, and overhead the sky was changing from gray to a clear, pale blue. I listened and heard only the sounds of nature on a country morning. I knew there were men on either side of me. Wheeler's men would be on the east and south, Larry's men on the south and

west, all carefully positioned, but unable to get as close as we were.

I unholstered the hand gun I had chosen to bring along. It's too bulky for use as a duty gun. It's a .38 Colt revolver with an eight-inch barrel, heavy frame, and custom grip to fit my oversized hand. I've worn out two barrels on the range and in competition with it. The sharp smell of gun oil blended with the scent of the grass. I pulled the hammer back to full cock, then hitched myself further than before, so that I could see into the rear of the skeletal shed on the east side of the house. Until I saw McArán's wagon, I could have convinced myself the farmhouse was empty. It was headed out, and between the uprights I could see the fake load of lumher. Beside it, also headed out, was a gray Ford sedan. As I stared toward it, I saw movement beyond the shed.

A moment later I saw that it was one of Rice's troopers, snaking his way through the grass. He disappeared beyond the corner of the shed, and then I saw vague motion inside the shadowy interior and knew he had taken his position in there with the cars, with orders to silently disable them and be ready to ambush anybody who broke toward them.

The edge of the sun appeared, and all the gray was gone from the morning. The sun came up with the silvery white glare of a hot day. Down in the city the light would be more golden, more diffused. I had, for a moment, the eerie feeling that Fenn Hillyer and his wife Meg were asleep down there in the city in the big bed, with his arm across her warm waist. In a little while she would be getting up to get the children off to school, and as he dressed he would hear her humming in the kitchen. The fantasy made absurd any notion that my Meg could be in the silent house on this high plateau. Keepsafe drowsed as the sun climbed. Heat started the insect songs. A hawk drifted over the meadow, his head turning from side to side, his mind on a breakfast mouse.

The back door opened suddenly, noisily, and a man came out onto the back stoop. I knew him from the mug shots we had studied. George Kostinak. He was stocky and blond. He wore denim work pants. His naked chest and shoulders were pink with sunburn, haloed by pale, curly hair. Both meaty arms were tattooed. He yawned audibly, scruhhed his head with his knuckles, shuddered, jumped down over the broken steps, walked three slow steps across the barren sour soil of the dooryard, stopped and yawned again.

Angela Frankel came through the open door, carrying a towel, toothbrush, tooth paste, and a bar of soap. She wore tight, white slacks. Her hair was tousled and she wore no make-up, but she had an air of reckless vitality.

"That fire is going to go out, Georgie.

Morg is getting up. He'll want to know where the hell is the coffee."

He looked at her with heavy indignation. "You leave it alone, it'll burn. You don't like the way it looks, get McArán to build one."

She stepped down off the porch and walked over to him. "All I want from McArán is that he should disappear into thin air. Honest to God, Georgie, I wait fifteen crummy years for Morg, and he shows up and ties up with a nut like McArán, who's a one-way ticket back to Harpersburg."

"McArán is okay," Kostinak said without much conviction.

I guessed that at least six men could hear every word she said. "He's a swinging kid, that one. He uses my car to kidnap that girl. And then he goes back in last night without even asking Morg, and tries to kill one of those two fellas he keeps talking about. And then his sister shows up. What else is going to happen before we get out of here today, George? How much heat do we need? He's crazy. When he was telling, last night, about how he shot some watchman in the head, it made me cold all over. What's the matter with Morg and you boys getting mixed up with a creep like him? I swear, I think we ought to give up the whole . . ."

Kostinak took her arm and led her a dozen feet closer to me. I put my face against the moist earth. Though they were closer, I had to strain to hear them.

"Maybe I shouldn't say it, Angel, but stop worrying," he said with a peculiar emphasis.

"Why shouldn't I worry about a guy who—"

"Listen to me! You don't have to worry."

"What are you going to—"

"I won't spell it out for you. I'll let Morg do that. Anyhow, it's all set. Like Morg says, we can't take any more chances on him. Him and his station wagon, they'll stay right in Brook City."

"I feel better, Georgie. Gee, I feel a lot better."

"How's that girl this morning?"

"She's terrible, George. She's breathing funny now. It makes me sick to look at her face. He must have give her a terrible clout. She ought to have a doctor."

"The sooner we roll out of here, the sooner she gets one. There's no change in that part of it. We leave them tied good, and you make the fast phone call to the paper."

I never knew a single word could be so precious. "Them." The relief was so intense, I felt as if my bones had turned to butter.

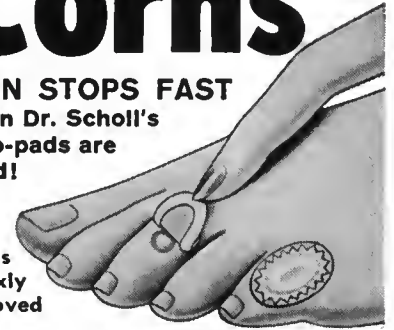
"We better tie Sister *real* good," she said. "She nearly worked herself loose. I never saw one woman get so mad or stay so mad."

"Smile, baby. We're going to score big. Morg worked it out good. And it's

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ONE MONDAY WE KILLED THEM ALL

(continued)

down to a four-way cut instead of six."

There was a sudden burst of tinny music from inside the house, and Morgan Miller came out onto the back porch, carrying the radio. He lowered the volume. He wore khakis and a hunting jacket. A brown felt hat covered his bald head. Kostinak and the Frankel woman walked toward the porch.

"Seven o'clock news in a couple of minutes," Miller said. "You been to the crick, Angel?"

"I was just about to go."

"How about you untie Sister and take her with you?"

"I'll take her the second trip, okay?"

He shrugged. "That girl looks bad."

"I know, honey. If she's going to cash in, I hope she waits until we leave."

"We're out of here by ten twenty," Miller said. "I've got it timed. That gives Herm fifteen minutes to place the charge and get back to the car. We hit the bank at ten past noon. And I want to run through it one last time before we roll out of here, so let's waste no time horsing around." He turned and carried the faint sound of music back into

the house. Kostinak followed him in. The woman turned and came directly toward me. She could not guess how many men were involved in the special tension of that moment. She was coming through our line, and if she spotted one of us, it could turn sour very quickly. I reached back stealthily, hooked a finger in the thong of a spring-handled sap and eased it out of my hip pocket. She changed direction slightly, angling away from me. After she had passed me, I turned my head cautiously and watched her from the rear as she walked along one of the narrow paths they had made in the meadow grass. As she moved further away, the nearly grass obscured her, so that the last I saw was the tangle of blonde hair. She had gone between me and the man on my right. If our luck was good, she would come back by the same path. If our luck was very good, she would take Meg on the next trip. She would take her out into the field, but she wouldn't take her back to the house.

Perhaps five or six minutes elapsed before I saw the blonde hair again. She was on the same path. She would pass within eight feet of me again. She was not likely to see me. I was in the shadow of the mouldering wagon, and if she looked toward me, she would be looking into the morning sun.

She was walking slowly, frowning. She stopped at the exact place when she was nearest to me. There was a slight breeze from the east. She turned her back toward me, lit a cigarette, and tossed the match aside. But as she did so, she suddenly became so motionless, the hand which had released the match stayed out at an awkward, frozen angle. She thrust her head forward, staring into the grass on the far side of the path. I saw her body stiffen, and knew we could not risk her cry of alarm.

I got my legs under me and plunged up toward her, careless of noise. She started to spin around, and began to make a hoarse sound of fright, but I snapped the padded lead against her skull, just behind her right ear, striking through the cushion of hair; the impact had a pumpkiny sound. Still turning, she fell heavily, face down, and the beginning of her cry turned into a long, audible sigh as her throat slackened. I grasped her wrists, yanked her back behind the shelter of the wagon, then crawled back out and retrieved her towel and other articles.

When Rice put his hand on my shoulder, I nearly jumped out of my skin. "She must have seen Ritchie," he breathed in my ear. "Nice going. Watch the door."



I tried to tell her, that summer, what a fool she was to let he self go for such a price.

He pulled her further back. I could hear the metallic tones of the morning news broadcast. Miller had turned the volume up. When I glanced back over my shoulder at Rice, I saw that he had expertly lashed her wrists and ankles with lengths of stout line. He gave me a quick, tight grin as he worked a large area of her towel into her slack mouth and tied it in place with another piece of line. He shoved her as close to the cart as he could get her. "That should hold her. I'm going to go pull the boys on the left in a little closer."

The newscast ended. Music began, and stopped abruptly. Morgan Miller came back out onto the stoop. He stood tall and looked out across the field. Suddenly I knew why he seemed familiar to me. He was Humphrey Bogart in every movement, every trick of posture and expression. It made him no less dangerous, but it made him seem smaller, more manageable, slightly pathetic. The breed was obsolete. He had been gunned down a generation ago. The world had left him no running boards to ride upon. Television had parodied him. Violence was no longer planned, except as a syndicate operation. There were no more loners. The punks killed on impulse.

"Angel?" he yelled. "Yo! Angel!"

Kostinak appeared in the doorway, spooning something out of a can. "She takes her time, huh?"

"She should hear me anyhow. She should answer."

"Want me to go down and tell her to hurry it up?"

"You go get Herm and McArán out of the sack."

"What the matter with you, Morg? You getting nervous about something?" Miller turned on him so violently, Kostinak recoiled and backed through the doorway, saying, "Okay, Morg. Right away."

Miller walked restlessly out into the dooryard, went back and jumped up onto the porch. He went inside and came out, moments later, with a military carbine held in his hands. He checked the clip and the action.

Deitwaller came slowly out onto the porch, buttoning his shirt. He was a tall, cadaverous man with a sunken chest, bad posture, a skeletal face, and a crust of black whiskers. "George was saying something about you being worried about Angie."

"She went to the creek ten, maybe fifteen minutes ago. ANGEL!"

They listened for an answer. "No need to get jumpy," Deitwaller said. "Just go look for her."

"Nobody leaves the house. I got a funny feeling."

I moved my gun hand very cautiously. I knew that if Kostinak came back out onto the porch, I wasn't going to wait for official approval. I was going to take the one nearest the door first, and the other

two so quickly that the three shots would make but a single echo when they resounded in the silent hills. But Kostinak yelled that the coffee was ready, and Deitwaller looked out across the field, shrugged, and went inside. McArán appeared in the doorway. He filled it. He made the others look shrunken. He wore jeans and a plaid wool shirt, unbuttoned to the waist.

"You got the jumps, Morg?"

"Angel didn't come back. Something's wrong."

The two men stood, watching and listening. "Everything's quiet enough," McArán said.

"Too damn quiet. I'm going to get me a better look around. Get those guns ready."

They went inside. A minute or so later I heard a violent splintering of dry wood and a tinkle of glass. It sounded as if it came from the other side of the house. I tensed for the sound of a shot, but heard nothing. I learned later that Morgan Miller had kicked a dormer window out in the small attic and climbed out onto the west slant of the roof. I saw movement against the sky and looked up cautiously and saw him standing erect on the north peak of the roof, astride the roof-tree, a dark figure against the bright blue sky, looking out across the pastureland. It seemed to me that he could look down over the wagon from that high angle and see the colors of the Frankel woman's clothing. He turned cautiously and walked out of sight.

They told me later that he walked to the other end of the roof-tree and stood there and looked around. Two of Wheeler's men were behind the stone foundation of the church on the other side of the road. One was crouched. The other was prone, his legs extended. Miller swung the carbine to his shoulder, aimed with unexpected care, and smashed an exposed knee. As the victim gave a hoarse, wild yell of shock and agony, Miller ran recklessly down the slope of the roof. Several men took snap shots at him, but he plunged back through the broken window unharmed.

"Hold your fire!" a huge voice ordered. I knew that voice. It was the nasal, emotionless voice of D. D. Wheeler, vastly amplified by the battery pack hull horn his people had lugged in. "Hold your fire!" The echoes rumbled in the hills. "Morgan Miller! Answer me!"

"You hasters!" Miller yelled. Compared to the stentorian sounds of the amplified voice, he sounded frail and hysterical. "Sneaky cop bastards!"

"Listen to the facts, Miller. There are a lot of men out here, but you won't get another shot at a one of them. We've got all the time and all the equipment in the world, and we're getting full pay. We've got the woman, and we know exactly who's in there with you. We're settling down to wait for you to come out nice

and quiet. Don't plan on holding out until dark, because we can truck field generators in here and light you up like a stage. However you play it, you're finished. So walk out with your hands tall, one at a time, and live a little longer." The tone of the great voice was unemotional, cold, final, almost bored.

There was a long silence from the house. I heard movement behind me. I looked back. Angela Frankel had changed position. She stared at me with the steady, implacable hatred of a caged cat.

"Is Fenn Hillyer out there?" I recognized McArán's voice.

"Yes, Hillyer, report over here on the doulle."

I called to Ritchie to come over and watch the woman. I crawled back through the grass, circled east, and came to my feet when I was behind the shelter of the half-collapsed house, the place preselected as a command post. Brint, Rice, and Wheeler were behind a four-foot field-stone wall. Rice squatted solidly on his heels, nibbling a grass stem. Larry Brint sat on a derelict kitchen chair, a broken leg propped on a flat stone. Wheeler sat on a pile of rocks with the bull horn in his two hands, watching the house through a cleft in the wall.

"This is what we didn't want, boy," Chief Brint said. He looked tired.

"It looked better for a little while," I said. Wheeler beckoned to me. I went over to him at a crouch and went down onto one knee beside him. He handed me the horn.

"Tell him you're here."

I turned the horn toward the cleft in the rocks and said, "What do you want?"

"Can't you guess, Lieutenant?" McArán yelled. "Listen to her."

I heard her thin, reluctant cry of pain, and my heart turned over, heavy as a stone. Then I heard her yell, "Come kill all these filthy—" She stopped abruptly, as if a hand had been clapped over her mouth.

Wheeler snatched the horn from my listless hands and said, "Don't run any bluffs. That's your sister, McArán."

Miller answered. "No bluffs. All she is right now is a cop's wife. If McArán didn't like how we're going to use her, we'd kill him and use her anyway. But he doesn't mind at all. We're making a deal."

"Like what?"

"Clear the way for us, cop. A clear road through Chickenhawk and Slater and across the state line. We'll go in the wagon, and take Hillyer's wife with us. Once we're in the clear, we'll let her go."

"Right out the door at seventy," Rice murmured.

"You got ten minutes to clear the way," Miller yelled. "Ten minutes from now we cut one ear off her and throw it out in the yard. Five minutes later, you get the other ear. Then you start getting

ONE MONDAY WE KILLED THEM ALL

(continued)

fingers. You think it's a bluff, just try me. And no matter how you do it, you can't take us so fast Herm can't slit this broad's throat, and the other 'one, too. Face it. We haven't a thing to lose."

I put my face in my hands and bit my lip until I tasted blood.

"If we play it your way, you leave the Perkins girl behind?" Wheeler asked.

"She needs a doc. While you're stalling, cop, she could die."

"Miller, we need some time to alert our roadblocks to let you through. We don't want Mrs. Hillyer harmed. We'll play it your way." I stared at Wheeler in astonishment. He gave me a dry, saurian wink, humorless as a lizard.

"You're being smart. When can we take off?"

"I'll let you know. It should be about eight o'clock. I'll have to send a man on foot down to the end of the logging road to roll that Plymouth out of your way and take that barricade down."

"So send him and stop stalling!" Miller was growing hoarse from all the yelling. "When we come out, we'll come out the back and we'll have a gun against Sister's spine."

"I'll tell you when it's clear," Wheeler called. He put the horn down and sighed. He called one of his men over. "Go send me Danielson, then you circle wide and go back to that logging road, so they'll see you going."

"You want I should move that car?"

"Hell, no," Wheeler said. He turned to me. "You know we can't let them move on out, Hillyer."

"I know."

"We got to try to make ourselves a chance. Let them go, and she'd have no chance at all. Do you understand that?"

"For God's sake, D. D.," Larry Brint said. "Fenn isn't a civilian."

Danielson arrived, slightly winded. He was a small, tidy, sandy man with huge hands and wrists. He held, with an obvious pride and tenderness, an old '03 Springfield with a sniper strap and a bulky Zeiss scope.

"I know you heard that, Willy. You'll get just one damn chance when they come out the back with the woman. Is that rifle dead on? You didn't thump it off coming through the woods?"

"Honest, Sheriff, I carried it like it was a sick baby. I got hand loads in the clip. And I'll be inside a hundred feet. Sheriff, at a range like that I can turn dimes into silver wedding rings all day long. Whoever has the gun on her, I'll get me a spine shot and he'll drop without a wiggle."

"Willy, you'll go for the gun they got on her."

Willy looked saddened. "But a ricochet could hurt her, Shur'f."

"And on a spine shot, if you're a quarter inch off, there could be enough reflex to pull the trigger, and she'd be dead. Go find a good place where you'll have an open field of fire all the way from that back door to where they'll have to go single file into that shed where the cars are. And don't let anybody see you from the house!" Danielson left. Wheeler looked at his watch. "Spread the word to your troopers, if you will, Major. The moment Willy slams that gun out of her back, knock all four of them down. We take no chances, and we give them none."

As Rice left, I followed him. I wanted to get back to my good place by the wagon. I thought I heard Larry call to me, but I did not turn back. I wormed my way back to my previous spot. Ritchie moved back to where he had been. The Frankel woman's glare was unchanged. I aimed the gun toward the porch and waited.

"All you men hear this!" the great metallic voice brayed. "They're coming out with the woman. We're letting them through. That's an order. All right, Miller. You can leave any time. We'll get you later."

I could see a little way into the kitchen. I thought I saw movement. Suddenly Meg was forced through the doorway into the sunlight. She wore a torn yellow blouse, a gray skirt. Her coppery hair was tangled. There was a purple bruise on her left cheek. Her face was pale and rigid with anger. One arm was twisted behind her, and I could not make out who held her until they all come out behind her, closely grouped, all of them looking alertly in all directions, looking vainly for any sign of life, so tense they moved with the jerkiness of mechanical toys. Herman Deitwaller was the man who held the gun on her and held her arm behind her. He was so close to her, so hunched, his chin was almost on her shoulder. Miller was off to one side, the carbine ready.

"No cute tricks, anybody!" Miller yelled. "Nobody gets fancy!"

There was no answer. A bird sang. Kostinak carried a big automatic pistol, aimed it slowly back and forth at the empty fields. Each time it swept by me I seemed to look directly into the barrel. McArane carried a short-barreled revolver which appeared to be a standard police weapon. He held it aimed at the sky, his elbow sharply bent. His face was curiously blank. He kept moistening his lips.

They came down off the porch into the dooryard, closely grouped. Miller yelled, "We'll need a minute to unload some stuff off the station wagon. Okay?"

"Okay," the monster voice boomed.

They moved slowly to my left and then I could see the weapon in Deitwaller's soiled gray hand. It was another automatic, smaller than the one Kostinak carried. He held it solidly against the small of her back. It squeezed my heart to real-

ize that her torn blouse was new, that her gray skirt was her favorite skirt, now rumpled and soiled.

As they neared the shed entrance, they began to move a little faster, so fast I was certain Danielson would get no chance to put the thirty caliber slug where he wanted it. But as they reached the entrance, Kostinak had moved up so that he was shoulder to shoulder with Meg. They paused in momentary confusion, and then Kostinak stepped into the shed. Suddenly the flat smacking authority of the rifle broke the bright morning, and to the fading song of ricochet, Herman Deitwaller went into a wild, stomping dance, spinning, whinnying, holding the agony of his hand against his shrunken belly. The trooper who had hidden in the shed came quickly around the back end of the station wagon and blew off the top of Kostinak's hard skull. Meg was suddenly running directly away from the house and the shed, running out toward the tall grass, fleet as a young girl, her hair flying, her strides lithe and long. She could not know that she was stilling the guns of those who would help her, by running directly toward them. I saw Miller wheel and swing the carbine toward her, and by then I was standing without any memory of having gotten to my feet. I felt the revolver buck against the heel of my hand, three times, and I knew the slugs were taking him in the chest. They ran him backwards against a shed post. His arms swung up in a fight for balance, throwing the carbine into the air. He rebounded from the post and fell face down in the mud and the carbine landed muzzle first beside his head and stood incongruously erect like a spear, like a marker for a sudden grave. Deitwaller was scrambling with his left hand for the automatic which had been shot out of his right hand, but the trooper who had killed Kostinak moved quickly, stepped on the gun, and clubbed Deitwaller across the base of the skull.

I knew that someone was running toward me, but I couldn't look at him. I couldn't take my eyes from Meg. She seemed to be running forever in the same spot, incredibly vulnerable. I finally forced myself to look at McArane running toward me, just in time to see him take a quick angled shot at her, the unified competence of the athlete, head turned for the necessary moment. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her go, saw the horrid, boneless, sprawling fall. And as I was swinging the muzzle of my revolver toward McArane, taking too long about it, moving like an underwater dream, there was a sharp, stinging blow against my shoulder. It turned me off balance and he went by me, ten feet away, running hard, weaving in an illusive way. I heard people yelling my name as I ran after him, but I did not know until later they wanted me to get out of the way so they could shoot him down. I ran after

him with a fury which left me incapable of reason. I could have stopped, aimed, killed him. I wanted to get my hands on him. Fifty yards beyond the house, he swerved toward a barn.

The big barn door had been off the rails for a long time. It lay rotting on the ground. He ran into the gloom and I followed close behind him, without breaking stride. There were holes in the floor, an elusive faded scent of hay and cattle. He ran by the empty stalls and through the arrows of sunlight which came through the holes in the roof. As he reached the far wall, he tripped, caught his balance, turned, came up hard against the wall, then faced me, aiming the gun at me. I stopped fifteen feet from him. We were both breathing hard.

"Why?" I gasped. "Why did you have to shoot her?"

"Why did you have to get cute? Why should I let you win all the marbles?"

"I'm going to kill you, McArane."

I heard voices near the barn, heard somebody order the others to stay back, heard footsteps inside the barn, coming toward us. I saw him look beyond me. Suddenly he grinned in that familiar, hard, rocky way. He flipped the gun aside. It thumped and skidded across the worn planking. He raised his hands.

"Gee, I didn't shoot her, Lieutenant. A lot of people were shooting. You got to get the whole picture. Those guys moved in on me. They borrowed my car. What could I do? I guess you better take me to jail so I can stand trial, Lieutenant. See, I've got my hands up. You know the rules. Take me in, fella."

The footsteps had stopped not far behind me. I moved the gun slightly. I looked into the eyes of my brother-in-law. His smile was gone. He could read it on my face. His mouth and his eyes opened wide.

"Fenn!" he whispered. "No. For the love of G—"

The slug took him in the face, slapped

him back against the wall, and dropped him like a dusty, discarded toy, with a single faint rattle of expiration. My left ear rang with the echo of the muzzle blast which had come from behind me and one step to the side.

Larry Brint walked by me, holding the Magnum he cherishes, the most awesome breed of hand gun in the business. He walked slowly, a tired old man, heavy with the awareness of unauthorized execution. He went to McArane's discarded gun and, with the edge of his foot, scuffed it over toward the body. It spun to a stop not far from a dead hand.

Then he looked at me. "I couldn't have stopped you," he said. "It's easier for me to live with it than you, son."

"What difference does it make now? What difference does anything make?"

"If she's dead, not very much. Not very much at all." He raised his voice. "All clear in here!" he called. But it was a waste of effort. They were on their way in, to stand and stare at the splendid animal on the floor, muscled like the dreams of a young boy. As I turned away, I noticed I still held my gun. I holstered it. I walked out of the barn and through the sunlit field, heading blindly toward the body of my wife. There was traffic on the weedy old road. The stand-by ambulances were on their way in, along with the patrol cars.

She lay as she had fallen, but they had tucked a blanket around her. A spray of daisies nodded over the slack and bloodless face, the pallor of her lips. Somebody behind me said, as I knelt by her and took her cool hand, "It's a head wound. She's still breathing." There was an ugly tear in her right cheek, bleeding slowly. I stood up as they eased her onto the stretcher with professional care.

Somebody in a white jacket appeared in front of me and said accusingly, "You're hurt!"

I looked stupidly at my left shoulder, at the oily gleam of blood-soaked fabric, and said, "Yes. Yes, I guess I am." Somebody turned me and guided me to a car. I

wanted to stretch out somewhere and go to sleep. I wanted to make a nest in the summery grass and sleep the long summer through, a sleep so deep there would be no dreams.

The car they put me in could not move until the ambulance was out of the way. I saw them put Cathie into the ambulance. Her eyes were wide and blank and she was rolling her head from side to side. Meg did not move.

We followed the ambulance with the women in it, as it moved carefully through the forest shadows of the old logging road, and then more swiftly down out of the hills, down into the city. We followed the sustained scream of the siren, and all the people stopped and looked at us as we went by.

Mine was a small wound. It had taken a little rat-bite out of the top of the collarbone and had been deflected up at a shallow angle and had ripped out through the muscle. In itself it was not enough to cause shock, yet when they brought me in, I was gray, trembling, confused, sweating profusely, yet cold as any tomb. All the damned fools would not tell me she had died. They kept giving me their medical smiles and saying she was holding her own. They dressed the wound. They were giving me plasma for shock. But suddenly I lost patience with them, pulled the needle out of my arm, got off the table, and headed out of the emergency room. Just as I reached the doorway, the room lurched, tilted, and the cold tile floor came up and struck my face, turning the world from gray to utter black.

I awakened into a drugged nighttime, into an underwater world where each thought required massive effort to create, then drifted by me like a heavy log in a slow current, and was gone. A light was on over the bed. Somebody was calling my name. I raised ponderous eyelids and looked at the moon face of Dr. Sam Hession, Coroner and Police Surgeon.

"Got to get up," I mumbled at him.

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December **COSMOPOLITAN**—on your newsstand November 28



ONE MONDAY WE KILLED THEM ALL

(continued)

"You lie still, you hear? You're causing too much trouble around here, Fenn. Can you understand what I'm saying?"

He reached and pressed a finger against the back of my head, high and on the left side. "That's where the slug hit her, Fenn."

"My fault. I froze. I should have stopped him."

"Shut up! It hit her there. Made a little radial fracture like a BB does to a windshield." The finger drew a firm line up over the crown of my head. "Traveled under the scalp, Fenn, because it hit at an angle and a skull on an adult is a tough thing." The line was drawn down the right side of my forehead, past the outer corner of my right eye, and stopped at the ridge of the cheekbone. "Hit this right here and was deflected out through her cheek. Can you hear me? She's resting, Fenn. Pulse, respiration, everything fine, just fine."

I held my eyes open with a terrible effort. "Lying!"

"It's the truth, damn you, Fenn Hill- yer. I swear it by . . . by my county pay check. Now let go and let that drug take over."

I had been holding onto the bottom rung of a ladder suspended in space. I was very tired. I was very glad about some great good thing, but too far gone to grasp exactly what it was. I closed my eyes and let go.

The Perkins girl lived. She was not right for a long time, but she lived. And perhaps because she lived, so did Angela Frankel and Herman Deitwaller. Deitwaller was sentenced to die, but it was commuted to life imprisonment. The Frankel woman was given two consecutive sentences of ninety-nine years.

Once we had all the details of the bank robbery plan, we were forced to admit it had a good chance of working. Deitwaller, with appropriate coveralls and identification, had been going to take a look at the boilers in the basement of the Hanaman Building, two doors from the Merchants Bank and Trust Company Building.

We got a good look at the heavy tool box he planned to leave in a strategic spot. Our explosives experts said the timing device was reliable and the charge massive enough to cause extensive damage and probable loss of life. Had they hit the bank during the peak of the alarm and confusion, their chances would have been good.

Meg recovered more slowly than the doctors had predicted. There was a listlessness about her, a dead- ness. She went through the motions of life. For a time I thought it was because she blamed herself for McArar's death. Maybe she thought that if she had fol-

lowed the original plan, her brother would still be alive.

When I tested that theory, she looked at me with mild surprise and said, "But it would have been the same, wouldn't it? They had Cathie. It would have come out about the same. Besides, what choice would it have been for him, to be dead or to be in prison for life?"

One September day I suggested we leave the kids with friends and drive up to Keepsafe the next day, if it was a nice day. She agreed without any particular show of interest, with only a small, amiable smile. I do not know exactly why I wanted to take her up there, I thought that a trip back to the scene of that tragic evening, back to the scene of her childhood, might help to shock her back to life. It was only a guess, but I knew I had to try it . . . that I had to try something.

So we drove up and parked the car near the house where it had happened. Many people had gone there during the summer to see where men had died. They had left their beer-can litter, their idiot initials.

She looked at a foundation where a house had stood. "That was the Mallory house there. I cried when they moved to Ironville. Mary Ann was my best girl friend. She was the only child my age in the village."

She walked toward the house where she had been held captive. I followed her. She leaned against a sagging gate post and stared at the front door. "I never knew him at all," she said quietly, and I realized she was talking about Dwight.

"I came to help him. They were all around me, yelling at me. I was confused. I started to cry. Dwight wasn't angry. He grinned at them and he hit me, in front of them. Then I knew it was all a lie I'd told myself. He was just like the rest of them. Prison didn't do it to him. He'd always been that way."

She turned and frowned at me. "For me, he died right then," she said. "Not the next day."

I moved close to put my arm around her, but she moved away. The rejection seemed so instinctive, it hurt me.

"Let's take a walk up the mountain, Fenn."

"Do you feel well enough?"

"It looks steep, but it's really a very easy trail, and we're not in any hurry, are we?"

The trail was obscure. The gray squirrels cursed us, and the jays sounded alarms. There was no view until we reached the top. Most of the summit was a huge, gray, rounded stone, like the back of some incredible beast. From there I had the illusion of looking straight down into the empty village where our car stood like a dusty beetle in the sunlight.

"It's always cooler up here," she said. I followed her to the other side of the

crest, to a place where the stone had crumbled away so as to form places to sit. We sat and looked toward Brook City. Her profile was serene.

"All the glamour of the world was down there, dear, and I used to sit and daydream about how it would all be when I would grow up. I would wear lovely dresses and I would go down there and give the very loveliest of afternoon tea parties and I would be a great lady."

"You are a great lady," I said huskily.

She looked at me with a puzzled expression. "I don't know what I am, Fenn. I've been thinking about myself lately. I don't seem to have any place any more."

"But you have . . ."

"A home and children. I know. And I'm needed in the ordinary ways, but I seem to have to be needed in some other way, too, to be complete. Maybe . . . Dwight served a purpose for me, maybe I had to believe he needed me. But, darling, I'm not complaining. I'll make do, whatever the situation."

"But I need you!"

She smiled. "Thank you, dear. I know you do, in sort of a limited way. You're so terribly . . . complete, you know."

Complete? Self-sufficient! I stared at her and for a little while I thought there would be no words, no way to say it. But something broke inside me and the words came, words about how the world was turning to ice for me, and she was the only warmth, and nothing else meant a damn.

At first she had an incredulous look. Then came an astonishment. Then came a surprised and grateful joy, and all the warmth of her arms and lips.

We grew, in that little time, into a new closeness of marriage, into a more valid knowing of each other, so that we knew that all of the best was yet to be. And then, in holiday mood, we searched for the treasure a small girl had left on her mountain top when she had moved away. She found it under the pine roots. The tin box was intact, but rusted shut. I pried it open. She gave me the treasures, one by one. A spotted sea shell. A Chinese coin. Some fragments of what had been a red silk ribbon. A button with a green glass jewel set into it. And a piece of notebook paper with a small girl's writing on it, in faded ink: "I love you."

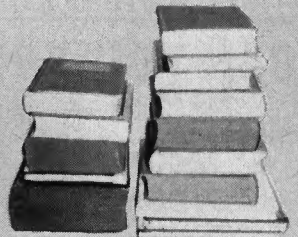
"Who was he?" I demanded with mock jealousy.

She looked at me with sweetness and a strange gravity, her chin on her fist. "I wrote that note to whoever he would be. With all my heart, darling, I'm glad he turned out to be you."

So I took her down the mountain, and down the long roads, back to the place where we belonged, and it seemed to both of us that we had been gone much longer than one day—that we had returned from a far and dangerous journey where we had risked too much, but we had won at last.

THE END

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